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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

30p

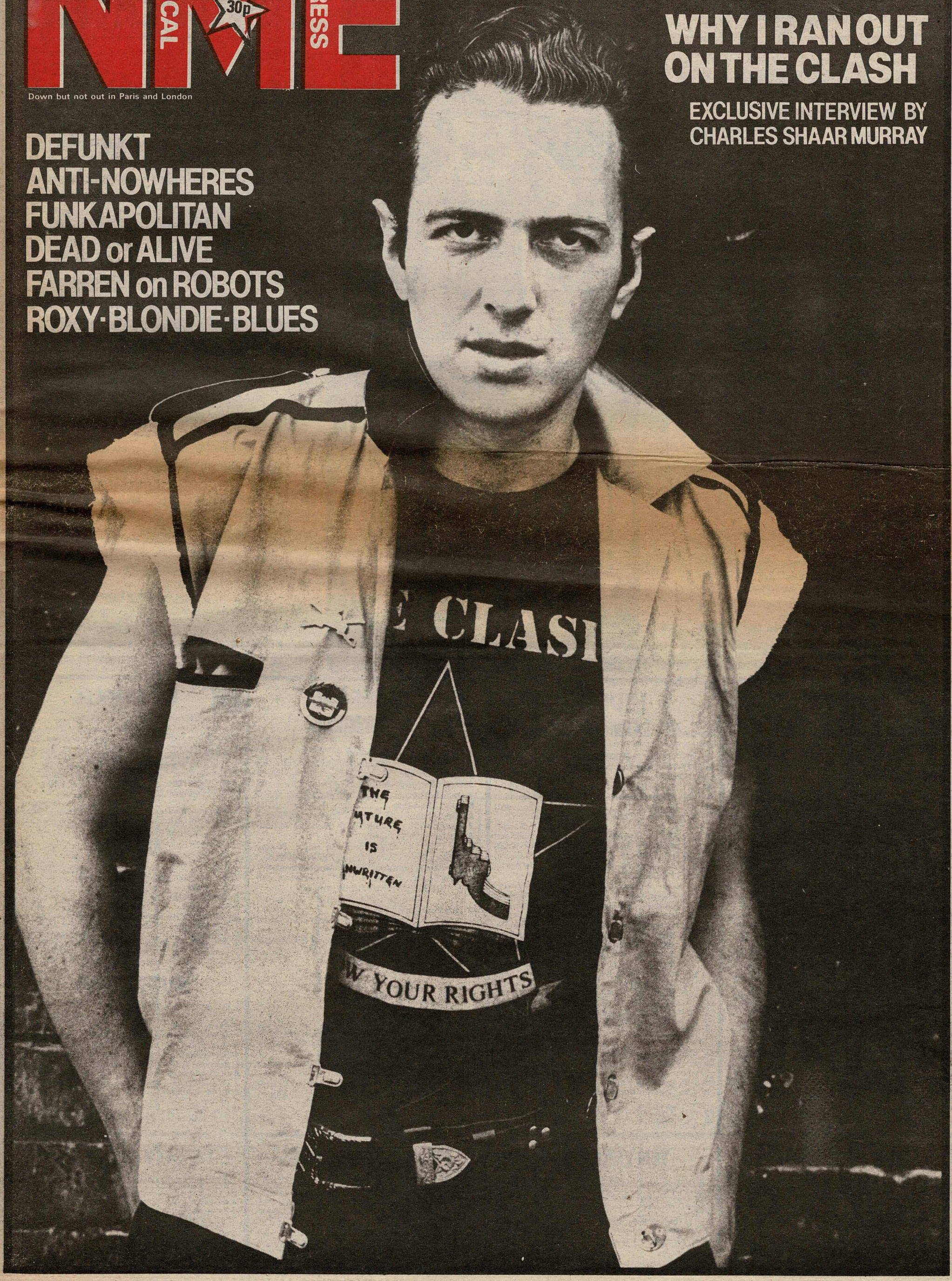
Down but not out in Paris and London

STRUMMER

WHY I RAN OUT ON THE CLASH

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

DEFUNKT
ANTI-NOWHERES
FUNKAPOLITAN
DEAD or ALIVE
FARREN on ROBOTS
ROXY·BLONDIE·BLUES



Joe Joe was a man who thought he was a loner/Photo by Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	16	**GOODY TWO SHOES**	**Adam (CBS)**	2	1
2	1	**A LITTLE PEACE**	Nicole (CBS)	4	1
3	3	**I WON'T LET YOU DOWN**	Phd (WEA)	5	1
4	4	**ONLY YOU**	Yazoo (Mute)	3	4
5	19	**HOUSE OF FUN**	Madness (Stiff)	2	5
6	2	**I LOVE ROCK'N'ROLL**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Epic)	5	2
7	9	**FANTASY ISLAND**	Tight Fit (Jive)	4	7
8	17	**THE LOOK OF LOVE**	ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	2	8
9	7	**GIRL CRAZY**	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	4	7
10	5	**WE HAVE A DREAM**	Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)	5	5
11	15	**MAMA USED TO SAY**	Junior (Mercury)	2	11
12	13	**FORGET ME NOT**	Patrice Rushen (Elektra)	3	12
13	6	**EBONY AND IVORY**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)	7	1
14	27	**HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF**	Duran Duran (EMI)	2	14
15	20	**ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	15
16	10	**THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT)**	The England World Cup Squad (England ER)	7	2
17	8	**REALLY SAYING SOMETHING**	Bananarama And The Fun Boy Three (Deram)	7	6
17	14	**THE MEANING OF LOVE**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	14
19	12	**PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE**	Simple Minds (Virgin)	5	12
20	(—)	**CANTONESE BOY**	Japan (Virgin)	1	20
21	11	**INSTINCTION**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	4	11
22	18	**TOTTENHAM TOTTENHAM**	Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Squad (Shelf)	4	18
23	28	**THE TELEPHONE**	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	2	23
24	(—)	**3x3 (EP)**	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	1	24
25	25	**CLUB COUNTRY**	Associates (Associates)	2	25
26	(—)	**TEMPTATION**	New Order (Factory)	1	26
27	29	**SUSPICIOUS MINDS**	Candi Staton (Sugarhill)	2	27
28	30	**THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	2	28
29	22	**SHOUT! SHOUT!**	Rocky Sharpe & The Replays (Chiswick)	4	16
30	21	**FANTASTIC DAY**	Haircut 100 (Arista)	7	9

Goody. Adam at No.1 *Pic:Anton Corbijn*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**COMPLETE MADNESS**	**Madness (Stiff)**	5	1
2	2	**TUG OF WAR**	Paul McCartney (EMI)	4	1
3	7	**CHARTBUSTERS 82**	Various (Ronco)	2	3
4	3	**LIVE IN BRITAIN**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	5	1
5	(—)	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	1	5
6	23	**COMBAT ROCK**	The Clash (FMLN)	2	6
7	5	**HOT SPACE**	Queen (EMI)	2	5
8	4	**PELICAN WEST**	Haircut 100 (Arista)	13	1
9	6	**NIGHT BIRDS**	Shakatak (Polydor)	2	6
10	(—)	**THE EAGLE HAS LANDED**	Saxon (Carrere)	1	10
11	8	**THE CONCERTS IN CHINA**	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	2	8
12	16	**LOVE SONGS**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	19	1
13	17	**1982**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	3
14	15	**THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	7	1
15	12	**PINKY BLUE**	Altered Images (Epic)	2	12
16	19	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meatloaf (Epic)	30	9
17	(—)	**CHURCH OF HAWKWIND**	Hawkwind (RCA)	1	17
18	11	**DISCO UK & DISCO USA**	Various (Ronco)	4	6
19	9	**ARE YOU READY**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	9
20	18	**DIAMOND**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	8	10
21	(—)	**SULK**	Associates (Associates)	1	21
22	24	**PEARLS**	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	26	3
23	10	**CHARIOTS OF FIRE**	Vangelis (Polydor)	21	6
24	(—)	**ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1	24
25	26	**STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART**	Patrice Rushen (Elektra)	2	25
26	(—)	**WE ARE THE LEAGUE**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)	1	26
27	27	**TIN DRUM**	Japan (Virgin)	20	5
28	(—)	**DARE**	Human League (Virgin)	27	1
29	13	**PORNOGRAPHY**	The Cure (Fiction)	2	13
30	28	**JUMP UP**	Elton John (Rocket)	6	9

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(6)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
2	(1)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(2)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(5)	**The Meaning Of Love**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(4)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
6	(3)	**Attack/Alternatives**	Exploited (Exploited)
7	(11)	**Love Is All Is Alright**	UB40 (Dep Int)
8	(17)	**Brave New World**	Toyah (Safari)
9	(—)	**El Salvador**	Insane (No Future)
10	(9)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
11	(8)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
12	(7)	**Look Now**	The Fall (Kamera)
13	(11)	**Survival**	Defects (WXYZ)
14	(28)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
15	(13)	**Big City Peroxide**	Subhuman (Spider Leg)
16	(15)	**This Time We'll Get It Right**	England World Cup Team (England)
17	(12)	**East To West**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
18	(19)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
19	(29)	**Pagan Love Song**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
20	(21)	**Gangland**	Violators (No Future)
21	(—)	**Nazi Punks Fuck Off**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
22	(30)	**Storm**	Carmel (Red Flame)
23	(—)	**Fashion**	Charge (Kamera)
24	(—)	**Overspill EP**	Skroteez (Skroteez)
25	(20)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap)
26	(16)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
27	(14)	**The Winner**	Infa Riot (Secret)
28	(22)	**Lest We Forget**	Blitzkreig (No Future)
29	(—)	**Smash It Up**	Damned (Big Beat)
30	(23)	**Police State**	Special Duties (Rondolet)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(5)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
2	(2)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
3	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
4	(3)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
5	(4)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
6	(7)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
7	(11)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
8	(13)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)
9	(6)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
10	(15)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
11	(10)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
12	(12)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
13	(8)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
14	(18)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
15	(—)	**Wargasm**	Various (Pax)
16	(9)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
17	(14)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
18	(—)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
19	(16)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
20	(24)	**Swing To The Right**	Utopia (Bearsville)
21	(—)	**England's Trance**	Placebo (Aura)
22	(17)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Big Beat)
23	(20)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
24	(22)	**Before The Dream Faded**	Misunderstood (Cherry Red)
25	(29)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
26	(—)	**Skinhead Anthem**	Last Resort (Last Resort)
27	(28)	**Collision Time**	Swell Maps (R. Trade)
28	(23)	**Animals Soundtrack**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
29	(21)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
30	(—)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Come When Jah Call You**	Michigan Shirley (Jah Life)
2	**Video/Colour TV**	Ringo (M/C)
3	**Don't Be Surprised**	J Byles (Norwells)
4	**Jack Sprat**	Yellowman (Nura)
5	**Load Shedding**	Jr. Murvin (GG)
6	**Teen Jam**	Trinity (Joe Gibbs)
7	**Conqueror**	Big Youth (Nequsa Nequst)
8	**Declaration Of Rights**	Abyssinians/Sir Harry (Chuck)
9	**I Won't Cry**	Sonny Dread (Black Solidarity)
10	**For Hire & Removal**	Eek-A-Mouse (Volcano)
11	**Why Fools**	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
12	**In This Jungle (This Mighty Jungle)**	George Fullwood (Black Solidarity)
13	**Morwell Rock You**	Ranking Trevor (Morwells)
14	**Guiding Star**	Papa Finigan/Jr. Ranking (Guidance)
15	**Sweetie**	John Holt (Volcano)

LPs

1	**Far Over**	Burning Spear (EMI)
2	**Mandell**	Hugh Mandell (Greensleeve)
3	**Across The Red Sea**	Bim Sherman (On U Sound)
4	**Love Has Found It's Way**	Dennis Brown (A&M)
5	**Dance Hall Style**	Nicodemus (Starlight)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

US SINGLES

1	**Ebony & Ivory**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
2	**Don't Talk To Strangers**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
3	**I've Never Been To Me**	Charlene (Motown)
4	**867-5309/Jennu**	Tommy Tutone (Columbia)
5	**The Other Woman**	Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
6	**'65 Love Affair**	Paul Davies (Arista)
7	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
8	**Don't You Want Me**	The Human League (A&M/Virgin)
9	**Did It In A Minute**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
10	**Get Down On It**	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)

US LPs

1	**Asia**	Asia (Warner Bros)
2	**Success Hasn't Spoiled Me**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
3	**Tug Of War**	Paul McCartney (Columbia)
4	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
5	**River Down**	Van Halen (Warner Bros)
6	**Beauty And The Beast**	The Go-Go's (A&M)
7	**Freeze-Frame**	The J Geils Band (EMI-America)
8	**Aldo Nova**	Aldo Nova (Epic)
9	**Always On My Mind**	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
10	**Get Lucky**	Loverboy (Columbia)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

AUSTRALIA

1	**I Love Rock 'n' Roll**	Joan Jett & Blackhearts (Liberation)
2	**Ebony & Ivory**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)
3	**What About Me**	Moving Pictures (WBE)
4	**Forever Now**	Cold Chisel (WEA)
5	**Believe It Or Not**	Joey Scarbury (Elektra)
6	**Body And Soul**	Jo Kennedy (Mushroom)
7	**Dirty Creature**	Split Enz (Mushroom)
8	**Be Good Johnny**	Men At Work (CBS)
9	**Mickey**	Toni Basil (Radialchoice)
10	**Blue Eyes**	Elton John (Rocket)

Courtesy 'Kent Music Report/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**I Don't Want To Talk About It/The First Cut Is The Deepest**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
2	**Ain't Gonna Bump No More**	Joe Tex (Epic)
3	**Lucille**	Kenny Rogers (UA)
4	**A Star Is Born (Evergreen)**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
5	**The Shuffle**	Van McCoy (H & L)
6	**Got to Give It Up**	Marvin Gaye (Motown)
7	**O.K.**	Rock Follies (Polydor)
8	**Good Morning Judge**	10cc (Philips)
9	**Halfway Down The Stairs**	The Muppets (Pye)
10	**Mah Na Man Na**	Piero Umiliani (EMI Int.)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Metal Guru**	T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
2	**Rocket Man**	Elton John (DJM)
3	**Oh Babe What Would You Say?**	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
4	**Could It Be Forever**	David Cassidy (Bell)
5	**Vincent**	Don McLean (United Artists)
6	**At The Club/Saturday Night At The Movies**	Drifters (Atlantic)
7	**Lady Eleanor**	Lindisfarne (Charisma)
8	**Come What May**	Vicky Leandros (Philips)
9	**A Thing Called Love**	Johnny Cash (CBS)
10	**Tumbling Dice**	Rolling Stones (Decca)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Silence Is Golden**	Tremeloes (CBS)
2	**Waterloo Sunset**	Kinks (Pye)
3	**Whiter Shade Of Pale**	Procol Harum (Deram)
4	**Dedicated To The One I Love**	Mamas And Papas (RCA)
5	**Then I Kissed Her**	Beach Boys (Capitol)
6	**There Goes My Everything**	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
7	**The Happening**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8	**The Wind Cries Mary**	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
9	**Pictures Of Lily**	Who (Track)
10	**Puppet On A String**	Sandie Shaw (Pye)

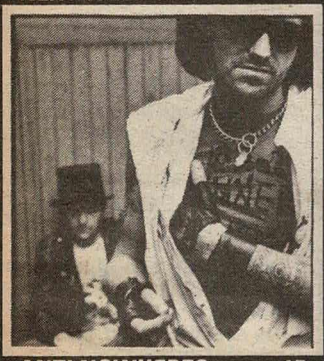
TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Good Luck Charm**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**Come Outside**	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
3	**I'm Looking Out The Window**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	**Nut Rocker**	B. Bumble (Top Rank)
5	**As You Like It**	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6	**Last Night Was Made For Love**	Billy Fury (Decca)
7	**I Don't Know Why**	Eden Kane (Decca)
8	**Ginny Come Lately**	Brian Hyland (HMV)
9	**Love Letters**	Ketty Lester (London)
10	**Picture Of You**	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)

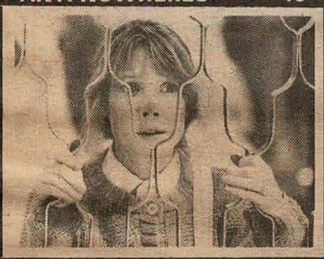
NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

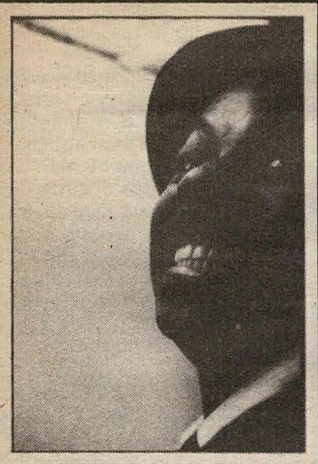
JUDY NYLON 11
FUTURE FORCE 4
MARI WILSON 5
DEAD OR ALIVE 6
MODERN ENGLISH 7
NEXT WEEK BOX 8



ANTI NOWHERES 15



SILVER SCREEN 18
FUNKAPOLITAN 23
RISE OF THE ROBOTS 24
SINGLES 27



DEFUNKT 28
JOE STRUMMER 30
SUE COE 33
LPs: ROXY, BLONDIE 37
TOUR NEWS 41
RECORD NEWS 42
GIG GUIDE 43
LIVE! 49
REGGAE/X-WORD 57
GASBAG 58
T-ZERS 59

Debs launches Blondiemania memorial tour

BLONDIE'S long-awaited UK tour was this week confirmed officially — just as *NME* alone has been predicting since the beginning of the year.

Six major concerts at two of Britain's largest venues have been announced so far — Birmingham International Arena at the National Exhibition Centre (Saturday and Sunday, September 11–12) and London Wembley Arena (Thursday to Sunday, September 16–19 inclusive).

Further dates will be announced during the next few weeks, covering different parts of the country — and *NME* understands that they will include Newcastle City Hall, Glasgow Apollo and at least one other Scottish date. A few short-notice surprise gigs can also be expected, in Rolling Stones style.

Debbie Harry and the band arrived in London last week to launch her newly-published autobiography *Making Tracks*, Chris Stein's photographic exhibition and the new Blondie album 'The Hunter'. Over the weekend, they were in the Scilly Isles filming a video, hopefully returning in time for Debbie's appearance on *Top Of The Pops* tonight (Thursday). They're then off to Europe for similar promotional exploits.

Tickets for both Birmingham and Wembley are priced £7.80 and £6.80, plus a few with slightly obstructed view at £5.80 (all including 30p booking fee). At present, they are available by post only from "Blondie Box Office" (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — enclose SAE, restrict orders to a maximum of ten tickets per application, and don't foget to state choice of venue and which date preferred. Allow up to six weeks for delivery.

Personal applicants will have to wait three or four weeks before tickets are available through booking agencies, but mail orders may be made immediately. Coach travel and tickets are being arranged by the South West Concert Club, Bailey's, Cavendish Travel, Len Wright Travel and TLCA — see local press for details. There's also a phone number for booking queries: 01-734 0672.

No QPR match for The Jam

THE JAM's ambitious plan to stage an open-air CND benefit at Queen's Park Rangers soccer ground in West London, provisionally set for July 10, has been thwarted — not by the GLC, but by local residents. Despite a show of petulance over the leakage of the story by *NME*, the council was basically in favour of the event, because it was in keeping with its own anti-nuclear policy.

But there was such an outcry from local residents, who submitted numerous objections, that the council found itself in a cleft stick — so The Jam's agency decided to abandon the project before the council was forced officially to consider the licence application.

The band are still keen to play a CND show this summer and, although they don't return from their world travels until the end of June, they've asked their representatives to try and find an alternative large venue — in an area that's not so densely populated, and less subject to the pressures of people who regard rock fans as a greater threat than football crowds.

Rats, Dexys on the Tyne

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS and The Boomtown Rats are to headline two major concerts early next month in Newcastle, which have been specially arranged as part of Radio 1's *Weekend In The North-East* special — they will, in fact, be recorded for later transmission in the *In Concert* slot.

The concerts take place in a giant marquee erected in Newcastle's Exhibition Park — the Rats on Saturday, June 5, and Dexys on Sunday 6 — and they are open to the general public. Tickets are priced £3, £2.50 and £2, and are available from the City Hall box-office. Shows commence at 8 pm.

It will be Dexys' first appearance since their stint at London's Old Vic last autumn with their 'Projected Passion Revue'. But they have a new single coming out next month called 'Come On Eileen', followed in July by their album 'Hey, Where You Going With That Suitcase' — and it's expected that they'll be hitting the road with their latest production soon after the LP's release.

The Rats have no other plans for live appearances, having recently completed a British tour.

Kevin Rowland pic: Peter Anderson

JOE'S BACK — BUT TOPPER QUITS!

CLASH lead vocalist Joe Strummer was finally located in Paris last week, after a month's disappearance, and the band are back in action again — though they've now encountered a further upset, with drummer Nicky 'Topper' Headon quitting last Friday.

Strummer was found in Paris on Tuesday morning last week, just one hour after the band's scheduled dates at London Brixton Fair Deal last weekend (22–23) had been postponed until July 10 and 11. Commented their spokesman Kosmo Vinyl: "It was one of those unfortunate things, but decisions have to be made."

After the reunited Clash fulfilled their headline spot last Thursday in Holland's Lochem Festival, they arrived back in London on Friday, and it was then that Headon left — due, claims Kosmo, to a difference of opinion over the political direction the band will be taking. Headon says he's going to take some time off before deciding on future plans.

The Clash now plan to continue as a trio, using guest drummers when needed, and they are going ahead with their US tour starting this Saturday — though at press time they hadn't named the drummer who will be working with them. Immediately on their return in early July, they plunge into their re-arranged British tour, for which the final revised date is Leeds University on July 26.

● *Joe explains: page 30.*

☐ THE CLASH, complete with Joe Strummer, were together again and back in action last week, with an appearance on Thursday (20) at the Lochem Festival in Holland.

The Clash's set came at the end of the event, at about 4.30, following on a bill which included Bow Wow Wow, Tenpole Tudor and Saxon. Although rumours had been rife that the group *would* show up, it seems that much of the crowd was sceptical — and that, plus the torrential rain now falling on them, led about half of the 16,000 attending to leave after the last confirmed act, Saxon.

Those who stayed saw a slightly-subdued Strummer lead the band through a full Clash set. Reportedly suffering from a sore throat, Joe made no on-stage reference to his recent disappearance. At one point however, in true rebel style, he persuaded the festival organisers to take down the crowd barriers, allowing fans to swarm into the press enclosure at the front.

Stones add Bristol, Newcastle P.4 . . . AC/DC, Shakatak tours P.41

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Rudolf Hess does his famous Charlie Watts impression

Stones add Bristol, Newcastle—plus three Scottish 'commando' raids

AND THE CIRCUS ROLLS ON

THE ROLLING STONES will, after all, play two more open-air concerts in Britain next month. As *NME* predicted last week, they'll be appearing in both Newcastle and Bristol — but instead of indoor shows in those cities, they've now been given the licence go-ahead to perform in outdoor arenas. So they'll be in action at Newcastle United Football Club, St James's Park, on Wednesday, June 23 (4 pm) — and Bristol City Football Club, Ashton Gate, on Sunday, June 27 (1.30 pm).

The J. Geils Band will be the support at both shows, and an opening act has still to be named. Tickets are on sale now at both football grounds, as well as HMV Records and the City Hall (Newcastle) and HMV Records (Bristol). There are numerous other ticket outlets in towns and cities throughout the North of England (for Newcastle); and the Midlands, Wales and the West Country (Bristol) — readers should consult local papers for details of availability. Tickets are £8, plus booking fee at some outlets.

In a surprise move this week, the Stones are playing three "commando raids" at indoor venues in Scotland, prior to the official opening of their European tour in Rotterdam on June 4 — as some consolation for being unable to find a suitable outdoor location North of the Border. They played Aberdeen Capitol yesterday (Wednesday), and are at Glasgow Apollo (tonight, Thursday) and Edinburgh Playhouse (Friday), with TV21 supporting.

These Scottish gigs were advertised only by posters put up outside the venues last Thursday — within minutes large queues had formed, and all tickets were sold inside two hours. There's a chance that the Stones may play one or two more surprise dates nearer to London, and possibly one in the capital, but they won't be announced in advance.

Meanwhile, all 144,000 tickets for their two shows at Wembley Stadium on June 25 and 26 have now been sold, and all will be despatched by not later than June 5. No more applications are being accepted.

● There is a possibility of yet another Stones outdoor gig. *NME* understands that a licence application to play Sheffield United Football Ground goes before local magistrates this week. If it's approved, the show would probably take place before the others, in mid-June.

RICHARD GRABEL has seen the Future of funk'n'roll...

CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE?

IT'S THE CHANCE discovery, the odd revelation, that makes this world of music worth living in. Like walking in on the middle of Future Force's set, just to give them a glance, and being swept up into a furiously percolating soul groove, instantly memorable and absolutely rewarding.

Future Force play a rich, multi-faceted funk that approaches corniness at times in its insistence on hooks, busy melodies and a glossy sheen. It is sleek, commercial music and completely genuine, it will sound a smash on the radio.

They are three white guys, one Puerto Rican, a Chinaman and a black woman who will slip into stardom like a comfortable evening gown. Many bands have tried for just this mix — Future Force make it work.

When we meet, this Future Force funk mob and I it is as comrades. I'd already charged into their dressing room, post-show, to declare my love. Morley's short and sweet live review had just hit the stands here in New York. The day seems warm and generous. So we repair to a bar for a cell meeting, to drink some beer, and plot the moves of a soul take-over.

Brothers Howard Bowler (bass, songwriting) and David Bowler (drums) along with Eric Li (keyboards, songwriting) were the nucleus of a rather wet "new wave pop" group called The Marbles that played CBGB's back in the heady days of '76/'77. Then they had The Volts, who began tentative flirtations with funk. With the addition of Rob Morris (guitar), Rico (percussion) and vocalist Jackie Stewart, who came from a Brooklyn soulband, the funk started to click.

David: "We like music that's relevant. And at the time . . . I don't want to dwell on The Marbles but we were playing new wave really early in the game. After awhile the strength of that band started to taper off and we all realised we had to change."

Howard: "We started flipping the dial on the radio looking for inspiration."

And found WBLS, the New York black-owned dance music station that in recent years has become the city's most adventurous radio outlet. WBLS was evolving out of straight disco programming into an eclectic funk - disco - dance - pop mix, and Future Force caught the beat. I wondered what they thought the reason was for rock growing so tired.

Howard: "It has to do with inspiration. People keep looking back to the '60s, back to the things that were great then. A lot of musician friends of mine say, 'Oh man weren't The Supremes great, or 'I really love Sam and Dave'. But now we have Solar Records and Sugarhill Records who are doing something as exciting as what Motown was doing in the '60s, and it's fresh.

"A lot of people have yet to discover what's happening here. Disco got a bad name. But now it's evolved into funk. Lennon said that you either change with the music or it changes without you.

"Also racism plays a role in this. A lot of white bands became jealous of the success of disco, and put it down, and there's a separation between black music and white music, which is one of the things we're trying to overcome. When you look at the British scene they don't have as much of a problem as white musicians here do in accepting what's happening on the black scene."

Howard mentions Rick James, Prince, Nona Hendry, Talking Heads and Human League as current faves. But Future Force don't sound like any of that.

Howard: "Our music is a kind of synthesis, because we are coming from pop roots and getting into a funk thing, it's going to come out with a funny little twist."

Jackie: "Yes, because here's the soul, and you've got the Latin beat, you've got the pop background, you've got rock guitar. And everybody contributes."

Jackie was born in Brixton, London, of Jamaican parents and moved to New York when she was 13. She speaks with no identifiable accent, has a warm smile and a bit of enticing shyness.

"Growing up in England I really didn't listen to black music that much," she says. "I was basically into rock. The first time I started to really listen to soul was when I came here. That's when it opened up for me.

"But I never wanted to be just another black woman singing soul music. Even the soul band in Brooklyn I used to sing with had a tinge of rock."

The obvious route for Future Force will be to make the kind of 12-inch singles that get played on WBLS. They recently had an offer of a recording deal from Gary Turnier, a producer who currently has hits with Vicki D ('This Beat Is Mine') and Tracey Webber ('Sure Shot'). But Turnier wanted the group to play his songs, not their own, and they turned him down.

David: "They were going to fit us into the market, make us play their songs, tell Rob what seven notes to play. That's not what we're about. We want our sound down on record with a good disco production. We love the disco production but we don't always love disco lyrics."

Future Force say they care about lyrics.

Howard: "We are somewhat political and we have politically oriented songs. We just like to ask questions. A lot of things in this country are going in a way we don't like."

Jackie: "We're not *all* political. After all that stuff we do want them to know that we're into love and all that."

Future Force — featuring the "enticingly shy" Jackie Stewart. Pic: Joe Stevens

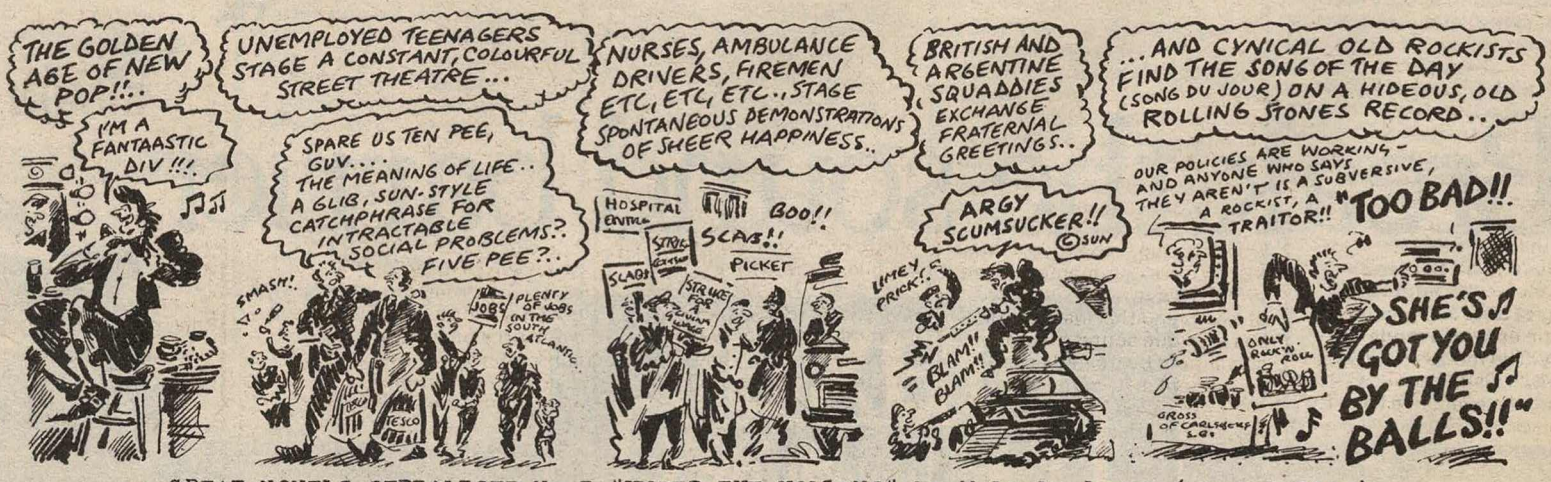
Duran downer

DURAN DURAN have been forced to call off a major European tour — due to start this week in Norway, and take in eight different countries — because of the illness of guitarist Andy Taylor. He was taken ill last week, soon after the band returned from a visit to Sri Lanka and the Far East, and it was thought he had contracted a tropical virus. Doctors have now diagnosed his condition as pyrexia, a medical term for fever, and he's been ordered rest for three weeks. It's now hoped to re-schedule the European dates for September.

Fashion no-show

FASHION have postponed their major London concert at the Dominion Theatre tomorrow (Friday), because of the continuing illness of bassist Martin Recchi. Although singer and guitarist Dee Harris has been doubling on bass pedals on other dates, they want to be at full strength for their London show, which has now been re-arranged for June 18. Existing tickets remaining valid for the new date.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry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SHE'S GOT YOU BY THE BALLS!!"

GREAT NOVELS SERIALISED. No. I. "UNDER THE VOLCANO" by Malcolm Lowry (no relation). Chapter I. Two mountain chains traverse the republic roughly from north to south, forming between (continued).

Mari Wilson and her Marionettes (Amanda, left, and Candide). Pic: Bryn Jones

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

MARI WILSON

LISTENERS
Love Letters.....Ketty Lester
Cry Me A River..... Julie London
Revolver.....The Beatles
Mr Big Stuff .....Jean Knight
Is That All There Is?.....Peggy Lee
Mirror Mirror .....Diana Ross
C Moon .....Paul McCartney
Fijian Girl .....Rolf Harris

READERS
The Cartier All Night Guide To Costume Jewellery
Once Is Not Enough..... Jacqueline Susanne
St Michael All Colour Cook Book
The Other Side Of Midnight...Sidney Sheldon
Reed All About Me.....Oliver Reed
Fat Is A Feminist Issue.....Susie Orbach
Down And Out In Paris And London George Orwell
1958 Tupperware Catalogue

SINGERS
Judy Garland
Peggy Lee
Paul Rodgers
Julie London
Mills Bros
John Lennon
Diana Ross

VIEWERS
High Society (1956)
Carousel (1956)
Mary Poppins (1964)
Up The Junction (1967)
Psycho (1960)
A Matter Of Life And Death (1946)
Dallas
The World About Us
Pebble Mill At One
Des O'Connor Show

ACTORS
Alan Bates
David Niven
Pat Hayes
Glenda Jackson
James Mason

EATERS
Fresh grilled sardines
Shellfish
Japanese taquerafish raw

TIME PASSERS
Beehive hairdo architecture
Tidying up

AMBITIONS
To own entire Tupperware and Pyrex collection
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'Ban synthesisers' MU loonies demand

THE MUSICAL establishment took another looney step last week in its battle to preserve things As We've Always Known Them. In a move led by Dennis Waterman's musical director, the Central London Branch of the Musician's Union called for the synthesiser to be "proscribed and banned" unless it starts behaving itself.

The branch doesn't quarrel with the synth *per se,* only when it pretends it's a trumpet, or a violin, or any other such "musical/percussive instrument as defined in the Musicians Union Directory". If the "simulations and imitations" continue, says the Minder's man Neil Lancaster, the musical world as we know it could be extinct within ten years.

It was at last Thursday's Central London Branch Meeting that Lancaster moved his motion calling for the union's executive to "prohibit and proscribe (the synthesiser) for the purposes of recorded or live performances" — in other words, in total. 'Bomber' Lancaster and his backers argued their case before a meeting of 50 to 100 members and came up with a moderate majority. The motion now goes to the MU's district council, then onto the executive who will probably mince words and do nothing.

As Central Branch secretary Brian Parris predicted this week, "Manufacturers wouldn't stop producing them whatever we ruled and young rock groups would not go back to playing saxophones and trumpets." *(But they are! — Ed.)*

Lancaster tells us he has been bestirred by what he claims as widespread substitution of players by machines in the making of adverts, and films and TV music. As a result the musician's stock is "being dwindled down to nothing. Music is being threatened as a living art form."

Cheapskate producers aside, he also blames "the terrible essence of amateurism" now rife in the pop and rock ranks . . . "All this doodling with drum machines" and other appalling manifestations of so-called musicianship.

"Music", he trumpets (unsimulated), "is a profession, like medicine or any other . . . I will follow this thing through as much as I can physically and mentally."

Lancaster is 37. He used to play saxophone with The Beach Boys and confesses to having used the synthesiser himself but not as an ersatz anything else.

The view from the other side of the micro chip came this week from electro-pop boy wonders Depeche Mode, whose Martin Gore commented: "The synthesiser is not an imitation of a conventional instrument, it has a unique sound of its own and should be treated as an instrument in its own right.

"It's like trying to stop people wearing bright colours or something, it's almost as ridiculous as that."

Added Daniel Miller, maestro of Mute Records: "They've got a point in certain circumstances, such as where a theatre orchestra string section had been sacked for a synthesiser. But synthesisers have meant that a lot of people are involved in music who otherwise wouldn't have been. I think the resolution would be totally unworkable."

A psychiatrist writes: The move to banish synthesisers indicates that the patient, sometimes called the music business, is dangerously sick. It has been told to lose weight and imagines the way to do this is to exterminate vital functions of its own body. It continually persecutes imaginary foes, divining enemies everywhere. It even turns on its own subscribers, accusing them of disloyalty for using new aural/visual tools it has itself invented.

In short, the patient is quite mad and unless quickly sedated will probably take its own life.

— ANDREW TYLER

Paganini leads the Musicians Union task force. Illustration: Mark Fairnington.

N.B. This item is NOT a joke!

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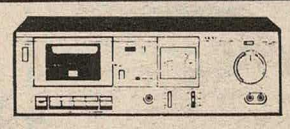

Another amazing offer from HFS — brand new **Akai CS-M3** 'Metal' compatible cassette decks with HD heads and Dolby 'B'. Both phono and DIN connections are provided and there's auto rewind-to-play switching. **£49.95**

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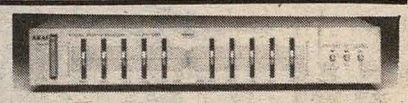

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LIVE BANS LIVE BANDS LIVE BANDS LIVE BANDS

RETURN OF THE ALIEN

Pete Burns pic: Francesco Mellina

Mummy's boys beware — Pete Burns has resurrected Dead Or Alive and he's gunning for your chart positions. PAUL MATHUR reckons he's on target at last.

LAST YEAR Pete Burns said he wanted to kill Ian McCulloch. People were more concerned with this and with his peculiar appearance than with his group's music. People are like that.

The group, Dead Or Alive, were floundering with a floppy sloppy over-intense style and internal disagreements. It seemed as if they would never break out of the sheltered world of cultism as numerous young Liverpool upstarts skipped past them on the way to fame and fortune.

Last summer the cracks started to show and the group suffered personnel changes. Fortunately the next single 'Number Eleven' was Dead Or Alive's best yet, and although not as good as they were capable of, for a while it looked like a chart smasheroo. Inevitable, the record company, thought similarly and put everything behind it. Unfortunately a combination of this and that meant it didn't get very far, although its sales were certainly respectable. To most people it looked as if Dead Or Alive had missed the boat.

Then a couple of months ago, after a silence and a period of reassessment, a new 12" ('It's Been Hours Now') crept into the record shops on the smartly titled Black Eyes label. Its four songs are much more how Dead Or Alive should be, more relaxed, more confident — the first record Dead Or Alive have made that they can truly be proud of.

Speaking to Pete Burns on a suitably sunny day in the middle of Liverpool, I find him confident and happy — he knows Dead Or Alive are almost there.

Apart from Pete and the original members Joe Musker (drums) and Martin Healy (keyboards), the line-up has been joined by Wayne Hussey (guitar), Mike Percy (bass) and Steve Coy (percussion). They're even thinking of adding a violinist. Where the group's music used to sound uninspired, it is now far more in keeping with Burns' dramatic vocal style.

"The music didn't really fit in with the lyrics, so I was really embarrassed about doing something like putting lyrics on the sleeves," Burns admits. "For me the singing used to be like throwing a tantrum in an empty room; now the music is much more in line with the vocals. The total effect is much more impressive than it used to be.

"What I really always wanted to do lyrically was to come across as a blank. You know if you listen to disco records, they're not really about anything but you can still relate to them. They're like a blank screen that you can project what you want onto.

"I can't do that, I'm too definite, too definite in every aspect of my existence. Sometimes I'd like to be someone who's quiet and who blends into the background so people can make of me what they will. I'm quite the opposite, but it's what I am so I might as well make the best of it. The other image is certainly appealing though."

Apparently there are a lot of people who have got COMPLETELY the wrong impression about Pete Burns. He is not an Adam clone, dressing up in mummy's clothes for picture sessions — and just because he looks different it doesn't mean he's a dumb exhibitionist.

"People think that because of my appearance, getting up on stage is good enough for me. They think that if I stood up on this table now I'd be the happiest person in the world because everyone's eyes would be on me.

"Promoters think, Oh God, he looks a bit of an odd bod, stick him up in front of fifty people, he'll be as happy as Larry and give him £10 at the end of it. That's not something I'm prepared to do.

"I hate the idea of shows, it reminds me of people like Darts. You know, all the superficiality and tack.

"They're also reminiscent of the Ziggy Stardust idea of performances, you know, living one image then dragging another one out for the stage performance. That's outdated and irrelevant now. I'm not just an image for the stage — this is me, I live like this.

"That's the way I feel at the moment. Who knows, in two years time I might be being dragged on in a ten-foot galleon, but not just yet."

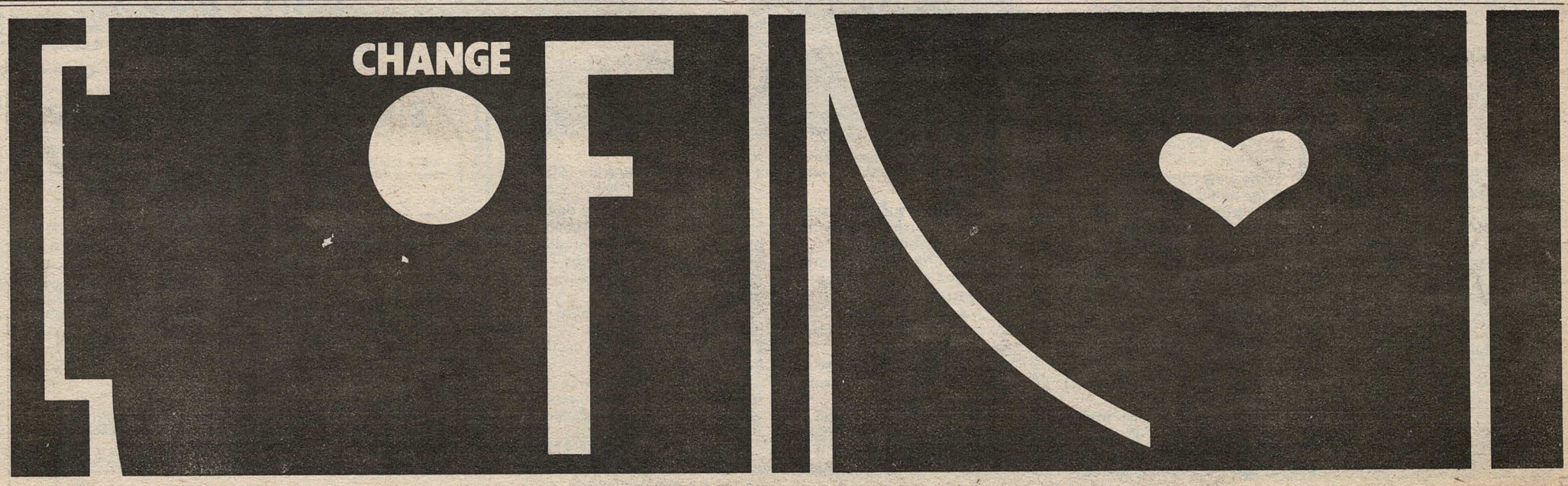
The emphasis in the media image of the group is on Dead Or Alive being Pete Burns and his backing group.

"That was true to some extent with the original line-up, but with the new group we're much more integrated. I used to feel like a bit of tawdry tacky carnival nightlife but now I'm much more secure."

The new single 'The Stranger' has still got the distinctive Dead Or Alive sound, but it seems less blustering, more assured. The B-side is particularly good, built around a thudding drum beat with the other instruments and Pete's voice swooping in and out.

The group will be using the acoustic guitar a lot more in the future, as they did on a recent Peel session, in order to get away from "the horrible barbed metallic guitar sound". That doesn't mean they're going safe though.

"There's a depressing movement towards Mummy's Boys in the charts at the



moment. Parents are beginning to think that the music's OK, which is wrong.

"It's like with Malcolm McLaren and his 'demolition of the work ethic' thing. That's pathetic, because he wants young people to be the same as old people and that would be hopeless. Old people have been narrowminded since the year dot, and since young people haven't got a strong direction to go in, they're going to be conditioned into being just as narrowminded.

"All these new bands look the way old people want them to."

Future plans?

"The next thing is a seven-inch and a video. We were going to do a video for one of our earlier singles, with me preaching in a pulpit, but the church wouldn't let us.

"There's definitely a market for us in Japan and we're going to try and break it. People say that, particularly with the visual image, we should do well.

"Germany would also be a good market. I've got a German family and can speak the language fluently so we could do all the songs in German!

"The Germans have got really broadminded TV shows, which will make a change. We did one for Granada recently and I wore Worlds End 'nappies'. The cameramen were so inhibited, they almost broke their backs to avoid showing my legs.

"Foreign audiences are much more broadminded than English ones — I think it's to do with the whole continental attitude to life. I was brought up in the country so I wasn't really in an environment where there were a lot of people around me, so I was very heavily infuenced by the way my parents behaved and that's bad because rock music must always be apart from old people.

"You always need a generation gap. The old people should be feeling threatened. Now all these young bands with their early Gilbert O'Sullivan haircuts are coming along and playing totally safe."

Surely shock tactics and caricatures will only lead to the excesses of the '70s.

"I think the '70s were the most creative period rock music has ever known, except perhaps for the '50s. They were a time of great optimism and rebellion, something which we haven't seen and which I don't think we're going to see in the '80s.

"Somewhere like New York appeals to me because people are always threatened in some way. Because of the high crime rate the people have to think of themselves as another potential statistic and as such they live as if there is no tomorrow. Perhaps we need a higher crime rate here, not necessarily one involving violence to other people. There's no fear to drive us on, to make us indulge in being lavish."

Dead Or Alive aren't a radical threat to the safe world of pop. They're just a niggling worry . . . but you know what they say about the last straw breaking the camel's back.

Dead Or Alive might just be the last straw.

Pic: Bryn Jones

THE LANGUAGE OF COMPROMISE

AMRIK RAI hears how Modern English joined the new pop cash race

MODERN ENGLISH might just get rich quick . . . but they'll never be hip.

"That's not true. Modern English can be hip *and* rich. We can build a category of our own. For years now people have been trying to bracket us with Joy Division and Wire simply because they don't realise what we're about."

The Modern English lesson in hip starts here.

Robbie Grey is the English voice, Gary McDowell plays the very Modern guitar. Mick Conroy (bass), Stephen Walker (keyboards) and Richard Brown (drums) complete 4AD Records' pet ensemble, of spotty English kids in Modern spotted trousers, currently touring to promote their new LP 'After The Snow'. So let's promote.

Magic, murder and the weather are not even last year's thing. The harsh hard edges of experimentation and deviation are being rapidly discarded by everyone from Modern English to Cabaret Voltaire. It's a mad mad mad mad steeple-chase to accessibility and sometimes nauseating panderism with a crock of gold, a crack of the financial whip, for the winners. So let's hear the smart grey suit in the corner (Robbie Grey) sum up the situation.

"We could easily have carried on with the 'Mesh And Lace' (first album) formula. We could have played the 'barren landscape, the heavy drumming, distorted guitar and wailing vocals' game for six or seven albums if we'd wanted to. But the point is, we've moved on. Now more than ever we're in a bracket of our own. There's songs on the new album crying out to be played on Radio One."

The modern sound is slickly professional. Sparse, spacey rhythms slide out of the cage in an occasional glib tribute to contemporary trends. But, just often enough, Modern English bend their sound into a shape without a patent already slapped on it. An occurrence rare enough, in these plagiaristic times, to warrant closer inspection.

'After The Snow' is a concentration of disturbing synth melodies warped with pumping riffs. As Gary, the Modern English version of Victor Victoria, points out:

"Our aim at the moment has to be to expand our audience in Britain. It's really going well for us abroad but we're on a comparatively low level over here. That's why we've brought in producer Hugh Jones, to try and channel the Modern English sound towards the charts. Like, we've used a lot more vocal melodies on the new album and left out the effects to get away from the obscure side of 'Mesh And Lace'."

"Yeah but it's not a conscious thing," Robbie cuts in. "We used to think 'God, we'll never make a pop record — we're artists', but things don't always turn out as you planned. And when you actually create a pop record, it's so much more of a thrill than anything else."

Mick Conroy, the spectacled youth bassman, adds: "It's good though in that the English public are being a bit more educated by the really good production on pop records these days. People are actually realising what a good snare drum sounds like . . . or whatever."

The British record-buying public have been less than sympathetic to the Modern English cause during the past two years, pushing them indiscriminately into various ill fitting boxes. From the Some Bizzare club to the hip-creek cultish 4AD clan via Joy Division neophytes and the friends of Wire league. Why is it suddenly going to be so different?

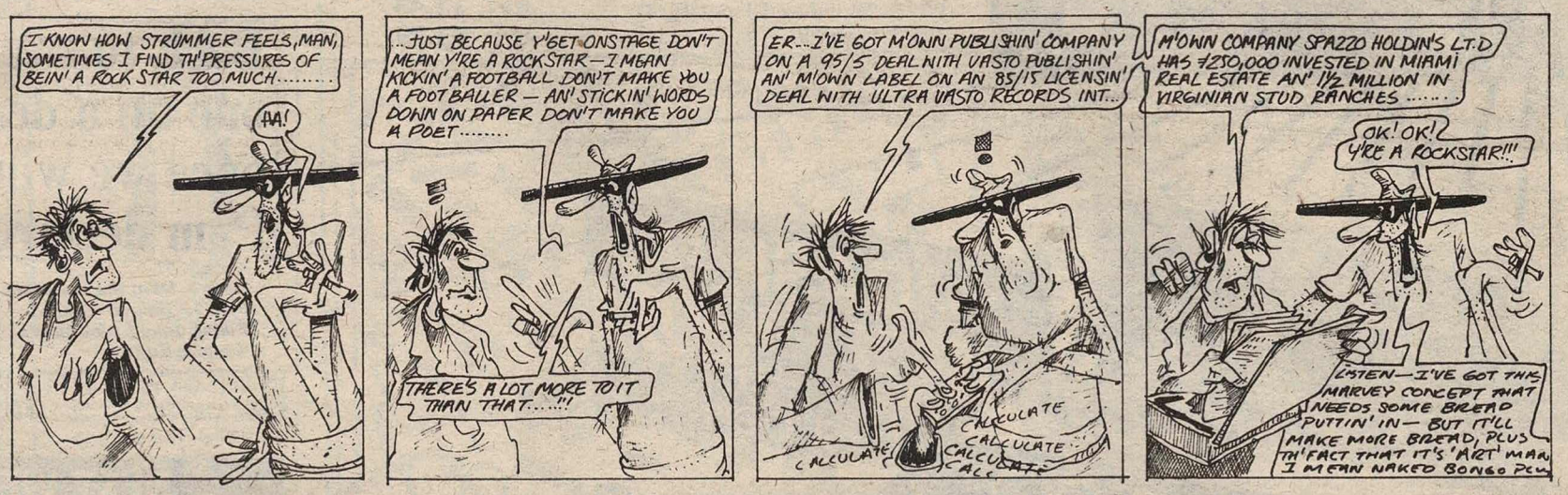
Robbie: "We're not saying it is, but all that bracketing is just so much crap really. Like the Some Bizzare thing. We were asked to play on the album and do the tour with Naked Lunch and Stevo but we wanted no part of that electronic indoctrination phase. And yet people still tagged us with that label."

"And the reason for Joy Division and Wire," Mick continues, a little angrily, "is that people always try to relate you to great bands for some sort of comparison. Another thing is that what little press we've had has always tended to present people with too rigid preconceptions of the Modern English sound. . ."

"And the main thing is" —

■ *Continues over*

The Lone Groover — Benyon


I KNOW HOW STRUMMER FEELS, MAN, SOMETIMES I FIND TH' PRESSURES OF BEIN' A ROCK STAR TOO MUCH.....
HA!
...JUST BECAUSE Y'GET ONSTAGE DON'T MEAN Y'RE A ROCKSTAR — I MEAN KICKIN' A FOOTBALL DON'T MAKE YOU A FOOTBALLER — AN' STICKIN' WORDS DOWN ON PAPER DON'T MAKE YOU A POET.....
THERE'S A LOT MORE TO IT THAN THAT.....!!
ER... I'VE GOT M'OWN PUBLISHIN' COMPANY ON A 95/5 DEAL WITH VASTO PUBLISHIN' AN' M'OWN LABEL ON AN 85/15 LICENSIN' DEAL WITH ULTRA VASTO RECORDS INT...
CALCULATE
CALCULATE
CALCULATE
CALCULATE
M'OWN COMPANY SPAZZO HOLDIN'S LT.D HAS £250,000 INVESTED IN MIAMI REAL ESTATE AN' 1½ MILLION IN VIRGINIAN STUD RANCHES .....
OK! OK! YR'E A ROCKSTAR!!!
LISTEN — I'VE GOT THIS MARVEY CONCEPT THAT NEEDS SOME BREAD PUTTIN' IN — BUT IT'LL MAKE MORE BREAD, PLUS TH' FACT THAT IT'S 'ART' MAN I MEAN NAKED BONGO PEN

Mod. Eng.

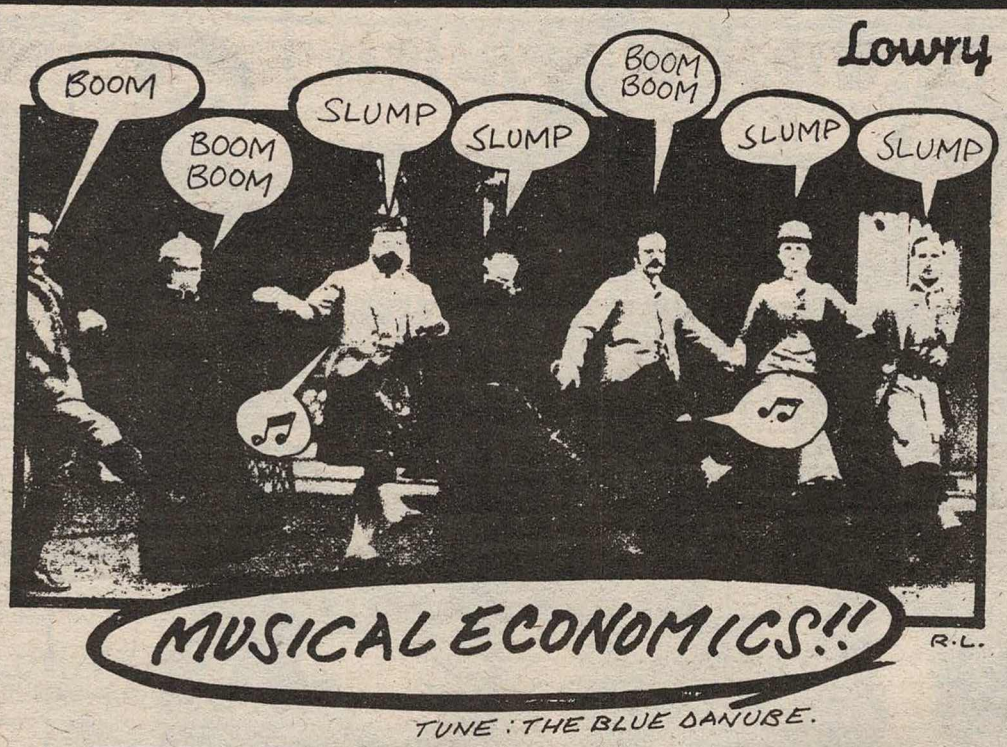
■ *From previous page*

Robbie again — "that we just don't adhere to any set formulas. We've gone into the John Peel studio and done 10 minutes of pure noise or, alternatively, three minutes of pure pop as and when we've felt like it. I think the press really thought we'd be banging bits of wood together this year."

Apart from the public, the press have been kind(ish) in small doses to the Modern English doctrine. Yet their publicity handout refers to 'the fickle British press'.

"We've never gone out of our way to 'find' space in the press. It's always been a case of hoping that the music was enough, but obviously it wasn't. It seems that (for the British press) you need a bit more than just music. It's all about image and colour and the easy-sell. And the lack of press wasn't really depressing but . . . a lot of people just didn't know that Modern English were around anymore. They thought we'd just split up or something."

Modern English? Oh yeah! They're still around . . .



BUNNYMEN BOUNCED OUT

SIX MEN dressed as bunny girls were seized by Spanish police shortly after arriving at Ibiza airport. The group said to be from Manchester were bundled on a plane back home.

The things these pop stars will stoop to to crack those all-important foreign markets! Spotted by S. M. Fletcher.

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Greenham women evicted

THE WOMEN'S PEACE Camp at Greenham Common, Berkshire, has finally lost its battle against eviction. Two weks ago Newbury District Council was awarded immediate possession of the half-acre where the camp has been sited for the past nine months.

The ruling was given by Mr Justice Jupp after an *in camera* (closed to the press and public) hearing of almost five hours. Because the hearing was "unduly secretive" an appeal is possible, said a spokesperson — adding that the fifty women still living outside the Berkshire base decided on Saturday to continue their actions against it becoming a site for Cruise missiles; this time by pickets.

Pickets also played a loud role during the closed High Court hearing, as a large demonstration was staged outside the court for most of its duration. The jugglers, bands, entertainers and scores of kids taking part in *that* protest were told by police that they were making "too much noise" and that the judges had complained from inside. Participants claim that a fray broke out when police moved in to stop two Buddhist monks from Milton Keynes from beating drums, and that during the scuffling several women were hurt and others "lifted by their ears".

Twenty-five pickets were arrested outside the court. The action *inside* the court was, as *NME* earlier reported, originally brought against 8 defendants. But during the hearing 40 names were added to the roster and all have been instructed to contribute towards Newbury's Council's court costs.

The siting of Cruise missiles on the Common base area remains scheduled for 1983.

To demonstrate British and American solidarity with the American anti-nuke FREEZE campaigns, CND are calling a London demo on June 6, the day President Reagan reaches London.

A North London anti-Reagan festival is also being held on Saturday May 29 at North London Poly, Holloway Rd, from 10.30am — 7pm — followed by a gig at the Pied Bull, Upper St, London N1.

The London Film-Maker's Co-op will be hosting a June 4 Rock Against Reagan gig at their premises in 42 Gloucester Ave, NW1. Starting at 7.30, it will be headlined by Oxy And The Morons supported by The Trial and a disco, and has been organised by the Camden Reagan Reception Committee (01-485 3460 or 01-485 6616).

No Nukes Music also have a gig scheduled to precede CND's welcome for the president; at the Goldsmiths Tavern, New Cross Rd, London SE14 on Saturday May 22. It will feature The Androids Of Mu and admission is £1 (75p unwaged). Support will be The Penguins and doors open at eight.

Assembly points for CND's rally on the 6th will befrom 11 am at either Ladbroke Grove, W11; Belvedere Rd SE1; or Hampstead Rd NW1. At the Belvedere rd site No Nukes Music have organised a free extravaganza featuring Amzulu, The Guest Stars, Attila The Stockbroker, reggae poet Benjamin Zephaniah, Margo Random and band, and Melanie Harold, plus support. Bands will play — sponsored by the GLC — from 11am to 2pm, in commemoration of London being declared a nuclear-free zone. Further info from CND HQ on 01-263 7424 or 01-263 4652.

An after-demo party will also be held by NNM at the Venue, SW1, featuring Dennis Boell, Johnny Clarke, Margo Random, Foxes & Rats (Rat Scabies and Paul Fox of The Ruts with friends). Tickets £3.50 (£2.50 unwaged).

—**CYNTHIA ROSE**

SPOOKY!

Back to square one on a deal once we win, Pym declares

Above: from the Guardian, May 19. Below: from Killing Joke's new single 'Empire Song'.

Back to square one, another Empire backfire
Back to square one, another Empire backfire

"Dear NME, Just a quick note to point out that Frankie Pym is now stealing direct quotes from Killing Joke's amazingly coincidental Empire Song. Jaz definitely knows something we don't," says Jane Jordan of Shropshire.

"If The Specials predicted last year's riots with 'Ghost Town', did Killing Joke predict the Falklands war with 'Empire Song'? And what a coincidence that they've both split up," adds Morph.

"Phew!" — Arthur Koestler.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

EXCLUSIVE

The Human League

Can six working class lads and lasses from Sheffield conquer the Land of the Free with 'Love Action'? Can Phil Oakley smuggle his haircut through U.S. Customs? Tony Stewart files an 18-page report from America — and that's just his expenses...

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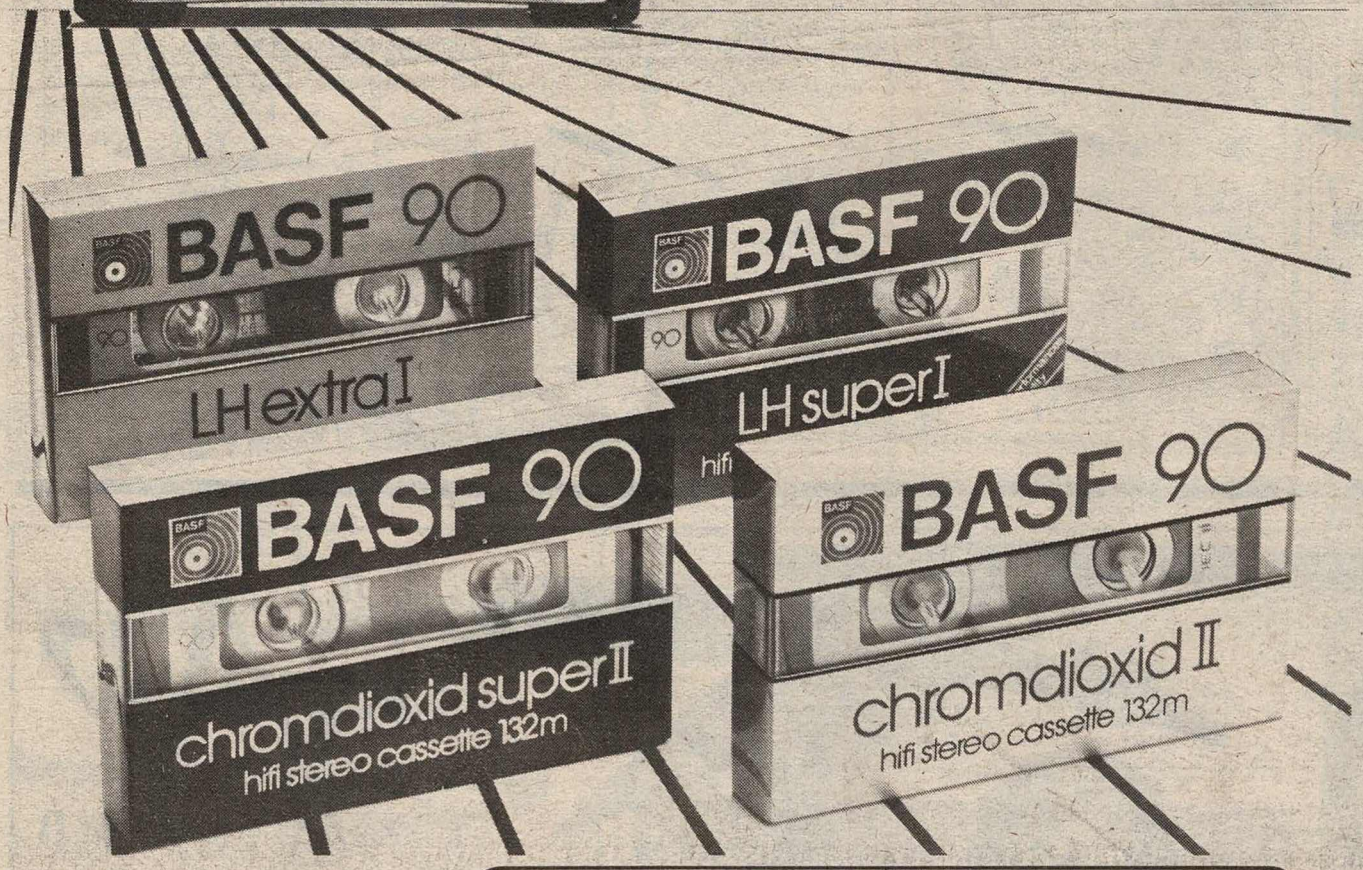

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A RETURN TO JUDY'S JUNGLE

Paul Tickell meets Judy Nylon and discusses past loves, present pretensions and future fads. Photos by Pennie Smith.

JUDY NYLON walks into a room and things change — their perspective. Her face itself changes: it looks different from different angles. Fascinating, a cubist face.

Nylon is comfortable with references to art — to Art. Ever since she saw The Velvet Underground in '64 and in the same year at the age of 16 ran away from home in Florida and flew to London, and ever since she met Salvador Dali, she's had her pretensions — no, let's give her the benefit of the doubt and call them aspirations.

Nylon is fixated by, in love with, the idea of art, but she isn't arty. Or if she ever was, she's put all artiness behind her. Just take a listen to her recent, her debut, album 'Pal Judy' on On U Sound.

What we have here is artifice, but not of the hermetic variety, because the sound is so open — a kind of dub funk reggae rap collage. It's open but tight, thanks to Crucial, a group of impromptu players like Sean Oliver (Rip Rig) and George Oban (ex-Aswad) on bass, Chris Joyce (The Mothmen) on drums, and Nick Plytas on keyboards.

The producer was Adrian Sherwood, the main man at On U, both the label and the production company.

"One of the things I like about him is that he takes chances," says Judy. "On an independent label there was no way we could compete in the Quincy Jones production stakes, so we treated things in the spirit of R&D, research and design.

"White people doing dub never sound right to me, so we'd mix it down first, then put my voice over it to ride the dub, respond to it better. I know it doesn't sound like any other record. Adrian and I stumbled on to something doing those spoken cinematic stories around dub. I often write a song first in story form, then do lyrics in a telegrammatic camera-type way."

Cameras, angles; those perspectives again.

ALTHOUGH NYLON has made records before, singles and EPs with Patti Palladin in Snatch, and worked live with John Cale and contributed to his 'Fear' album, 'Pal Judy' is her first comprehensive statement. It's taken a long time: she's 34.

"I'm a late developer, I didn't get measles till I was 24. Sometimes I think it's going to take forever. I seem to be on a different scale."

She takes different perspectives.

"The good thing about youth culture is that it had a real disposable immediacy about it, but I don't think I'm interested in that any more. I didn't get into this at the age of 18 with a guitar my parents bought me. I'm interested in doing something more lasting and getting better at it."

Nylon, a vocalist who crosses chanting, speaking and singing, wants to learn to play various instruments. She's been at the bass for a while, and has memories both fond and slightly humiliating of Cale laughing at her doing the bass part of his 'Pablo Picasso' song. How appropriate — Nylon playing bass on a number about the publicist of cubism, and teaming up with Cale, an early member of her favourite band the Velvets. In the late '70s she was Cale's girlfriend. Earlier in the decade she'd had a long relationship with Brian Eno, who wrote a song for her.

"... 'Back In Judy's Jungle' on the 'Tiger Mountain' album. I've always liked military precision things and a jungle heavy sound. I'm not a guitar fan, I have no rapport with the instrument".

Nylon abhorred the guitar long before it was fashionable to do so, which makes accusations which have frequently been pointed in her direction — that she's just a clever little monger of whatever's the latest mode — a bit unfair. These accusations sometimes go with more veiled ones about her being semi-famous merely because she's had affairs with notables like Eno — because she's some superior sophisticated groupie?

Nylon has a good laugh at this one (she laughs from the belly), and echoes a sentiment expressed by her friend Chrissie Hynde, to the effect that women are no longer interested in fucking mythical pop figures, they want their jobs instead.

"The difference between an apprentice and a groupie is that a groupie doesn't get anything out of it. Anyway, I never went out of my way to meet anyone in my life. Everyone I know I met through someone else."

HER ONE REGRET is that she's tended to meet people with artistic rather than financial and business influence. This is one reason why she's had such difficulty getting records out and has had to rely on "crumbs from someone else's table . . . or patrons". 'Pal Judy' should change all this and win her a reasonable recording contract with a major label, and some security. If it doesn't, then she won't exactly give up music (she's currently writing material with Phil Rambow), but she says she might have to concentrate on other outlets. She has trained as an actress, and been involved in performance art at The Kitchen in New York. She's also done the odd review for *NME* and (under a pseudonym which she won't reveal) had short stories published in magazines. A real dilettante, then?

"No. The word is normally applied to people dabbling from a comfortable position, almost slumming culturally, whereas I'm on my toes, grasping . . ."

Nylon also rejects the dilettante tag because it has effete connotations: your Bowies and Enos flitting here and there intellectually. She feels she's much more "physical" than that and, like Alan Vega ("an intellectual but a rocker"), has what she calls "root". Root is maleness, is the wild side and street corners: the inputs on her album aren't just Patti Smith, The Shangri-Las, Grace Jones, the Marianne Faithfull, but early Mink De Ville.

"No one ever compared you to someone of the opposite sex, though."

If Nylon's work is strongly urban, it isn't so in some sub-Springsteen cliched way. Her songs are loaded with wit and labyrinthine irony and different and dark perspectives on the modern city — that series of disjunct architectural planes, cubes made strange by the play of night and day. 'Pal Judy' is very *film noir*.

"In my songs I'm always looking back — in the first person but from a distance, as if things are happening to you yet you can't believe it."

Again, very *noir*. Nylon's best numbers are full of spaces and pauses: memory as it actually happens, the past present-ed.

JUST AS CUBISM goes beyond the canvas, the 'picture', and involves a set of relations, of different planes in time and space, so Judy's face is more than 'beauty': like her work, it's the sum of the parts of her past. Her art is memory, miles away from the Now of rock 'n' roll.

"Nylon was a nickname when I was a kid — Niland is my real name, Irish it turns out. I never grew up in family circumstances, I lived in a lot of foster homes; but I always knew my family — semi-artists, failed. My mother worked at Cape Kennedy; she had a pilot's licence and a great head for maths. But I don't want to talk about my family: frankly I don't like them.

"I'm from Boston but mainly grew up in Miami. A good percentage of the people I knew as a teenager went into the Mob; Florida has the longest coastline in America so it's where a lot of dirty money leaves to get laundered in the Bahamas and where a lot of guns and drugs enter the country. The Mob is strictly business, only violent at the lowest levels. But the boys next door were . . . odd".

Rather than recount what her work is *about*, Judy prefers to talk about the incidents and images which inspire it: a Floridan chain-gang was the inspiration for 'Dateline Miami'; Chelsea gasworks one very early desolate morning for 'Sleepless Nights'; and the feel of ivory dice (hey, more cubes) for 'The Dice'. 'Live In A Lift' is the song about which she's most explicit: she sees it as a kind of comparison between New York and London, the two places she's spent most time in over the last five years.

"Since New York is a vertical city, there's an incredible amount of time you spend in elevators. In London people complain if they get a council flat which is high up, but in New York it's so filthy, like Bombay that the higher up you are, the better off you are. The song is also for a lot of women in New York who are film makers, photographers etc, women who have careers and develop into strange twilight creatures. There's not a lot of that in London which is less

Continued

How's this for an 'arty' pose, Pen?

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NYLON

From previous page

quick and fast, much less of an 'I' place, more of a 'We' place and more tribal, people with one kind of haircut here, another kind there . . ."

She goes on to make wider comparisons between Great Britain and the US, about how the climate is more unhealthy here and how slums are just as bad here as Stateside but that British people like to pretend real poverty doesn't exist. In fact, Nylon is hard put to find a reason for living on this side of the Atlantic at the moment apart from its more interesting music scene.

SHE'S CERTAINLY not here for the football. This isn't as daft as it sounds: Judy, you see, it a real sports fanatic but doesn't like team games. She goes for more individualistic pursuits like fencing and boxing. She talks knowledgeably, for example, about why John Conteh "lost it": all that booze. Nylon dislikes decadance — bad for the mind and body — and sees parallels between sportsmen in decline and rock 'n' rollers insistent on leaving an elegant corpse. Sport and music-making are broadly aesthetic labours, so why not be in good shape to execute them? Not that Judy is into Dexys Methodism: she'd just rather live life to the full without that entailing being a full-time "decadent shock-absorber". What's the point of being Neal Cassady when you can be Jack Kerouac?

Mind, Nylon has a soft spot for the Cassadys of this world, those "catalysts" who, without producing much themselves, leave a sort of trail of artistic influence. She cites the influence of Anya Phillips on James Chance as a more recent example of what she's talking about. And what about Judy herself when she spent a lot of time with Eno — does she want to claim any artistic palimoney as it were?

"Yes — and I don't think Brian would be insulted for me to say it. But I leave the other person to report on that. I mean, there are people in my life right now influencing me by their presence. Just like during Snatch Patti influenced me: I absorbed her Brooklyn-ness so that everyone assumed I was from New York originally."

Judy Nylon has taken from others and she's given to them, and at the end of it all there's 'Pal Judy' to prove she's her own woman.

She leaves the room. And the perspectives stay changed. I've just been influenced. Cube rooted?

JUDY NYLON

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The Shakin' PYRAMIDS

NEW ALBUM

Celts & Cobras

Virgin

PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN

WINSTON: BOTTOM PIC — ANIMAL

ANIMALISMS

THE ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE: A GROUP TO MAKE YOU RETCH.

BY GAVIN MARTIN

IT'S COMING NEAR to closing time for one particular section of the punky playpen.

Certainly more than a few of the dazed revellers will awake in the morning rubbing their eyes, scratching their heads, maybe even fortified by the spirit and fire which once drove them. Then, they'll be ready to do it all again but the most recent evidence suggests it's time to put a nail in the coffin of the present breed.

The dwindling hordes have lost their icons, their dignity and their identity: Rotten got out, Strummer did a runner and Killing Joke took their magic books to see a guru in Iceland.

The alternatives, the supposedly *new* alternatives have echoes of another time, another place. Crass offer a pow-wow and self sufficiency away from all the evils of western consumerism. Another generation faded and consoled itself cranking bad drugs in Haight Ashbury. The debris of this generation converge on London W1 and you can see them whiling their time away, their noses stuck in bags of glue, red rings around their eyes looking pretty vacant, pretty apathetic and pretty moronic.

The Movement itself becomes the new underground, a hierarchical *sub*-elite which is a perfect gutter reflection of the bigger more opulent rock fantasy. The stars are preened on cut-price package tours, made or broken by independent chart placings but it's all the same — a safe and cosy members club, it just works at a two-star rather than a five-star level. (Perhaps it's no coincidence that John Curd's Straight Music, management and WXYZ Record label home of the ANWL have an office directly underneath The Rolling Stones' British offices.)

So betrayed, denied and wronged by the entire world, punk continues to sit in the corner and pick its scabs. Punk pretends to be angry but really it's just feeling sorry for itself.

IF YOU GET what you deserve The Anti Nowhere League show how undeserving you can be. Punk and ANWL make good bedfellows.

The ANWL — four delinquents of over a decade's standing with no pretensions, no ambitions and no talent musically.

The ANWL — a barrage of obscenities and fifth-rate rugby club humour.

The ANWL — a shrine for every last streak of paralysed piss who never wanted to be anything but an honorary member of the NSSY (National Society of Slothful Yobs).

The ANWL — come and offer up a huge bellyful of phlegm and make your miserable existence matter, if only for a few short soggy minutes.

Being with The ANWL was like the three days I spent with Killing Joke last year. I got on with them OK in a run-of-the-mill human discourse situation. But trying to reconcile their attitudes and their worldview with mine (hell. Trying to find any sort of credence in what they were doing it all for, apart from the inevitable 'laugh') had me totally stumped, stuck and almost sickened. I was meant to spend even more time with them but I couldn't handle it. I ran away.

I'd seen enough to know that the storyline was going to be the same. The same lack of purpose, the same stale ennui and all pervading whiff of decay that surrounded Killing Joke was beginning to wheedle itself into the ANWL camp.

Don't you ever feel that you're going through a tired boring routine, doing the same thing every night, playing a totally outdated music? I asked in exasperation at one point.

'Uuuh, I haven't really got an answer to that. I suppose you're right," said guitarist Magoo, scraping at the dried mucus on his Artful Dodger top hat.

"What's that?" said the scruffiest, hairiest and ugliest member of the band (he's called Animal).

"He says what we're doing is like a job," says Magoo.

"Like I said, as soon as one of us gets tired of this we'll pack it all in," he grunted convincingly.

ANWL ARE FOUR — Magoo (guitar), Animal (vocals), Winston (bass) and PJ (drums). They come wrapped in stubble, greasy denim, tattoos and torn leather — they are inarticulate yobs and proud of it, they say "fuck" every three words (many now expunged from the transcript), and it comes naturally to them. They come from Tunbridge Wells and this is how they got here.

Animal: "It just got to the point where we thought we've got to start a fucking band, because all the toerags in Tunbridge Wells wanted us to form a band. They've got this stupid carnival up our way so we hid up in the common and rigged all this equipment up and

ANIMALISMS

CONTINUED

as the carnival was going by we turned everything up full volume and no one could understand where the noise was coming from. The old Bill came up but they couldn't stop it, the councillors came up and they blamed the police and it went on like that all afternoon. That's the way it started, as a way of getting up people's noses, we've always enjoyed getting up people's noses."

The ANWL are men of the world, living outside the law and society they reckon themselves as sort of modern day outlaws with a touch of the blameless teenage rebellion that was sired by James Dean and has since been fostered by many.

"They slag the youngsters down because they've got no money and no brains in Tunbridge Wells but they've got their silly little toy-town express which comes out every week. They open up a nightclub in the town but you try getting in there with dirty jeans on. So they say dress up but that puts you in the same category as them. They've got you doing exactly what they want you to do, it's like a concentration camp."

Beneath an armour of studs, chains and manacles, Animal fights off the suggestion that what we have here is more old men trying to be eternal teenage rebels.

"Everyone says we're old men but we're only fucking 25, it's just that we've been around and done a lot of things before this. Basically we're just young lads down to the bright lights of the city and feeling fresh and healthy. But just because we don't wash or shave we get called old men.

"Everyone can be a rebel until they're 19 it's when you get past that age that it starts to get hard. When you realise that you don't belong in the category of being nowhere. Fucken nowheres only live up to get their picture of their wedding in the paper, and then as soon as it's over they're away to shag the nearest nymphomaniac or to beat up their wife. We don't fit in with that society, we fit in with the toerags. We have a much better time than they have and everyone we hang around, all the toerags, are fucken genuine people. People you could trust with your life."

THE ANWL are the logical end to punk as we know it, bringing images and preoccupations to fit the caricatures that littered the gutter press in 1977, and turning them into reality.

Any popularity or favour The ANWL may find represents an unbelievable loss of intelligence, agility and awareness in the hothouse of youthful interests, be they protests or enjoyments.

The ANWL sealed their reputation in the new punk elite by outdoing The Damned in the gross overkill after-gig party tricks when Winston stuck a carrot up his anal passage and ate it along with a lump of excrement (source unknown). It was a performance that had Rat Scabies retching and the rest of the liggers choking on their chateau de blanc. The ANWL had snared a minor victory changing the crass comedy of The Damned into repulsive reality. The new guard arrived and punk progressed like a shit house rat in a sewage pit, ever downwards.

Animal: "I think we're popular because of the anti side of us because the kids — what am I saying? The *geezers* that come to see us — don't want their parents to like the music that they do. Nowadays rebels in music are accepted rebels, parents turn round and say my little Johnny, he's a right outrageous boy because he likes so and so but their music is really quite good y'know.

"But our music is for the toerags like us, who know what it's like on the streets. People don't like us walking the streets."

In particular, the nowheres don't like ANWL walking the streets, one presumes. A nowhere is part of the 90 per cent of humanity who should, according to guitarist Magoo, be exterminated. To not be a nowhere, to be a somewhere, all you have to do is spend all your time criticising nowheres and drop out, man.

"A nowhere is someone who really hates his life. He plods on through the same routine, he may as well be dead because no one would miss him, well we would because we wouldn't be able to take the piss out of him."

Aren't there a lot of nowheres who follow you around?

"No I hope not. The mushes who follow us are toe-rags on the street who're just the same as us. Just toerags, youknowharrimean? — Toerags, we've always been bleeding toerags, always will be. Geezers who know the hassle we've had every day of our life.

"Like some pubs serve us now cause they've seen our picture in the paper, but even now most places still won't serve us."

AS FAR AS their songs are concerned, the ANWL seem fixated on the most disgusting and abject areas of language and society.

Animal: "When we sing about sexual perversion and child molesting and everything . . . the whole thing is not about us going out and doing these things it's about nowheres that we've met who're married and settled down. They realise that they're sick people, they realise that they wanna molest children and then go and get caught doing it, exposing themselves up on the common.

"They're the people who made this world and we sing about it because we find it fucking hilarious. There's Joe Straight, probably goes to church on Sundays as well, and he's settled down with a wife and kids, has a bit on the side with the secretary and he's creeping into the corner shop to get his dirty books. He thinks he's normal and he slags us off as abnormal. But we don't get done up in court for the sort of things that they do."

I try to get serious: but it all sounds so sick and mindless the way you do it, you never effectively castigate or highlight any of the sickness you talk about. Your music doesn't say anything.

Magoo: "What do you want music to say, politics or something like that? Lots of groups try to change the world but they'll never do it, you may as well expose what's going on and have a laugh while you're slagging them."

It's negative laughter, you're just revelling in squalor.

I looked over in the corner and a spectre looked back. It was punk still sitting in the corner, still picking its scabs. It absent-mindedly watched as the blood and the pus oozed out. But it smiled to itself, happy in the knowledge that it had the ANWL as a friend.

FOR A WHILE, anyway. At the minute the ANWL are engaged in the So What tour on which they headline a package of four bands including Chelsea, Chron Gen and The Defects. It's hailed as the biggest thing on the punk calendar this year, but somebody obviously forget to tell this to the people of Sheffield.

The crowd that troops into the town's Top Rank is sparse and docile, dutifully depositing their studs and chains at the reception and standing in small clusters or hunched around tables, there are huge yawning gaps all over the place. There's a ritualistic security about the evening tinged with desperation because the safety that was once to be found in numbers is gradually disappearing.

The So What tour is low budgeted, cheap labour, high quantity and low quality rock'n'roll. The fresh, virulent attack of The Defects opens the show, it's the best thing on offer, but even they fall into an old pratfall with the puerile misogyny of 'Bitch'. Gene October still prowls about the place playing the overwrought rebel/hero to kids young enough to be his children (if only . . .)

And coming top of the bill, the ANWL are so devastatingly dull, dumb and disgusting that they must represent the end of something (or else, God forbid, the beginning of a bastardised mutant subculture, doing for British music what John Waters did for the American cinema). Stage centre Animal attracts all the attention, abuse and phelgm. He cuts a truly hideous figure in scrapyard metal and torn leather, his crotch covered in a screaming skull cap and the perverse contortions of his face hidden beneath wraparound biker shades. His excruciating spastic dance and his penis-obsessed performance go with the puerile lavatory graffiti of his lyrics. Mid-period Jed Tull with a lobotomy and tertiary syphilis, a fantasy from the pagan stone-age past.

"The society that we've got has created all the people that are rebelling against it. Society has taken everything away from them that makes it worth while being a human being. I'll tell you that was fucking great times when the Romans had the arena — that was brilliant. When you could go down and fight in the arena, can you imagine the excitement of that? Standing there facing another gladiator in a screaming arena," says Animal.

THERE'S A LOT of brutality and anti-civilisation in ANWL songs, even in their worldview (it's taken the good Lord billions of years to develop the characters we have before us and I bet he's wondering why he bothered). At one point Magoo lets his views on Argentina be known, for no apparent reason.

"If I was unemployed I'd go out to fight in that war. The mushes on the dole have nothing left, it's the only form of excitement left."

You must be joking, you're playing right into the hands of 'the straights' you're supposed to hate. But, no they all agree, the war would be a good idea, a better way to spend the time, more excitement. At times the ANWL remind me of the Stranglers, pre-loopy cosmology and without the university degrees.

Their background is probably something similar — years spent in street gangs, biking round the continent, doing judo and taking part in speedway, Winston used to be a male prostitute but he gave up after getting getting 'VD of the bum'.

Forming a band was just something different to do, music has never played a big

CONTINUES PAGE 55

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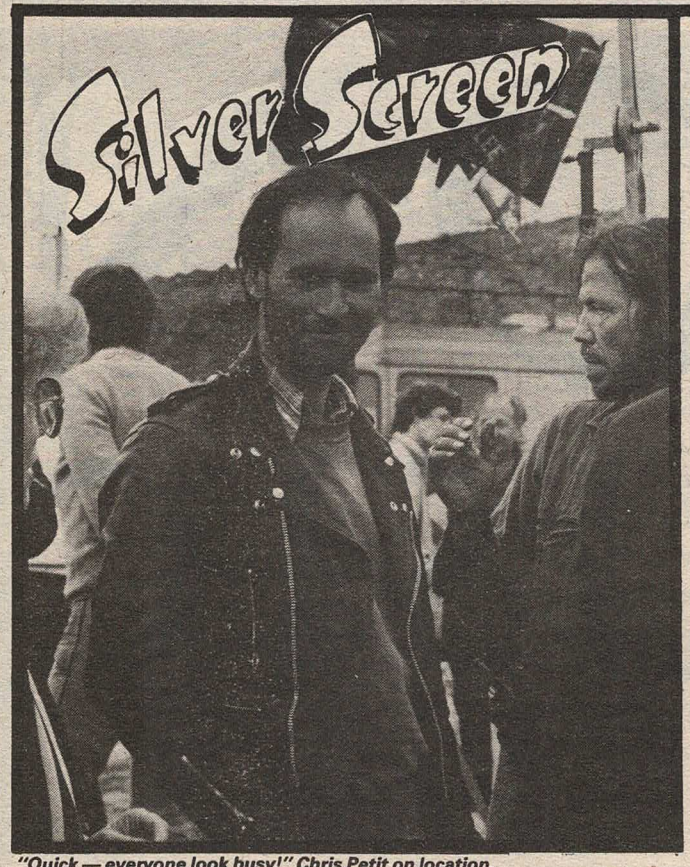

"Quick — everyone look busy!" Chris Petit on location.

SUITABLY SANGUINE?

Neil Norman talks to film critic turned film maker Chris Petit about An Unsuitable Job For A Woman

THE MYTH THAT critics are people who snipe at art forms they haven't the talent to explore themselves has been exploded more thoroughly in films that it has in rock. Godard, Bogdanovich, Truffaut and Tavernier have all served time as movie critics in the past and have, with varying degrees of success, crossed the line between commentary and participation.

There are special problems involved in the transition. By the very nature of the occupation, critics who make films are more acutely aware of the work of other film-makers than your average director — if, indeed, such a creature exists.

Chris Petit's first film, *Radio On*, suffered from precisely that problem — a preoccupation with what film is rather than what film does. It showed an intelligent and perceptive film critic/maker trying to run before he could walk, resulting in passages of interminable indulgence, imitativeness and a fundamental reluctance, or possible inability, to sustain dramatic tension (not necessarily narrative — though that might have helped). *Radio On* was an intermittently engaging road movie that anyone but a European film enthusiast would have found difficult to penetrate.

If *Radio On* failed it was nonetheless a confident, almost arrogant, debut and many critics' comments to the effect that *An Unsuitable Job For A Woman* is Petit's first film, in the director's own words, ". . . pissed me off enormously . . ."

Unsuitable Job is, superficially at least, an entirely different can of celluloid from *Radio On*. Based on a thriller by the 'New Queen of Crime', P. D. James, it allows Petit to work from a central text, albeit rearranged, and provides a more solid foundation for a feature film.

PETIT IS A shy man. He has a deadpan face and a receding hairline (a common denominator among many young film critics — any takers for a thesis on Films and Follicles?) and is evidently nervous of talking to the *NME* whose reaction to *Radio On* was far from sympathetic. But after we'd settled into the rubbish tip that serves as Roy Carr's office and I'd expressed a liking for *Unsuitable Job* he relaxed visibly.

It seems, ostensibly, a long way from *Radio On* to *Unsuitable Job*. What made him choose a British crime thriller as the basis for his second film?

"I couldn't get anything I wanted to do off the ground. To be realistic I had to look at what kind of films I could make, at what cost and who could possibly fund them. So I went to Boyd's Co., like every other person who's made one or two films.

"They'd chucked out the treatment of something I want to do next, *Seen Missing* (which he is now preparing for Channel 4), which was considered too much of a risk. Boyd's were interested in doing *something* so off the top of my head I said, 'What about an English murder mystery?' "

He consequently OD'd on Dame Agatha's novels, considering that there might have been a way of giving them the Fassbinder treatment ("You can really take those characters and pin them like moths to the wall") but couldn't find a suitable story and anyway realised the rights would have been prohibitive. Despairingly he plunged into the morass of alternatives.

"The main problem with everything I read was that it featured policemen as heroes, and there is a problem placing the gentleman detective because everything is so conditioned by the way television has presented cops, from *Z-Cars* onwards to *The Sweeney* and *Law And Order*. You could only make a kind of social realist film.

"Then I came across James and I quite liked her atmosphere and locations. Also her murders were particularly unpleasant. I almost didn't read *Unsuitable Job* because of the blurb on the back. It wasn't so much that she was a woman (the heroine) but that she was a private detective and they always feature rather badly in English films.

"Then I thought it could be distilled and it contained scenes that were a little bit to do with the film I wanted to make, as opposed to the film I had to make given the overall production and framework of commercial films. These scenes sit rather awkwardly in the structure of the film although I think the second sequences actually work in terms of the events of the revelation. That's a slightly hard view of it but it's the last third I always come in and watch . . ."

Although *Unsuitable Job* is in many respects a uniquely British film it exudes the enigmatic quality of many European thrillers, notably those of Chabrol (whose use of blood as a consistent image is shared by Petit). Was there much pressure to turn out an obviously British thriller or was he looking for an antidote to the increasingly vacuous Christie spectaculars?

"I don't know. I suppose the fundamental problem was that I had to make a film at the end of which people *wouldn't* say, 'It reminded me of a Wenders film'. So I had to make something which was not anything like a Wenders film. There were certain similarities — he's done a Highsmith, I've done a P. D. James . . ."

Is it perhaps mock-British?

"Yes, I think it probably is. There was a decision to make it on one level quite unrealistic — it's not in the tradition of

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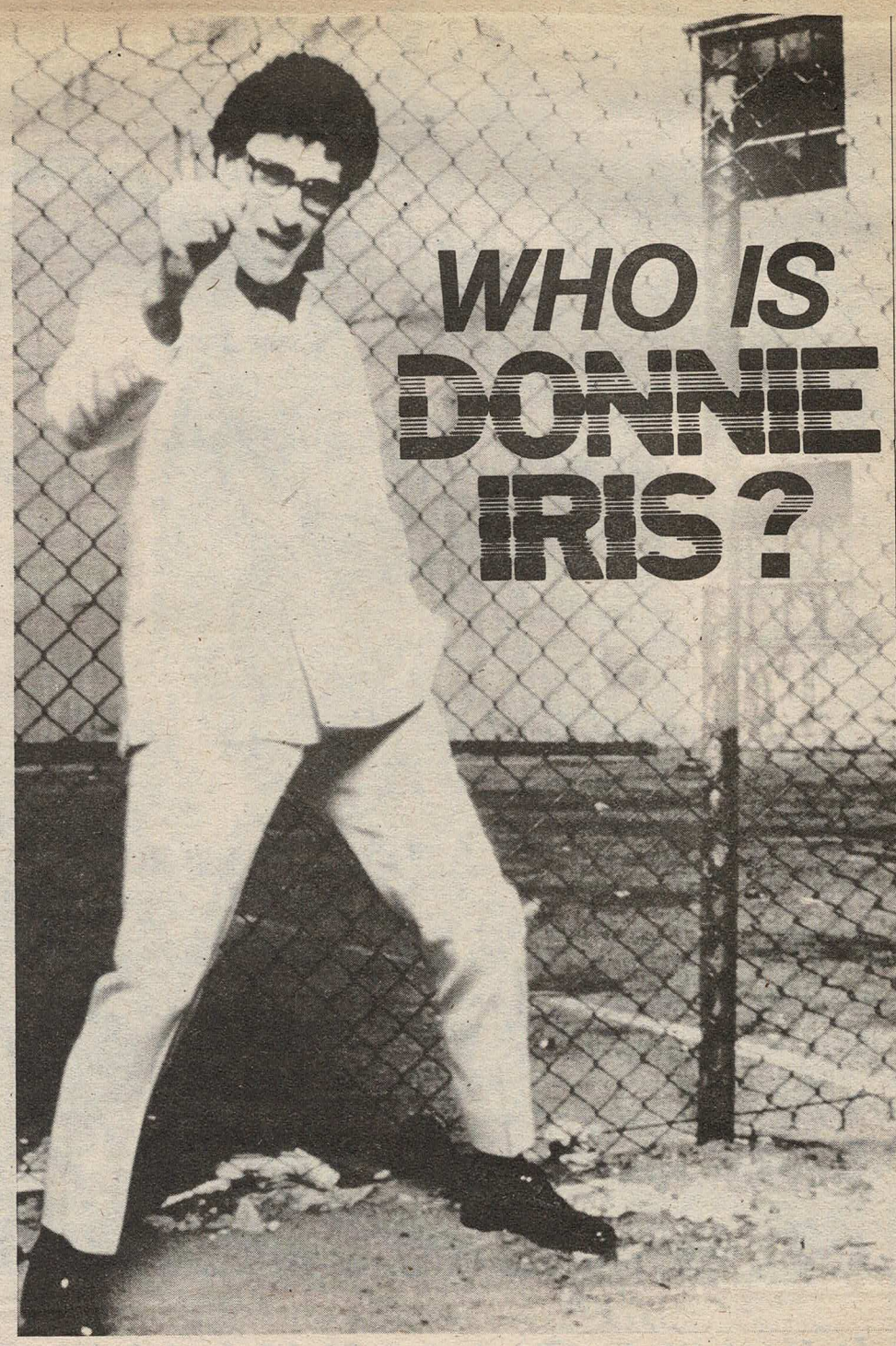


social realism and the other thing is that it sidesteps the issue of class deliberately. I suspect abroad it will be seen as being almost quaintly English . . ."

As a critic, how difficult is it to make a film without reference to other directors? Did he not suffer from the shades of Wenders, Powell and Chabrol peering over his shoulder?

"No, because in an odd way when I start to make a film I get amnesia. I had it in *Radio On* and I have no great, precise memory for films. They get translated into general recollections and general feelings. I can't just sit down and play movie quiz games."

REVIEWS HAVE been mixed so far, as he expected, but more importantly I get the impression that Petit doesn't quite know how successful *Unsuitable Job* is. It may be that he is still too close to it to make an evaluation but his final comments indicate both his uncertainty as a film-maker and the critic's eternal dilemma.

"Why should anyone go and see this film? Or indeed ninety percent of the films that do get made? But to go back to the question about Britishness — it may work in an odd way as a kind of British film.

"I mean, it ain't no *Chariots Of Fire* but . . . It may even be family entertainment, I don't know. See what my Mum thinks of it . . ."

Approbation from the mater, as any fule kno, will be praise indeed.

Neil Norman

IAN PENMAN reviews AN UNSUITABLE JOB FOR A WOMAN next week

Missing

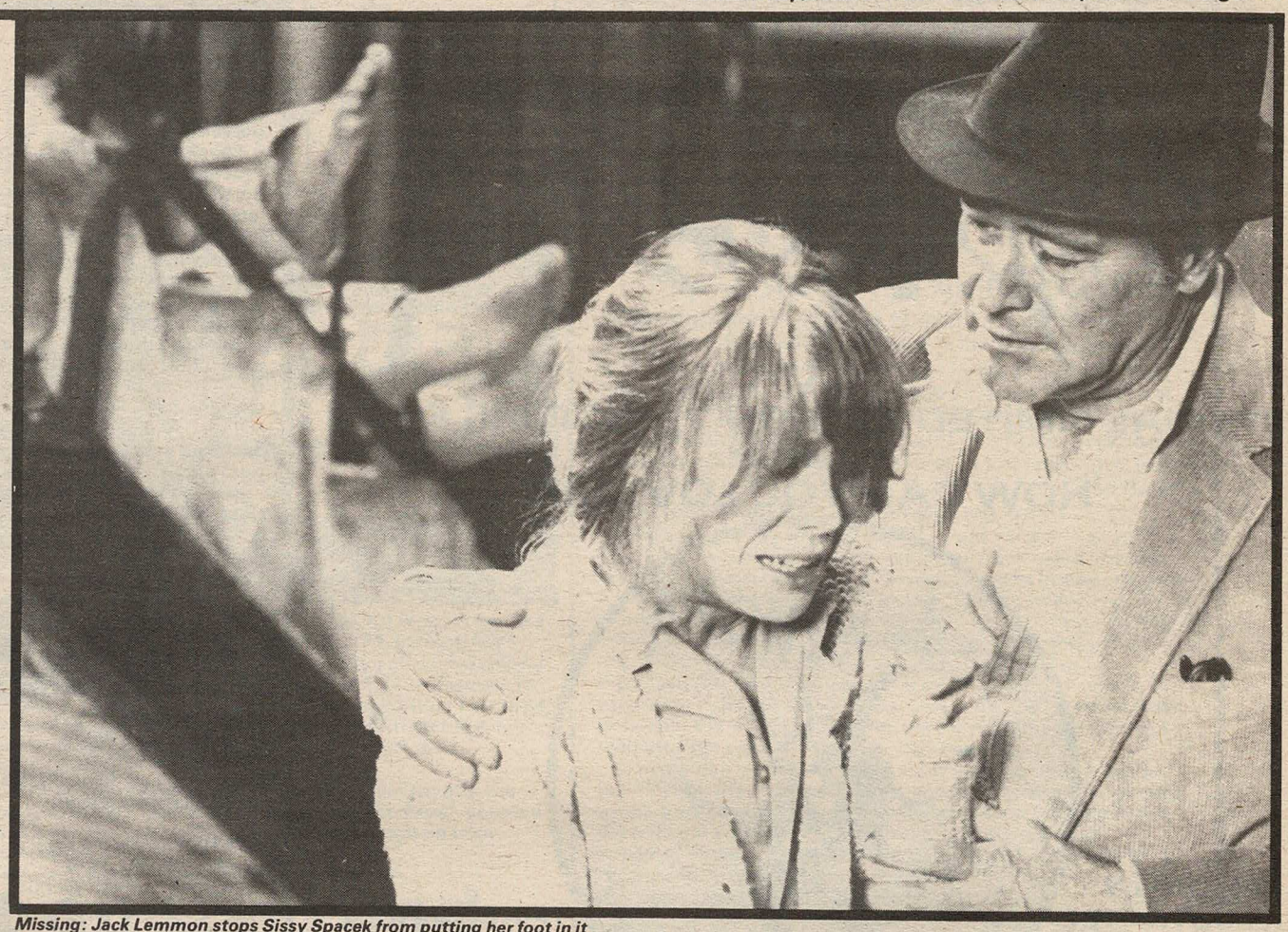
Directed by Costa-Gavras
Starring Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek and John Shea (UIP)

THE POINT to remember — or at least the matter which I couldn't dismiss from my mind — when appraising an undeniably powerful film like *Missing* is that it comes straight from the cheating heart of Hollywood.

It's a sad story. Jack Lemmon's sombre voice-over at the start informs us of its real-life truth, and though the country where the incident is sited is never named it is obviously Chile at the time of the coup which overthrew Allende. It traces the disappearance of Charles Horman, a respectable if itinerant middle-class American, following his apparent arrest by the military while at his home, presumably in Santiago; and the subsequent attempts by his wife and father, a New York businessman, to locate him.

There's little of fancy or the flightily artistic about Costa-Gavras' approach. He settles principally for simple depiction, lets the terrible coldness of the bureaucratic blockade the Hormans struggle with contrast naturally with the heat in the streets — bodies with spilling jugulars left in gutters like so much refuse, jeeps brimming with troops firing rifles into the sky because . . . it's there.

Then again, this is familiar ground for the director of classical docu-dramas like *Z* and *State Of Siege*. Those were humanist essays that swept ambitiously across vistas of political and civil unrest; I'm loth to give too much away, but although *Missing* centres on a single tragedy its scope is if anything even wider. It aims to question fundamentally the motivations in US foreign policy and offers almost incidental commentaries on middle-class allegiances to nationalism, responsibility in officialdom and the random nature of violent death in domestic war.



Missing: Jack Lemmon stops Sissy Spacek from putting her foot in it

It's realised in a magnificent central performance by Jack Lemmon as Ed Horman, a Christian Scientist whose faith in governmental truth is devastated by the ordeal he undergoes in searching for his son. Aghast at the indifference to violence in the capital, clinging desperately to his family values, Lemmon's Horman ages years before our eyes while still refusing to relinquish his moral conviction: that what has been done is *wrong*.

All Lemmon's familiar mannerisms — the nervous rush of words, thumb and forefinger ploughed into a knitted brow — are pressed into making Horman a punctured crusader without any coat of mail. His finest since *Save The Tiger*.

Sissy Spacek's Beth Horman is overshadowed, although her cowgirl vulnerability and suspicion of authority make her a persuasive foil; as little people trying stubbornly to stand tall they make a profoundly affecting couple, distant at the start ("What did you do wrong?" barks an uncomprehending Horman on his arrival) but united by their helpless outrage.

In fact, the film depends on their performances in the same way that they're bound together by their failing hopes. It's as you leave *Missing* and the righteous indignation which the film injects begins to wear off that the picture's shortcomings come clear. Though it purports to pillory the American involvement in Chile and the appalling dishonesty of its embassy staff it does so in a way that seems to place the events at some distance from reality — as if this were just another

■ *continues over*

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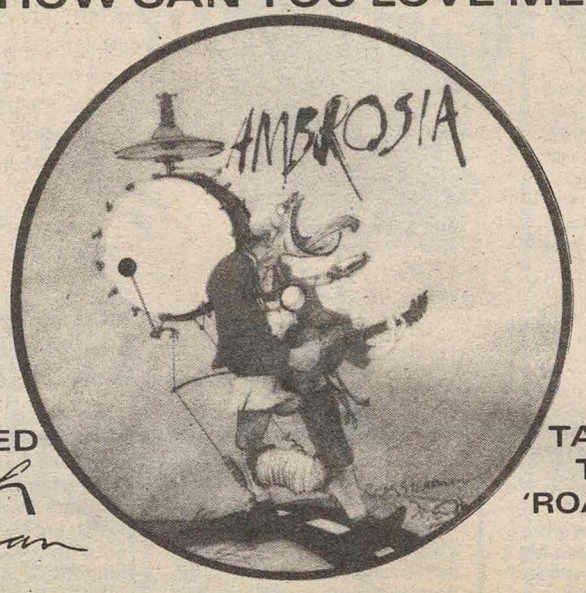

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MISSING

■ from previous page

thriller, no matter how powerful.

Missing is presented in an essentially *romantic* way. It's nurtured by superbly crafted 'star' performances; it lingers over scenes like Beth reading ingenuously from a children's story Charlie wrote or Ed breaking down in the infamous stadium while addressing the prisoners; it uses music (Vangelis in top form) to colour all the correct emotional releases. It's neatly rounded, impeccably balanced in its delineation of right and wrong.

In only two ways does Costa-Gavras threaten the soft humanitarian embrace. One is in making Charlie Horman (seen mostly in flashback) a rather irritating cute guy whose inquisitiveness into US involvement seems fatuously irresponsible; another is his faint suggestion that it is the American way of life which is principally at fault, shown mainly in Lemmon's final showdown with the embassy officials.

But that too is a generalisation. This is Costa-Gavras' first film for a major American company, and rather than using the formidable arsenal of big budget facilities to punch out a truly uncomfortable critique his attack is ultimately diffused. It is his very status as an 'outsider' which — far from outlawing such a project — makes it acceptable to American financiers. Would Universal have ever entrusted such a film to one of 'their' directors?

As with Cimino's *The Deer Hunter* — or, more to the immediate point, Beatty's *Reds* — an issue that touches the rawest of American nerve ends is not so much trivialised as subjugated to the dictates of acceptable cinema. Like Stallone in his fabulous *Rocky III* the director knows precisely how to trigger the moviegoer's lust for fulfillment.

Missing is strong and compelling. Our hearts go out to the losing parties, and in Lemmon's performance there are tremors of bewildered exasperation nobody can be impervious to. But the reverberations dissolve with the first drink or video. I think there's something missing.

Richard Cook

ALMOST OVERLOOKED

Buddy Buddy

Directed by Billy Wilder
Starring Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, Klaus Kinski and Paula Prentiss (UIP)

Matthau and Lemmon ham it up in Buddy Buddy: "You rang, sir?"

LAST TIME this story was filmed — by Eduouard Molinaro in '73 with Jacques Brel and the great gripeface Lino Ventura — its title translated from *L'Emmerdeur* to the more pungent *Pain In The Ass.* I'm surprised Wilder didn't lift it straight, as it's well in keeping with the veteran director's withering wit and, anyway, it would've helped avoid obvious comparisons with an earlier Lemmon/Matthau picture *The Odd Couple.*

As a comedy *Buddy Buddy* isn't half so cuddly as its title, or as flabby as its advance notices suggested. Which isn't to say it's not about fat. You can see plenty of it in the two stars' ageing faces and much is revealed in the way they shape it.

Matthau has hardened his rubbery wrinkles into the granite stone features of the syndicate hit man and Lemmon has loosened his into the soft blubbery seal face of the compulsive jabberer. Wilder pitches the two together in an LA Riverside hotel where Matthau is about to off a stoolpigeon outside the courtroom opposite and Lemmon is about to off himself, following the departure of his wife Prentiss for sex therapist Kinski. In order to avoid attracting undue attention, Matthau is forced into the role of reluctant samaritan and protector.

During the duo's hotel capers, Wilder sustains a cracking pace and only begins to lose it on the trail of a tortured subplot through unworthy Cheech and Chong territory when the couple leave the building to pursue Lemmon's wife. Not before Lemmon draws a few personal details from the reticent killer. He used to be married, he reveals, "but I got rid of her. Now I just lease!"

After that, Wilder uncharacteristically fails to check his love for his two longrunning stars and lets *Buddy Buddy* coast to unsatisfying conclusions on their respective familiar quirks: Lemmon's lugubrious farce and Matthau's weary Whiplash Willy cynicism.

From any other director you wouldn't notice, but as Wilder's best comedy has always been drawn from his unyielding, bleak vision of human frailty and avarice, his showing signs of sentiment at this late stage comes as a sad, if timely, reminder of his age.

Chris Bohn

The Challenge

Directed by John Frankenheimer
Starring Toshiro Mifune and Scott Glenn (Rank)

IF YOU'RE GOING to cast your outsider's eye on an 'alien' culture as the basis for a thrills'n'spills pic, then no matter how well intentioned or well made, it'll end up exploiting the chosen source to some small extent.

The choice is between distancing yourself altogether or respectfully trying to convey *its* distance, even whilst hammering it over the head with your expensive Panoflex lens.

The action waltz in *The Challenge* pirouettes its plot around a pair of ancient Japanese swords — yin/yang opposition starter for ten — and the split their possession has forged in an otherwise noble family. But no mere cheek-slashers these; the user finds or projects their soul in these babies, and brings a whole new meaning to psychokinesis when slicing off someone's arms.

The prized weapons are called The Equals — the movie's original and more appropriate title — and a treacherous fratricide in 1945 has put continents between them.

Rick Murphy — after Charlie Smith, anything's got to be colourful — is a loser's idea of how to make your career in boxing, with an LA apartment where the 'roaches have moved out to make way for dung beetles. After the routine training thrashing, he is met back home by a routine Japanese businessman in a wheelchair pushed by his routine beautiful sister.

This is where things get tangenital in the Occident — and one is tempted to side with Murphy's blunt suspicion: "I don't know from swords."

Murphy is, in fact, meant to be thick (Scott Glenn should be worried about his performance) and I don't know how he keeps up: working for brother Yoshido (good guy with scruples) he has to deliver the sword (or something) acting as decoy for Yoshido's son Toshio, but Toshio is murdered by Ando, henchman for Hideo (bad guy who seems to own Tokyo).

Frankenheimer has produced a mechanically effective parable, but suffers from not deciding whether to poeticise or take the piss. *The Challenge* is an efficient enough modern entertainment machine — but at bit stale and frugal compared to, say, Burt Reynolds' humorous affair with hi-technology in *Sharky.*

It's the cheap gags that work best — which means that he's come down too heavily on the side of exploitation, although most lines lampoon the dumb Yank lost in a sophisticated land and lore. The feast of still-writhing seafood works on such a level, and Glenn has a great line advising a devout, composed master of the martial arts about his opponents, the Hideo heavies: "If you're taking on those guys — they don't fuck around."

The undertow of tension is sacrificed altogether on the improbable climactic plonk of a decapitated head. As Hideo — or his sony Video, I don't know, they'd lost me by then — says, "It's unfortunate it had to end like this."

The Challenge is for carnivorous American Cinema bores or pushover kung fu psychotics only. And then best if you haven't seen *The Yakuza,* where — never mind the Schrader brothers' dialogue — even the ricepaper wardance was done with a lot more aplomb.

Ian Penman

Christ Stopped At Eboli

Directed by Francesco Rosi
Starring Gian Maria Volonte (Artifical Eye)

IN MUSSOLINI's Italy, exile for an articulate anti-Fascist meant confinement to the villages of the far south. Dr Carlo Levi was made a political prisoner in Gagliano in 1935. *Christ Stopped At Eboli* is based on his reminiscences of his brief time there.

Rosi is haunted by the differences between the north and south in his country. In his last film to be shown here, *Three Brothers* (actually made after *Eboli),* his invention of a clash between urban sensibilities and unaffected ruralism was tainted by an unsure artifice. But the truth in this story lends spirit to the director's intentions.

The title conveys Levi's first impressions that the village is a truly Godforsaken locale; totally devoid of cultural nourishment, presided over by a bourgeois puffball of a mayor and peopled by souls of blank simplicity. Little 'happens' over the two and a half hours we are shown of Levi's stay, yet by the end we're gradually converted — as he is — to the slumbering wisdom that touches the little town.

Rosi clearly sees his protagonist as a cypher for himself — Levi's political temperament is only briefly glimpsed in flashes of animosity towards the mayor. Otherwise Volonte depicts him with a peaceful restraint, an estranged northern intellectual who finds more in common with the townspeople than he first thinks.

Initially content to remain a rather sullen observer he is eventually badgered into returning to medicine as the town doctor, in spite of the authorities' disapproval. By Christmas he is a benefactor — almost a saint to the community.

Eboli is, like *Three Brothers,* a reflection on old age — many of the peasants seem incredibly ancient, whole histories lie contained in their dulled eyes — and as full of visual richness as an illuminated manuscript: a brilliant gold coin resting on a sick woman's forehead, a gift of figs at Christmas, the crumbled rubble of the oldest part of the village.

For me this has more of the real qualities of an epic, achieved by a blend of understatement and resilience, than an obvious blockbuster like *Reds,* whose portrayal of similar peoples is made to appear clumsily laboured. I rather enjoyed it.

Richard Cook

Polyester

Directed by John Waters
Starring Divine, Tab Hunter, Mink Stole and Edith Massey
(GTO)

JOHN WATERS has finally realised his ambition of making an X-rated movie with no sex and no violence.

Think about that . . . What taboos could he possibly have violated to earn (in Britain) an X-certificate? What nerves have been pinched, what knuckle scraped, by this rancid home-baked comedy?

To be exact, there are two minor instances of sex and violence in *Polyester* — the story of a middle American family on the slide. In one, Francine Fishpaw (Divine), cruelly rejected by husband Elmer, dreams of being seduced by the pizza delivery man. In the other, Francine stops at the scene of a car crash, where she meets her lover-to-be Todd Tomorrow (Tab Hunter), the owner of a drive-in theatre for first-run European art movies.

It's hardly even 'raunchy', let alone frontal. So perhaps the tale itself was deemed too explicit; the one *Ordinary People* didn't dare to tell . . .

Elmer Fishpaw lives in a leisure-suited, fake-provincial suburban double-garage hell with his sensitive, upright, church-going wife Francine and their two teenage children Lulu and Dexter. Except Elmer owns a porno theatre, Lulu go-go dances on the school desks during breaks, and Dexter hangs around supermarkets doing Angel Dust and stomping on women's feet.

Polyester: "You wanna real laugh — we're two of the better looking people in it!"

And then Elmer runs off with his secretary, while Lulu says she wants an abortion, and Dexter becomes 'The Stomper' and makes the 9 O'Clock News. Meanwhile Francine's mother is after the alimony so she can get a face-lift and go to Florida and be "free, white, rich and happy."

Francine — brought to a pitch of comic melodrama by being played by Divine as straight as he possibly can — does what any other great tragic heroine would do in the circumstances and turns to the bottle.

Polyester is the first overground John Waters film and he has aimed the screwball satire wide: the family, the church, the home, the young, the old, the media . . . Only the poor and the Puerto-Ricans have been left out.

Avoiding the lurid hues of *Pink Flamingoes*, the rotting garbage of *Desperate Living*, and the cheese of *Female Trouble*, he has opted for realism in the sets; an even greater horror than the parody of suburbia in Lily Tomlin's *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. The script has a viciousness born, I feel, out of the deepest sympathy.

Take Lulu, for instance . . . Lulu goes to an abortion clinic where she is set upon by a mob of hysterical right-to-lifers. She might be carrying the next John Kennedy, or the next Einstein, they scream: "Think what would have happened if Joseph and Mary had decided on an abortion!" Lulu is terrified and bewildered.

In her hopeless attempts to do the right thing and clean up the mess, Francine calls the Sisters of Mercy, who lock Lulu in a room full of pregnant women. Lulu eventually has a miscarriage and takes up macrame.

All this and 'Odorama' too! The mind retches . . .

(Perhaps this is why it's an X-film. *Polyester* is the first comedy in which all the worst gags occur in the audience.)

Paul Rambali

SUITABLY SILLY

IN THE CAN

Monty Smith sorts out circuit releases

Britannia Hospital (Directed by Lindsay Anderson). Decay in the UK coolly observed from the privileged position of the 'artist' in Anderson's determinedly controversial satirical fantasy. The director talks to Richard Cook in next week's *Silver Screen*, and Andy Gill reviews the film. **(EMI)**

Buddy Buddy (Billy Wilder). Humour acid and asinine in an inconsistent comedy that is really only disappointing by Wilder's own impeccable standards. Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau hold it all together but the Klaus Kinski episodes are truly dreadful. **(UIP)**

Clean Slate (Bertrand Tavernier). Film of the year, so far. Philippe Noiret is magnificent as the dishevelled police chief of a shabby French-African township, cowering under the combined weight of misplaced colonialism, casual corruption and the impending Second World War. Savagely funny, profoundly affecting, and it's a pleasure to see such an unashamedly *cinematic* experience. **(Curzon)**

The Court Of Miracles (John Maybury). Hopeless 'experimental' nonsense (lots of rabbit innards and male appendages), the like of which sends you out of the cinema screaming for such banalties as a 'story', a 'point', a 'performance' even. (Siouxsie Sioux doesn't open her mouth, by the way). **(ICA)**

I, The Jury (Richard T. Heffron). Mickey Spillane as he is writ; ie horribly overripe thickear stuff. **(Warner Bros)**

Pennies From Heaven (Herbert Ross). The Americanisation of Dennis Potter, and an elegant job they've made of it, too. Steve Martin's a revelation in the Bob Hoskins role, the two women — Bernadette Peters and Jessica Harper — are just fine, and Christopher Walken's athletic pimp all but steals the show. The songs, of course, are great but even so it's Ross' carefully choreographed direction that is ultimately the most impressive factor. **(UIP)**

The Proud Ones (Claude Chabrol). Relentlessly elegaic and wholly patronising, Chabrol's interminable film charts the spartan lifestyle of Breton peasants from the turn of the century to the outbreak of the Second World War. Chabrol has previously made plenty of boring contemporary 'thrillers'; now he's proved he can do tedious period pieces, too. **(Gala)**

Star Wars (George Lucas) / The Empire Strikes Back (Irvin Kershner). A thunderous headache of a double bill, two of the most popular kiddies' films of all time shoved out once again before eventual release on video. **(20th Century Fox)**

ON THE BOX

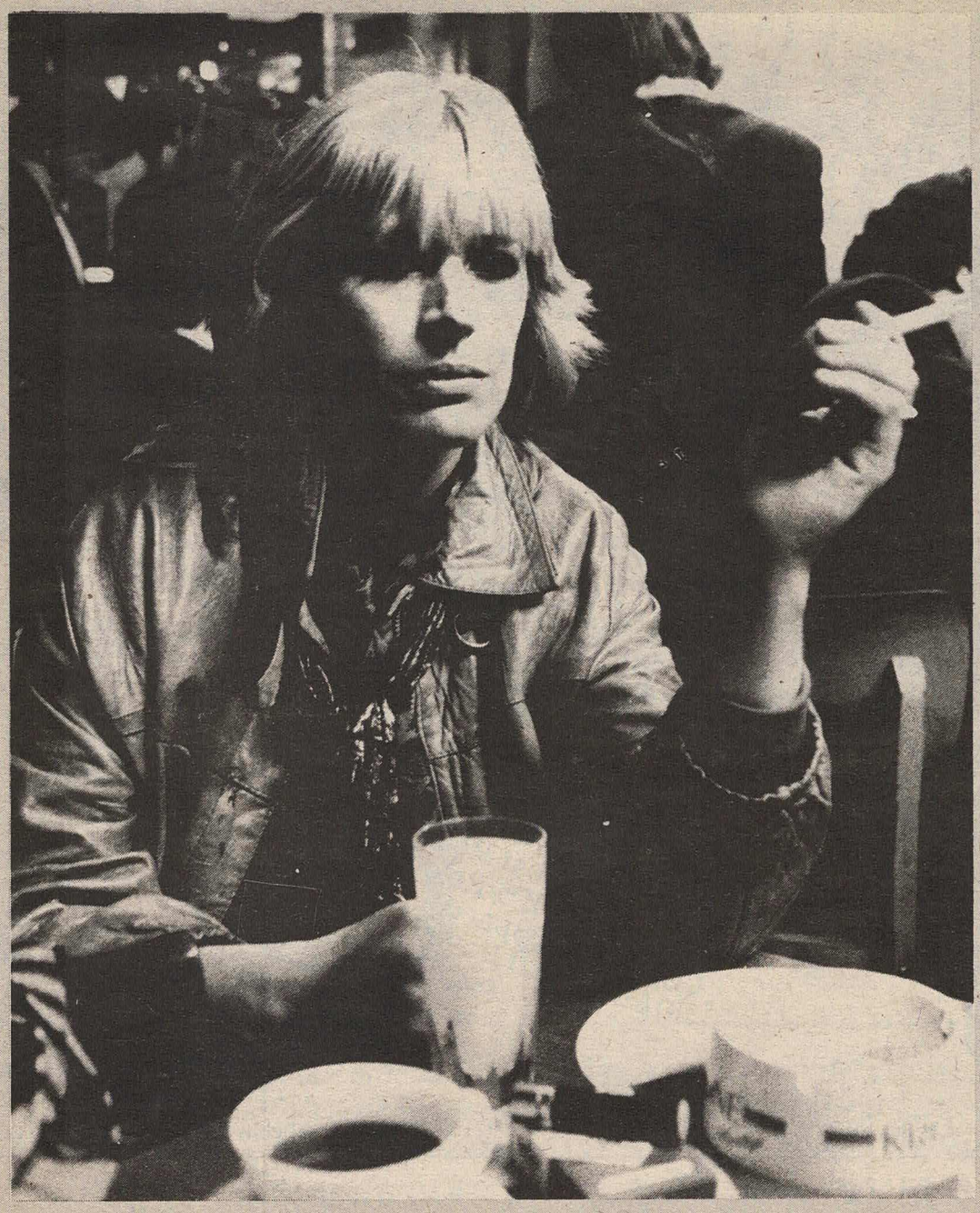
To Catch A Thief (Alfred Hitchcock 1955). The Master in jokey mood as he pits Cary Grant's retired jewel thief against the considerable wiles of Grace Kelly; she liked the South of France setting so much she bought Monaco. **(BBC1 Saturday May 29)**

Rio Lobo (Howard Hawks 1970). Director Hawks and star John Wayne in decline, in a rambling western with no more than feint echoes of the magnificent *Rio Bravo*. **(BBC1 Sunday May 30)**

Silver Streak (Arthur Hiller 1976). Gene Wilder, Richard Pryor and Jill Clayburgh are the strangers on a train, caught up in mystery and intrigue. The emphasis is on humour and it's an agreeable diversion. **(ITV network Monday May 31)**

The Black Sheep Of Whitehall (Basil Dearden and Will Hay 1941) / The Ghost Of St Michael's (Marcel Varnel 1941). Unmissable double bill: Will Hay was a unique British comedian, and his immaculately conceived seediness is well to the fore in both these films. **(BBC2 Monday May 31)**

The Eyes Of Laura Mars (Irvin Kershner 1978). Messily mishandled thriller with Faye Dunaway suffering premonitions of grisly murders. John Carpenter wrote the original script but was so unhappy about its treatment he went away and made the similar *Someone Is Watching Me* for TV. **(ITV network Wednesday June 2)**



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"Hey Sagat! Me and the boys have decided we only need two front-men . . ."

SHOOTING THE BREEZE

As Britfunk fly-guys Funkapolitan tool up for a chart assault, six-gun BARNEY HOSKYNS runs them to ground in Notting Hill. Visual shots: PETER ANDERSON.

IT'S TAKEN a long time, and not a few promotional hamburgers, but Funkapolitan have finally cracked the groove. A great many things have stood in their way — backgrounds and in-crowds and hype itself.

As Peter York concluded the *Harper's & Queen* splash that for the past year has hung round their collective neck like a millstone, *"if they survive this piece they're doing alright . . ."*

Now Nick, Kadir, Tom, Greg, Sagat, Simon, Toby and Terry have managed to give their Arts Ball flock the slip and are discovering a less localised acceptance. OK, so they're not part of the supposedly subversive *TOTP* vanguard of ABC and Co, but was it ever necessary to expect them to tailor their souls for the engulfing master-dream of Pop? Funkapolitan are eight London boys unashamedly infatuated with Manhattan street culture — and they've whipped up their source material into a joyous soul cocktail.

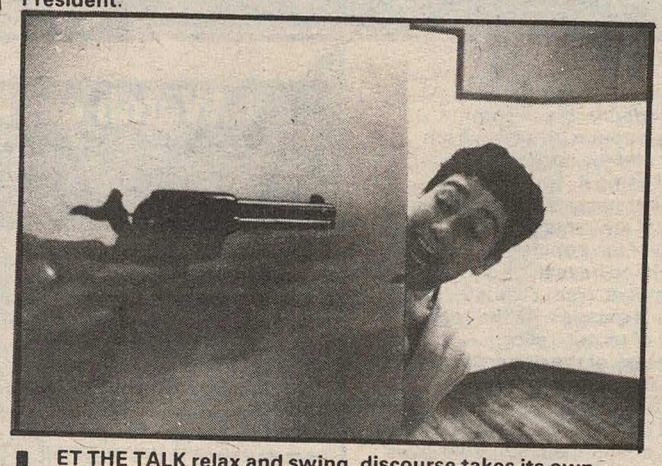
Cocktail?!? Well, Funkapolitan dance mixes have always been club favourites — they've always got through to the dancer on the street! How can we expect to be seduced by slick Funkapolivideos when mind-blowing records like Vicky D's 'This Beat Is Mine' or Sharon Brown's 'Specialise In Love' don't even make the Top 50? These boys play real dance music, and real dance music isn't something you frame and put on the pop mantlepiece.

Whatever it is that funk's either got or ain't got, Funkapolitan have it. Even on something as comparatively lightweight as 'Run, Run, Run' there's a feel and a fluency that's hard to resist; and it also happens to culminate in one of the most thrilling guitar breaks yet known to Dancing Man.

No, Funkapolitan won't give us another 'Chant No.1' or another 'Tears Are Not Enough' (who wants them anyway?) — they lack the necessary vulgarity, a shortcoming partly responsible for the hitherto narrow, clubby nature of their following. Funkapolitan's dance doesn't need to dress up for the occasion — it's not on ceremony.

Today one half of the Funkapolitbureau meets *chez* keyboardist supremo Toby Anderson, who is possibly the calmest and most collected eighth of the group. Being right inside the sound — his myriad textures are a primary feature and a continual delight, always held in a certain check and never allowed to overflow the banks of the rhythm — he is slower to rise and snap than the frontline feeders Nick Jones (voice and rap) and Tom Dixon *(Basso profunko)*. His Notting Hill flat is sparse but for assorted machines and gadgets and, of course, the sundry other Politanos gathered for this very special occasion.

The absent half, meanwhile, comprises the Amazing Flying Guirey Twins (well, brothers anyway) — lead larynx Sagat and fingermaster-flash Kadir — plus official first man of London rap Simon Super Ace and keeper-of-the-kit Terry President.



LET THE TALK relax and swing, discourse takes its own course. Had I been a little more versed in the art we might have rapped the whole thing up in three stanzas . . .

Nick is perched on a high stool, shouting down, asserting to the breaking-point of passion, gesticulating feverishly. At times his voice could belong to a more animated Mick Jagger.

"When we started off we always tried to get a really FAT, HEAVY sound like all the American LPs, coz around that time there was a lot of heavy new records with synths and stuff and we were just discovering it all . . ."

"But we didn't use synthesizer then," rejoins Toby from his corner; "we just went for THE BIG SOUND!"

Goodbye Britfunk — sounds like a scouring pad. Hello Big Apple — sounds like big fun. Well boyz, how much did Native NYer August D have to do with snaring that elusive BIG FAT HEAVY AMERICAN SOUND?

Greg (of the timbales, good humour, and street cool): "We knew what we wanted to get . . . definitely . . ."

Nick (interrupting as per usual): "When we rehearsed with August he didn't change any of the crucial arrangements to any of the songs at all. None of the percussion lines changed, nothing. What's on the LP is what we played at rehearsals, we didn't write anything new. He just said listen, it's gotta speed up here, or you've gotta make sure it goes through this break at this speed and so forth."

Or Toby: "What he did with 'As The Time Goes By', though, was he slowed it down to half the speed . . ."

Or Tom: "Yeah, that was the most radical thing he did, we were playing it sort of Euro-disco speed!"

Ah yes, ye olde Euro-disco — goes back a long time but it's funny how so much of the dreariest English "dance" music, eg. Duran, B-Movie, most of Simple Minds, still trades on that archaic calling card of the computer age. What comes out more often than not is some plastic-container hybrid of Moroder and . . .

Nick (interrupting): "Buggles!"

Right! If you like. Remember Naked Lunch? Right! And no disrespect to King Trev "Round The" Horn either: 'Hand Held In Black And White' is as funky as 'Funky Stuff' . . . in its own sublime way.

Nick: "Yeah! But it's funny, like the drum sound on that was just like 'As Time Goes By', and just the same tempo . . .

Oh. Was it?

"Well, y'know, we do play a lot of, like, Euro-disco in rehearsals as it happens. Everytime we venture towards the swamp (?) we get into Euro-disco. We have a few Euro-disco classics in our log-books, various mixes of 'Time' and 'Play The Game'."

Toby: "It's only because people DON'T LIKE SLOW MUSIC!"

Nick: "We've got a lot of songs which which started off their lives on a funk footing but can be played at Euro-disco tempo."

The last great Euro-disco was not 'Dancin' The Night Away' or any of that pulp but Summer's 'Sunset People' and, for that matter, Suicide. Wouldn't you agree?

Greg (struck momentarily dumb): "Suicide?!? No, I don't like that at all . . . funk for me, funk or reggae . . ."

IT'S TRUE THAT most Euro-D is a bit one-handed, like the synths on those records (unlike on Suicide) were really cold, mechanical things, whereas in some American productions, from Patrick Adams back in '76 through to 'This Beat Is Mine' today, synths can be really warm, sensual instruments . . .

Tom: "Sexy!"

Nick: "Zapsolutely what we're into, man! The super sleazy sexy soul sound!"

I thought that was Soft Cell.

Silence. Clearly I'm wrong. Looks like I've killed the interview. Don't say I didn't try, Soft Cell are one of my favourite groups.

Let's keep things in perspective: Funkapolitan aren't the whole way there *yet*. The album is short on really tough songs and the live show is still too careful, too professional by half. But the group *is* beginning to show signs of real life, beginning to bring its various styles and ingredients together with a real soul energy. With a little more fun on the side they could steal the whole show. I hope they do.

New Maps of the Battlefield Pt.1

SHOOT OUT AT

ON JULY 4, 1981, Kenji Urada, a 37-year-old repair and maintenance worker at a Kawasaki factory outside Tokyo, made history. He became the first human being on record to be killed by a robot.

Only a small minority of the world's press picked up on it. Nobody saw it as any big thing. The few newspapers that did carry the story carried it as a small sicko-humour piece.

On the surface, it didn't deserve any better. Urada was working on a production line robot in a section of the plants that makes automobile gears. To save time he had bypassed a number of safety devices. When he touched the wrong circuit, the robot sprang into life and stabbed him repeatedly between the shoulder blades.

He was dead before his mates could shut off the power.

The general tone of all the news reports was "Nip screws up"; a certain smugness that even the invincible Japanese could make mistakes. Nobody noticed that the late Kenji was the realisation of one of the industrial age's favourite folk fears — but, then again, you don't expect historical perspective from newspapers.

The killer robot has been a mechanised demon of the trash media for as long as there has been trash media. How many sinister metal devils have raygunned the men and carried off the diaphanously clad women? Back to the industrial revolution and even beyond, people have been distinctly dubious about machines. Until quite recently, the working man saw the machine as something that would either replace him in the factory or kill him on the battlefield. It depended on which section of the ruling class was in control of it. It frequently took a generation or more before anybody but shareholders saw any benefit from a technical innovation.

Kenji may not only be a symbol but also a bit of an omen. Today we have more technical innovation than you can shake a stick at. Unlike our forebears, we are not so leary of it. There is so much technology in our daily lives, particularly in our entertainment, that we scarcely give it a thought. R2D2, Brian Eno and Pacman have all softened us up. The popular arts are a pushover for any new bit of hardware that comes by, and all is fab in Silicon Valley.

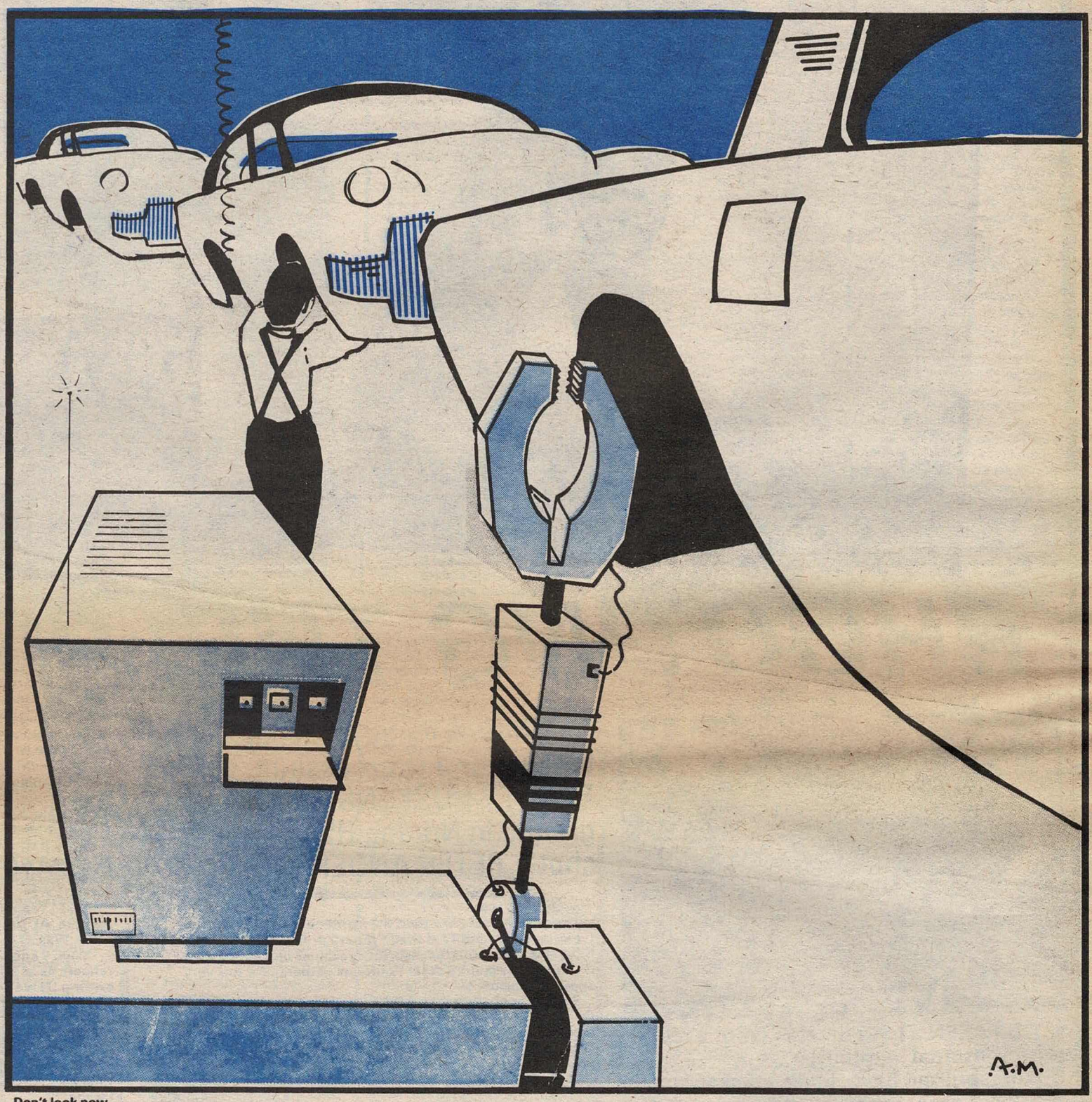
The catch is that, along with all the goodies, Silicon Valley has also helped create a monster that will certainly cause us a great deal of trouble before it's through.

The monster springs from a coupling of massive technical advances, particularly in the data processing field, with economic chaos, social instability and the fact that the superpowerful who make all the major decisions are, for the most part, conservative, criminally greedy and stupid. Some of them are rich, others are red, but that's getting to be just a matter of style. The monster itself is bigger than the sum of all its parts, it's the biggest industrial revolution the world has yet seen.

Barring either miracle or total disaster, this revolution is pretty much a forgone conclusion. Indeed, we are already in on the ground floor. The big old heavy industries — steel, ships, cars — are either on the skids or all the way down the drain. Unfortunately, the wealth of the developed nations has been based on old, big, heavy industry. The downward employment spiral created by the slow collapse of the international car industry is the perfect example of how the rot in one section of industry will rapidly spread to others.

A revolution is nothing like a depression. During a depression there is always the hope that things will go back to being as they were before. In a revolution, thing are permanently changed. A revolution can be good or bad but it's generally for keeps.

One result of the late 20th century industrial revolution is that we will almost certainly never return to what we think of as prosperity. Another is that there are people in their teens today who will never have what we now think of as "a proper job".



Don't look now . . .

THE WORD *underclass* is becoming dangerously popular. Analysts from both the left and the right seem indecently fond of using it. The word represents the rather nasty concept that the times demand what amounts to the sacrifice of a whole section of the population. Those at the bottom of the heap have to be cut loose. They are to be excluded from all but the most minimal of society's goodies. As the cake diminishes, fewer of us get a slice.

The western fantasy of the underclass is that of a huge army of the permanently unemployed, left to waste their drab, unproductive and empty lives in the decaying and economically abandoned industrial cities. It may be Coventry or Detroit.

The preoccupation of those who are still within reach of the cake is how to keep the underclass down and quiet. Some may try social democrat dole queues, others will resort to gaudy junk culture — McDonalds, Morgan Fairchild and Wingo — some may try free valium, cheap booze, McEwans and hairspray or non-stop soccer. Responses to guilt and fear vary from culture to culture. There's bound to be at least one that allows a lot of cheap heroin to circulate fairly freely.

If none of the above work, the final option is the application of authoritarian violence. Put the troops and police on the streets.

The Eastern version is grimmer and more direct. Food prices are arbitrarily hiked (which is another name for a reduction in wages) until the workers come cheap enough to make old-fashioned, heavy industry viable again. If they don't like this they are herded back into the factories with social oppression and AK47s. It's primitive and requires a powerful dose of protracted authoritarian violence but the Eastern European cake is a lot smaller than the cake in the West.

In the West, authority will use the underclass as a threat to those who are working. It's the psychological big stick that can be used to break unions and devalue labour. "Stay in line, work hard, keep your head down and don't make waves or we dump you back into the twilight zone."

In the East, Unions are broken at gunpoint and the underclass extends to encompass all working people. The privileged elite is much smaller than in the West but as I already said, their cake is also so much smaller.

Of course, both of these fantasies are instantly recognisable as what has already happened in Britain, the USA and Poland. The only real difference is that much of what's going on right now is still looked on as a set of separate, unrelated and temporary situations. The underclass really comes into being when the temporary is institutionalised and made permanent.

The first candidates for membership are the ethnic minorities. Ingrained racism has always tried to exclude them from the best of everything. They have always formed a proto-underclass. Recently, however, they have been joined by an influx of redundant industrial workers and youth that has failed to hook on to any kind of employment. The middle class have always maintained the fond illusion that nothing of the sort can happen to them. In recent years, more and more individuals have come to believe that they are part of the middle class and therefore untouchable. It is one possible explanation for the initial popular support for right wingers like Thatcher and Reagan.

In the coming phases of the industrial revolution, the middle classes will be by no means exempt from upheaval. The major victims of the spread of electronic data processing equipment in the '80s will be thousands of lower management paper pushers. Many have entrenched and conservative views of society that will make adaptation both painful and difficult. For the first time, the middle class will find itself tossed on to the labour junk heap, ironically by exactly the same leaders to whom they have traditionally given their political loyalty and support.

Watch out kids! With only eight minutes left to a timely reappearance, gatecrashing with both guns blazing warnings

JOHN NIGHTINGALE is a jumper. Before he became a jumper he had been out of work for nearly two years. His job as a jumper at the San Onofre Nuclear Generating Station in Southern California is strictly temporary. For not too much more than a minimum wage, he dresses up in a yellow plastic suit and something like a space helmet and makes simple repairs on the pipe systems that carry heavily radioactive water out of the reactor.

"When you've been out of work for a long time, you take just about anything."

It's estimated that there are some 2,000 unskilled jumpers working in U.S. nuclear power stations. Hiring them frees more highly trained staff for more complex and far less dangerous work. Training as a jumper is a simple three-day course. They learn the basic job skills and the rudiments of atomic theory. No mention is made of cancer or any of the other long-term dangers that result from

TECHNO CORRAL

. . . an act of terminal technology

midnight, Watcher of The Skies Mick Farren makes video game parlours and home computer parties of doom. Illustrations: Andy Martin

exposure to radiation. Accidents are frequent.

"One day my suit split. Radioactive water was gushing in. When I got out, they taped it up and sent me right back in again. I had to wait 45 minutes for decontamination."

When John Nightingale and his kind have a certain level of radiation their employment is summarily terminated. The only recognition of their services is a lump sum as severance pay. In the trade, it's known as the Burn-Out Bonus.

The jumper in the nuclear power industry is just one model of how to exploit a possible underclass. The desperation of long-term and even potentially permanent joblessness will force people all the way into the inside of a nuclear reactor.

AN INDUSTRIAL revolution isn't just a matter of economics. It's not just jobs and machines. It also overturns a lot of our illusions. One of the first to go will be the illusion that material prosperity is the only way to travel. This is going to be a hard concept to dump — we've been hyped to strive for personal prosperity to the point of brainwash. We've been told that it's the highest state to which man can aspire. It was where the consuming person could achieve oneness with his or her possessions.

Prosperity was an American invention. Immediately after World War II they needed a way to keep up the momentum of the industrial juggernaut that had been constructed to crank our Sherman tanks and Liberator bombers. One answer was the Cold War, the other was prosperity.

It came to fruition in the '50s when we saw the wild production / consumption carousel running at top speed. It was the fin on the '57 Chevy. It was steak and ice cream and mohair suits and the 30" television set. The U.S. male worked overtime producing stuff so his wife could got out and acquire a houseful of more stuff. A thousand sitcoms and soap operas made it perfectly clear why God had put humanity on earth. Our destiny was to consume.

It was an era that created the teenager for the express purpose of moving more units. Pegged pants, hoop skirts, 45s on the autochanger and take a look at my new car. Hollywood exported the whole mess to both Western Europe and the Far East where, with necessary adaptation — in our case the Ford Consul and scampi in a basket — it settled down as the primary way of life.

The system wasn't simply that you consumed stuff just for the joy of consumption. It went deeper than that. The idea was that you defined who you were by the stuff that you consumed.

It was the ultimate trap, self-definition by conspicuous consumption. Your identity was displayed by the clothes you wore, the car you drove, even the books and magazines you read — "What kind of man reads *Playboy*?" — it was propagated through every available medium. As soon as TV took hold, the gospel blared out round the clock. Even children were pressed into service. "But mum, all the kids in school have got one!" Child labour might have been outlawed but child consumption was all the go.

Once a culture is caught in the consumer / producer waltz, any kind of depression becomes double traumatic. If the income is shut off, it's not only the problem of feeding the family, the wife, the husband, the kids. If you can't afford the stuff, you don't even know who you are.

The problem with this '50s style consumer prosperity is that it could only really be used as a short-term solution. When it ran on unchecked for more than a decade, it became about as destructive as Godzilla on the rampage. For it to be elevated to the status of a secular faith was a bad error. It burned up energy and raw materials like they were going out of fashion. It created anxiety and emotional isolation. It left a wasted trail of endangered species and ruined land. It spewed pollution into lake, river and foodchain until it reached today's peak of near epidemic cancer — one in three Americans alive today can expect to contract cancer. One in six will die of it.

Prosperity, when coupled with its constant and loyal companion, the Cold (and occasionally warming) War, has managed to keep the world shivering on the brink of absolute disaster for a full thirty years.

Prosperity is finally starting to dismantle itself. The energy crisis and chaotic economic side effects have taken their toll. What aren't being dismantled are the expectations that were instilled into people to keep the boom booming. It doesn't matter that the bubble has burst, when people have been saturated in that kind of specific greed it becomes something close to an addiction. People just go on wanting the stuff that television keeps telling them about. The looting that has become part and parcel of urban rioting is a symptom of stuff withdrawal. People are going to have that stuff, no matter what it takes.

"Doing our best to promote production,
Sending our goods to the people of the world
Endlessly and continuously,
Like water gushing from a fountain.
Grow, industry, grow, grow, grow!
Harmony and sincerity
Matsushtia Electric!

EACH MORNING, the management and workers of the Matshushita Electric Company of Japan gather at a before-work assembly and sing the official company song. Rank behind rank of matching overalls and baseball caps; a smaller conservative, dark grey business suits; the Japanese and their industrial miracle hold a very special fascination for the other developed nations. It is part curiosity and part envy. Both workers and management in western industry wonder if the the Japanese represent paradise or total defeat. Management inclines to the former, labour to the second.

To some, Japan is the society of the future. It has a population that's co-operative, passive, obedient and pathologically hardworking. Unfortunately it's overcrowded and chronically polluted. It's also complex. It's had two atom bombs dropped on it, its children soak up hours of incredibly complicated cartoon monster sagas, there is virtually no crime but Japanese consume massive amounts of the most brutal sado-masochistic pornography.

There are some, I suspect Thatcher and Reagan among them, who believe that the Japanese industrial boom is a permanent state. It offers the hope that there can be a return to prosperity if their own work forces could be made equally docile.

Unfortunately, the idea that the Japanese can go full throttle forever is a major error. They are mopping up the competition during the last gasps of the disintegrating industrial boom because they have done their business with intelligence and flexibility. They may be giving the world most of its cars and nearly all its motorcycles and electronic toys, but saturation will eventually hit them, sure as hell.

If the rest of the world simply can't afford the Hondas or the Sonys, it's goodbye boom. The Japanese aren't immune from the upheavals. In some respects they are further into the change than most.

It's more than possible that, when Japanese production starts to cool off and they, in their turn, start to lay off workers, their more feudal system will be able to tell a redundant worker, "Hey, Tanaka, my old son, the best thing you cah do for the Datsun Corporation is to sit in your cubicle and watch TV for the rest of your life." It's possible that millions of Japanese will do just that, discharging their cradle to grave responsibility to the corporation, while the corporation, in its turn, discharges its obligation to them by paying each one a pension for the rest of his or her days.

This last item could be what makes Reagan and Thatcher the most envious.

EVERYONE WHO READS this (unless, of course, we're selling unsuspected copies in Northern Canada and the back hills of New Guinea) will have been brought up in a society that has been tailored to the needs of capacity production line labour. We have been centralised, concentrated, manipulated into being handled as a mass rather than a collection of distinct individuals.

Millions upon millions of us get up at the same time and go to bed at the same time. We even watch the same television programmes at the same time. Millions spend unreasonably large portions of their lives and untold amounts of energy travelling from dormitory suburbs to central workplaces. Our whole society has been bent to fit the needs of a factory system.

We have come through schools which, despite all other pretensions, are primarily geared to teach punctuality and obedience to authority. We are constantly bombarded by mass produced entertainment created for the lowest common multiple of public taste. Much of our free time is strongly directed toward the same kind of mindlessness that is required in the docile production worker.

Worst of all, we have been inculcated with a crippling work ethic that is so strongly ingrained, particularly in men, that it produces often horrendous psychological results when idleness is enforced by layoff or retirement.

The guy who gets sacked from his job, but tries to con his family that he's still working by leaving home at the same time each day and then hanging round the pub and the park and the library, is a fairly mild symptom of the havoc that the work ethic can wreak during hard times. More extreme cases are the unemployed who kill themselves because they can't stand the overwhelming sense of rejection and uselessness.

Despite what we've been told, the work ethic is not one of the absolute and fundamental laws of God. It, and the rest of the mess, are in fact only a couple of hundred years old. They are another solution to another specific problem. The early factory owners found that their workers, mainly straight off the farm, didn't take kindly to factory hours and factory regimentation. They tended to take the day off to fix their roof, go fishing or just get drunk. They were also apt to

CONTINUES OVER

SHOOT OUT AT TECHNO CORRAL

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

show up for work when they felt like it rather than for the eight o'clock whistle. The programming that was started to deal with this is what's made us what we are today.

Now that the old-fashioned, production line factories are becoming obsolete, the system of programming for those factories will become obsolete right along with them. The Victorian propaganda no longer has any validity, and most of their system, particularly the work ethic, has to be scrapped if individuals are to come through the next decade or so relatively unscathed.

We are now entering an era where there will be less work to do. The struggle of the future will be a matter of how the remaining work, both good and bad, will be portioned out; whether the time many will find they have on their hand will be the soul-destroying desolation of unemployment or the potential freedom of extended leisure. The struggle will also be how society intends to reward those who have to stay home. In this context, the work ethic is pure and dangerous reaction.

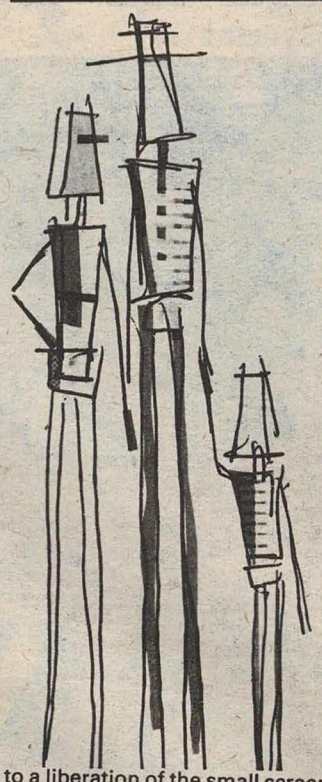
The question is, do we want the right to work or the right to individual fulfilment?

IN COLUMBUS, Ohio, the Warner Cable Corporation has installed the Qube cable TV system. It makes use of fibre optic technology in which the TV signal is transmitted through hair-thin plastic fibres that replace the usual copper cables. The real joy of fibre optics is that signals can travel in opposite directions at the same time.

Qube offers its subscribers a choice of 30 programme channels including live sport, first run movies and non-stop music. In addition, there is also the possibility for the viewer to talk back to the studio by pushing buttons on a device similar to a pocket calculator. Subscribers can vote, direct questions at politicians and other interview subjects, judge talent shows and even shop via TV.

Another even more sophisticated system called Hi-Ovis is being tested in one of the suburbs of Osaka. Hi-Ovis has a potential of over 100 channels and subscribers are able to dial requests from an automatic library, not only for programmes and film, but also for still photographs, data, displays of newspapers and magazines, even theatre and concert reservations. As if this wasn't fancy enough, a microphone and camera built into each set make it possible for the viewer actually to break in and participate fully in the programming.

The spread of these new generation media toys could, under the right circumstances, amount to a liberation of the small screen. It makes it technically possible for individuals and communities to choose what they want to watch rather than having it chosen for them by paternal government departments or greedy multinational corporations, both of which tend to think of individuals and communities as morons who deserve little better than sitcoms and quiz shows.



Television doesn't, by definition, have to be expensive. It doesn't need a glass tower full of organisation to put out programmes of electronic music and abstract visuals. It doesn't cost a million bucks a minute to present chess games, the day's racing form or public opinion forums. A hundred channels means amateurs can make programmes for other amateurs linked by a passionate interest in the same subject.

"The second stage of video communication is going to create what amounts to a case of the smart getting smarter and the dumb getting dumber."

There is even a name for this, it's called narrowcasting. Where broadcasting goes to the widest possible audience, narrowcasting goes after the small audience with the strong common interest.

Whether, of course, our current rulers will allow any of this to happen is quite another matter. In the Communist bloc it is unimaginable.

There is no doubt that the free and fast movement of information is invaluable in times of upheaval. It has a liberating effect in that it overcomes prejudice, illusion, and misinformation; it can allay fear of change and cushion rumour-created panic.

When the flow of information is restricted, it leaves the field clear for tyranny and dictatorship. When deprived of information, people tend to blunder about in the dark and they are easily led and manipulated. This was fully understood in Poland at the time of the military takeover. Not only were the radio and TV stations seized and limited to official bulletins and martial music, but, for the first three or four days of the crackdown, the information blackout was made total by shutting down the phone service.

It's unlikely that even the most liberal of governments would unreservedly embrace anything like Qube or Hi-Ovis. There probably isn't an administration in the world that would freely pass control of a large section of mass media to ordinary citizens.

Britain's shameful record on all levels of communication, from the pirate radio purges of the '60s to the recent CB fiasco, will almost certainly guarantee that it will be among the last of the developed countries to adopt this kind of freeform media technology. London has had cable TV for over a decade, but the only practical use that it has been put to is to stop people ripping off rented TV sets.

The Americans' love for new toys has already put them in the forefront of those consuming the new media. The home computers and the cable systems are spreading like wildfire. Those laid off during the recent purges of the giant entertainment corporations pin their hopes on cable programming. Enthusiasts look forward to the coming of satellite technology. The only snag is that, under the great free enterprise system, the new toys will be the sole prerogative of the affluent.

At risk of sounding brutally elitist, this second stage of video communication is going to create what amounts to a case of the smart getting smarter and the dumb getting dumber. It initiates a new version of the division between the haves and have-nots.

The signs are already visible. Despite high-flown democratic language in the agreements between big city administrations and the various cable companies, the companies have no serious intention of even wiring the decayed, inner city twilight zones. As if it wasn't bad enough to be cash-poor and scuffling, the have-nots will find themselves burdened by a poverty of information while the wealthy are inundated. They will be at the mercy of values, goals and expectations, promoted by bovine TV networks that will increasingly see their function as suppliers of palliatives to the underclass.

In this way, without any sinister masterplan, what on the surface could be a means of intellectual liberation is turned around until it is part of the next wave of social and economic oppression.

TODAY'S RICH and powerful have done very well by the status quo and they will certainly attempt to defend it long after it has outlived its usefulness. They have considerable resources at their disposal but they don't have it all their own way.

Next week we look at the chances for a positive counter charge.

Next week: part two; Here Come The Video Hoodlums.

SPACE AGE LOVE SONG

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

NEW SINGLE

The follow

up to the chart hit I RAN

SPECIAL REMIX

Limited Edition 7" Picture Disc

12" with extra track

Produced by Mike Howlett

Recorded at Battery Studios

JIVE

SINGLES

Boxed by Paul Morley

Clevor Trevor Horne: the look of love.

ONE

THERE'S THE BOX. What's in the box?

Singles

Why, that's wonderful. It's my turn to 'review' them (sigh) . . . some things never change. It's so soon after the last time, but the gentlemen around here appreciate that I am capable of tackling the delicate problem many times in any given year. I am certainly capable, for example, of dealing with the same tame tortoises that one is faced with at such a time. I like to move *quick*, so let's get the flaking tortoise losers out of the way.

The Tortoise: what would the world lose if they were committed to flames tomorrow? Roast them, I say, or toast them — some consider the thoughtless, stubborn beastlets a kind of 'delicacy' but the more advanced among us know better. Schopenhaur turned obstinacy into a heroic act; The Tortoise just wallow in the slime of their supporters wetly warming passivity. Could a Tortoise ever be an incredible, tormented hero? About as much chance as us finding out that Baudelaire was a skilful centre forward. (Wink wink).

Tortoises are definitely not inhabitants of paradise.

Time and time again it has been proved that tortoises should not be *allowed* to record singles. What is the use, the function, the necessity of a Jethro Tull single, a King Crimson single — haven't these beings got fields to disappear to? I don't mind them making LPs, because no one with any class listens to rock LPs these days unless they're made by girls or punished pessimists, but when I accidentally hear a tortoise-single it completely ruins the enigma of the world for me.

I say the words "Jethro Tull" and I immediately have to wash my mouth out with the new Siouxsie and the Banshees' single.

'Heartbeat' (EG) by **King Crimson** and **'Fallen On Hard Times' (Chrysalis)** by **Jethro Tull** are two petty comforts produced by tortoises with not *one* outside-their-shell thought to rub against another while they wait for their lettuce. The serious and sophisticated amongst us, those with serious and sophisticated lack of *taste*, can see that two tortoises plus two tortoises equals one blank space.

The fact is: give me a juggler any day or night rather than a tortoise. Give me Dollar rather than Asia. Give me back my heart.

What I hate as much as The Tortoise is commonsense; I actually have contempt for commonsense when it appears on a single. If singles are common-sensical — as opposed to nonsensical or inquisitive — they have no magic: they are neutral, courteous, respectable . . . **The Passions** and **'Jump For Joy' (Polydor)** yawns into my mind at this point: it doesn't even get on my merves, it just doesn't have the nerve. As anonymous as water.

Nearly every single in the toy box this week is either by a tortoise in the field or by a wanderer in the wasteland. Nonetheless, I am not ashamed to admit that I am still addicted to *the single* — perhaps in the same way that I am addicted to words like 'magma' and 'narcissus'. I am not addicted to singles like **The Sound's 'Hothouse' (Korova)**, which is sandily unarousing, or **Stevie Wonder's 'Do I Do' (Motown)**, which is sandily wholesome, or **Cheap Trick**'s **'If You Want My Love (Epic)**, which is sandily sick, or **Dramatis' 'The Shame' (Rocket)**, which is sandily posed.

I am addicted to singles such as **A.S.P.**'s **'Boys Will Be Boys' (Carrere)** and **Chameleon's 'Paradise' (Model)**. These singles are MASSIVE LIES: So confidently worthless and — perversely! — *indelibly* fancy. These singles are SINCERE LIES; I don't *believe* them.

A.S.P. is my favourite of the two — three boob-tubed dolls keeping merry and bright and shaking their clean little heads at us naughty boys. A dismal, foolish failed euro-zip, 'better' than any sandy 4 AD or immense tortoise. The group is undoubtedly manufactured, plastic and stupid — this could add to the petty fascination — but SOMEHOW they are so much more in tune with the wonderful ways of the singles world than say — all of a sudden — Blondie. They realise that the important thing with the single is ENTICEMENT; dispossess the listener and entice them at all costs. 'Boys Will Be Boys' is uneffably graceless, adorably ephemeral and mysteriously banal: its *life* comes from the decision someone's made that 'pleasure for the present' is entirely valuable. Unlike tortoises or commonsense wanderers, A.S.P. do NOTHING to mislead. They may well do NOTHING AT ALL: but then show me a tortoise that's ever TRULY DONE SOMETHING to help create tomorrow's world. I like A.S.P. because they're unafraid to be silly: I loathe Asia and Saxon and Foreigner because they will not admit that they are silly. (Some of the best singles of our lifetime have been extraordinarily silly.)

'Paradise' is badly bruised, goodly sloshed Bucks Fizz — wobbly legs, on the verge of SWOONING, indifferent and insame all at once. Chameleon are presumably as faceless and mindless as A.S.P. and yet their single is joyfully wonky. The single reinvents Abba's 'convincingly' creamy richness in as ENTICINGLY a way as the superstitious Tight Fit *imitate* it. One's hair doesn't stand on end but one does feel slightly TEASED.

Oh, yes, the pleasure of the single: the unexpected surprises.

I think all of you of sophistication and seriousness will find these two records oddly enchanting: those of you who find New Order's choice of name somehow offensive will adopt heaving sarcasm and gratefully cling to a more formal world, indeed a *more formalist word*.

What I feel about *the single* may well be madness, but it is an honest frenzy and — remember — in your own kingdom you have a right to be mad. For all you know I might have made up A.S.P. and Chameleon . . . I don't suppose you'll ever know.

The Charts have never been so packed with hopeless lie-ers and beautiful truth-tellers: from PhD to New Order, Kim Wilde to The Associates. I don't think there's anything grievous in being fascinated by this luxurious state. Singles can stretch from "the superficial adventure" to "an exploration of the inner world's divisions and distinctions". From one extreme to another . . . People of seriousness and sophistication can appreciate the random sparks of **'My Camera Never lies'** and yet grasp the sparkling significance of **New Order**'s beautiful **'Temptation'.** The Single can show us our fortune, and show us our misfortune. It can be empty and disgusting and momentarily wonderful; it can be disgusted at our emptiness and momentarily wonderful. The Single is a *moving* thing. It should be treated with a little more respect than it has been done lately. It's a fine invention, sometimes a divine intervention: it's become a very special discipline.

In the 'world of the single' one should be able to say that **The Motels' 'Take The L Out of Lover (And It's Over)' (Capitol)** is an accomplished, *pseudo*-sorrowful, lie-ing example of that surprising New American Pop, and there should be nothing left to say . . . Glimpses of tortoise, but that can be easily handled. I hope it's a 'hit'! (I love saying that).

Pic: David Corio

Virgin Prunes: piggies.

TWO

NME doesn't get sent certain singles. We don't get sent 'nOIsy' singles, new 'punk' records, and so I can't tell if I can explain and celebrate the difference between Erazerhead and The Defects as gloriously as Christine Cousins of *Sounds*. Christine is my favourite singles reviewer of the moment — if only because she's so passionately lost in her own crazed world. She talks about groups with names such as Skroteez and Rabid, but implicit in her reviews is an exciting acceptance of The Single. She's a real expert. Her latest recommendations are **The Special Duties' 'Police State', Conflict**'s **'The House That Man Built', Erazerhead**'s **'Shell-shock'** and **Abrasive Wheels' 'Army Song'.** Makes me dizzy, but then I'd rather have A.S.P. for my supper. "Why isn't Garry Bushell writing about the Abrasive Wheels rather than clapped out old hams like Ozzie Osborne?" she asks, and sure enough Christine is the final proof that Garry Bushell has turned into a tortoise.

Pic: Peter Anderson

Clock DVA: smudged.

THREE

Don't panic, but **Clock DVA**'s new single is not 'the burst of thunder bringing rain' that us sweet deviants were expecting. I was supposing that Clock DVA would not be hovering around 'the edge' but would have leapt right out into the clean fresh air, without caring where and how they might land. With **'Passions Still Aflame'** I'm noticing what's missing more than what's in there. (There's not as much missing as there is with **A Flock Of Seagulls' 'Space Age Love Song' (Jive)** — you think of it, it's missing. Sandy? Utterly. Tortoise. Could be, in years to comes.)

What's missing with DVA is Carla Bley as producer, a more ruthless drummy sound, a sweeter bass, a nastier saxophone, a more ironic juxtaposition of the bits, the pieces and the rhythms. What's there? Well, it's the first print, and it's smudged. I think they should drink some more. It's still worth picking at: these are the first ticks from the new DVA and the sensitive amongst us know that the ticks will get louder, harder, faster. One foot in the wasteland, but growing butterfly wings.

FOUR

THERE'S THE HOUSE. What's in the house? *Madmen!*

Why? Ask **Yello,** and they'll smother you with yellow cushions, hold their tails erect, and hold their noses. They sound sort of bewildered at the stupidity and inhumanity of worldly affairs, and sort of deal with the cold agony of doubt in the way Robin Williams might if he was locked up just for one day inside Zappa's brain. Sick minds chewing on scraps: mucky men feeling from religious traps: pricks. **'Pinball Cha Cha' (Do It)** is better than The Who's 'Tommy' but is not as strange as The Bible. Yello; it's sort of mad-NESS in a tradition of Weill, Hesse, Tati and Scriabin. To me, they'll always remain strangers.

'Time/Lights' (Factory-Benelux) by **Minnie Pops** is *well* worth licking. Minnie Pops don't blow their top, or foam at the mouth, or find their cool: and they would never laugh at a monkey. They stand at the side of the road

and mourn sadly and very remotely for the middle. It's D.A.F. boiled to dust, saltless and sexless: Chris and Cosy's Heartbeat from a somewhat different angle. Sombre gloomy dim meticulous blurred bashed-less in-doors bitterness/bittiness: BATHED IN MURK; for those who feel that the bright out of doors atmosphere of Depeche Mode is injuring them in some way. It occurs to me that Minnie Pops are so *anti*-TORTOISE it's a sly miracle. Up-to-date? YOU BET! Is Minnie Pops THE SINGLE OF THE WEEK?

I'm not going to tell you.

But, and this is important, whilst listening to the Minnie Pops single for the seventh time I ate a banana; I placed the banana skin on the floor in the hope that **Monsoon** would slip on it, for the simple reason that I detest their new single **'Shakti' (Phonogram)** — of the items in the chart at this moment I hate only the footballers and the queens more than miserable Monsoon.

Give rosy **Zev** a banana and he will bash it to a pulp on a dustbin lid. Some say Zev should be imprisoned for committing atrocities to inanimate OBJECTS using sticks and bones and bare-knuckles: me, I just hand Zev a tortoise and say BASH ON THAT, YOU DICKENSIAN DEVIL YOU. Hey, guess what, his new-orange play-at-any-speed **Fetish** single **'Element/Wipe Out'** is like "the sound of damned souls knocking themselves to pieces", or it is "dawn breaking inside Al Haig's stomach", or it is "the noise of the city", or it is "pure Zen percussion in honour of Duchamp and alsatian dogs everywhere."

Zev's real name is Mr Fire-extinguisher.

Zev rushes into the next room, slamming the door. BANG! (echo). He records the echo, scrubs it, dubbies it, breaks it, cracks it, bashes it, swallows it, and it's the next Zev single . . . Zev makes singles to help him remember where he bruised his leg.

Following Zev through the room are **The Virgin Prunes:** piggies dressed in bikinis, splashing brains and blood on the floor, kisssing their mummies good night, mingling abjection and arrogance, and scattering a Steve Morrisey/Kenny Morris drum-DRUM with some left-overs from dinner. The Virgin Prunes wear rags: but they never truly go naked. **'Pagan Love Song/David Is Dead' (Rough Trade)** will not bring *public* indignation to a crescendo, although as guests on the *Cannon and Ball Show* the Prunes would cheer up one or two members of the public.

(There are those who say that it's just that The Virgin Prunes are simply a little FILTHY for variety . . . HA! HA! HA! Still, I'd have them around if only to . . . well, if people can SERIOUSLY draw 'fun' from The **Three** Virgin **Courgettes** without frantically checking out their unspeakably hip-hip credit card — The Credit Card Of Cool — and without forcing on their self-conscious ESCAPIST smiley-while then I'm a friend of the tortoise. I'd like to have the Virgin Prunes around to chuck in the face of Courgette 'Fun'. A slime green jelly in the face of all this dead-end snobbery! WHO WANTS TO BE COOL when *cool* is defined by this sort of sing-song snap-snip sandiness. The Three Courgettes: let the pigs in the bikinis squash them, and let's leave **The Thompson Twins** to squelch through the mess. I think that a record that is by The Thompson Twins, produced by Steve Lillywhite and features Thomas Dolby is a fine definition of UNNATURALLY PALE. The Twins double-single **'Runaway' (T)** is not a bargain in the *decent* sense of the word. When I hear such a single, I am in the middle of the sandy wasteland, and I am thinking of Edvard Munch's famous (scream) painting.

A WEEK: SELECTED SNOBBERIES

The Hacianda (member 723); ABC Look Of Love Video (What's that!; Newsnight; Welles; LBC.
Montaigne; Koestler; Robbe-Grillet; Penman; Storr; Vidal.
Temptation ..... **New Order**
Dinner Music ..... **Carla Bley**
Faithless ..... **Scritti Politti**
Teasin' ..... **Cornell Dupree**
Show Me/Many Happy Returns/LoL ..... **ABC**

The Straight Horn Of Steve Lacy
Sulk ..... **Associates**
Olinga ..... **Milt Jackson**
Mirror Mirror/Hand Held ..... **Dollar**
Liberation Music Orchestra ..... **Charlie Haden**

Top 40
Teachers/Smirnoff/Gordons/Perrier/ice

DEFUNKT: THE LIFE & DEATH OF ROMANCE

Neo-realist funkt, anyone? Joe Bowie describes his big city reggae to Richard Cook. Photo: Peter Anderson

YOUR HAPPINESS

"I DON'T THINK we should have you shouting out over the trombone solo," frowns Joe Boyd.

Joe Bowie is preoccupied with looking for a match for his Marlboro. "Why not? Sounds pretty good. . ."

The studio playback is 'Illusion', from Defunkt's forthcoming long-player 'Thermonuclear Sweat', the concluding mixdown of a veritable meltdown of brazen new music. Bowie's amalgam of rap and song rains over a great expressway of brass sound, electric strings and drum cracks and booms.

Producer Boyd asks the little trombone-blowing cat how he likes the wail of synthesizers that hurtles skywards at the end of the track. Bowie executes a shoulder movement somewhere between shrug and swivel, goes to snap a digit —

"Yeahhh. . .that's some pretty slick shit, man!"

He likes it. They leave it. Bowie adjusts his Panama and finally matches the cigarette. The red counter ticks off the numbers as the tape's wound back for another listen.

'Thermonuclear Sweat' will be the third slug of Defunkt to attempt to burst your slumber on the darkest, hungriest, most ferocious black dance music currently fighting an up-river course through the wastelands of US radio and a black music scene that can boast all too few serious competitors to a group this sharp. 'Defunkt' and the 'Razor's Edge' 12-inch (which foreclosed on just about every other variety of funk militancy at the end of last year) came on as a manifold shake-up of the facile soapbox universality of soul everymen.

Yet there was a diffusion of purpose in the actual music, which sometimes meandered needlessly or over-emphasised a specific angle. The first album for Boyd's Hannibal label, despite some astonishing moments, fell short as a unified entity, breaking up into jagged fragments and brilliant flashes.

The new record should nail it. The two Joes (Boyd signed Defunkt on the strength of seeing them play in New York, after ECM's Manfred Eicher — of all people — had initially expressed interest) are honing it to a pitch where polemic and pulsebeat merge at the key moments, orchestrated with devastating accuracy while retaining an almost shamefully exciting live feel to it.

Bowie hasn't surrendered anything to mere disco precision: when a soloist cuts loose the other instruments scatter like zebra from a crazed lion, then return to hustle back their own action. There's a proper sense of predatory flourish without any descent into formless, unhinged misrule. It should still make you want to dance.

That's how they made me feel, seeing Defunkt live last year. Intrigued though not entirely won over by the vinyl, I was converted at once by the exuberant marriage of technique, bounce, style, guts, intelligence and dissatisfaction with funkin' for Jah moneymaker. There's little to beat a Defunkt live show for exhausting exhilaration.

MAYBE THE STRONGEST link in the chain of Bowie's command is his dissective, dischordant political commentaries: national, social, moral, sexual. He borrows from classic R&B symbolism, stirs in snippets of rhetoric in multi-levelled seriousness, isn't content with an isolated slogan unless it's something that can make you think both ways.

The line to remember is *we all dance together*. Joe Bowie has a message for your mind and your shoes, though its

Times' and 'Happy Man' impact is necessarily up to you. Nile and Rodgers' 'Good might be supreme instances of irony, but Bowie's 'In The Good Times' or 'Strangling Me With Your Love' are directly confrontational. The itch is the same except the honeyed whispers are displaced. How are you going to deal with that?

Today, Joe Bowie's a little fatigued from a night in London clubland with his slightly more famous namesake. "I like London," he purrs. "It doesn't really compare to New York but I think the people are nicer. New York is a pretty cold place."

Well, London can be a little frosty too. But let's talk about progress. How far does he think Defunkt have made inroads into people's awareness?

"People are getting to know our existence, especially in the States. I can feel that something's happening. The popular music — the popular *black* music — in America today is still in a stagnant state. For the last ten years it's been concerned with the technical side, good sound, and it's lost a lot of emotional value. They've been concerned with computerised sound that's kinda bland. I still *like* it, I'm not saying it's all no good. But a good sound has to be of secondary importance."

It's necessary though. That's what you're going for here, isn't it?

"But I basically do any recording live. I take the whole band into the studio — the actual feel has to come first. It has to be a *good* sound but you can't lose the emotion otherwise you lose the energy too. The music must be kept free of too much premeditation, too much pre-planned perfection."

THE CONCERN for feel is an integral part of Bowie's own jazz background. Anyone interested in his back pages might like to search out the Human Arts Ensemble records (especially 'Whisper Of Dharma') or a fabulous duet session with alto saxist Oliver Lake, recorded in 1976 and released by the Canadian Sackville Records. Is he ever criticised now by stricter jazz players for 'retreating' into funk?

"Most of them are very happy and give me a lot of support. Jazz musicians are basically *good* musicians who'll support anything that's legitimate effort. I haven't given up anything musically. My brothers Lester and Byron like what I do and wish me a lot of success — because I'm like a pioneer in mixing cultural values and those in a more commercial area."

Hmm. It's been tried before, of course, and that was always seen as a retreat — the debasing of talent in the slap-happy slalom race of fusion.

"Right. The thing is, if you're not sacrificing your real music — music explains it *all*. I think I'm playing *harder* now than at any time in the past. Anyone can see I haven't stepped down."

And the difference is, this time it isn't boring to listen to. How does he regard his 'jazz' days now? Joe grins lazily at his youthful indulgences — solo playing, percussive ensembles, the trappings of loft-jazz self-sufficiency.

"I was younger then — I could have been a better player, I was just learning the game. But it was good music. It taught me a lot about *how* — as far as construction is concerned, or what I might do at any time. I might do anything. And that came out of that *totally creative* music. It helped me form Defunkt."

Was the group conceived exclusively as a Joe Bowie mouthpiece?

"It's my baby," he says in suitably fatherly tones. "I always try to find a way to express myself and I guess that's what Defunkt is. A way to bridge a lot of different musics that I want to play and speak my piece and keep my identity. It's my avenue to express myself: Defunkt characterises me, my consciousness."

What would you do if it wasn't doing that anymore?

"Change it! I can do that at any point. I'd never let it lock me up — if it's boring I'll change it. If I feel it's not happening I'll move somewhere else. As I get older it changes. And I never want to stop natural changes."

As if in answer the nearby coffee machine blows out an involuntary typhoon — there's natural change for you.

IS JUST

"WE'RE TRYING to instigate change too," he continues, beginning to warm up. "It's time for a change commercially. Musically everything is getting a little boring so it's time for a new way to do things."

In what way is Defunkt a change (I'm smart — I always ask questions I know the answer to)?

"I would say the way in which we approach the field we move in — our freedom is new. It hasn't been exploited by many groups. We play a lot of 'old' things but the way we use them is something else — how many groups would have the nerve to play the music from all the different eras we do? We'll play almost anything if I want to play it. At first people would frown if I played a jazz tune but I was making them think about it."

But do people really want to think about it? How much responsiveness can you credit an audience with?

"Not everybody's going to be motivated, but that can't stop you. You have to motivate those you can. First I want to motivate *myself*."

Does he see himself as an educator?

"I guess I would say that. If I try to express everything I know, not just one groove, then I must be. Everything in my soul, musically and spiritually. I don't censor it. It's everything I feel."

Does he ever feel like he's talking down to an audience?

"Maybe some might get that impression. I mean, if a teacher's telling you something in school which you don't know you have to look up and listen. If an audience isn't versed in my background then I have to tell 'em. But I hold no malice towards my audience. Sometimes it comes off rough I'm sorry but . . . what can I do? That's life. Shit, life *is* rough, man."

I know. I don't think he has to be sorry about it. Joe Bowie's a rather gentle cat at heart.

Defunkt's message-making might be read by the less sympathetic as a sharper retread (or inversion) of the pillow-brained peace vibe of 60s hippiedom. Joe takes the point, takes a powder on the implication.

"You could find any qualities like that in the music. I've drawn on that period too — Jimi Hendrix — so obviously you're going to hear that. But mine is a new concept in performance. *You'll never know what the Defunkt sound is!* I'll always change it. That will keep me and the audience from getting bored!"

How far would he be willing to compromise?

"It's hard to say because, like, the level of 'compromise' will change and so will how I look at it. When I started I thought I would have never [illegible] this far. I try to look at it objectively — I'm going to always try and put things across in the most effective way."

DEFUNKT SEEM to have a firmer grip on the tensions between words and music than most: that's a distinct challenge in the different modes of articulacy in the vocal and instrumental lines. How does Bowie see the relationship?

"OK. It varies from tune to tune. In a lot of my songs the words have a more rhythmic than verbal meaning. The vocal comes in like another instrument to add a different rhythm. In other tunes they directly represent an awareness. I HATE bullshit lyrics — like a *"baby I love you"* type of thing. There should be no lies in the music. I like to represent *fact*. And a kind of fiction — but never *everything's alright!* I leave somebody else to do that. I like to have the hard edge of life because there's plenty of people doing the other side. I want truth and consequences."

So Defunkt is like the death of romance?

"And at the same time we're a very romantic band! So we're the death and life of romance."

I call to mind James Blood Ulmer's dictum that all the older forms of black music weighed heavy on him, that he wished they'd all die out. How does Bowie feel about that — is the tradition of black music a source of nourishment or a hindrance to Defunkt's search?

"Very *nourishing*. It's very important that I try to use everything I know, everything I've learned. I need it in my development and my shaping of the music."

He gets up to make some tea. "You always have to pay very close attention to where you came from and how, if you don't know where you came from you can't get an accurate picture of who you are. No music will ever die out — you can use it to go somewhere else. If it wasn't there I couldn't gauge myself to anything.

"I wish there was *more* music! *More* forms I could draw on! I just have to draw on what we have. I'm a great rock'n'roll fan, a great traditional fan! I like everything from bagpipes to sitars! As a professional it might be unfair of me to dislike some forms of music."

I think it's perfectly fair to dislike some forms of music.

"Well, yeah," he concedes, "there's forms of music I don't particularly care for. I'm not a big reggae fan but I don't *disrespect* it. You could say there's a form that Joe Bowie doesn't like — but I do! I like it for what I can draw from it.

"I think I'm playing it anyway — it's a ghetto music." By now he's awoken the showman in him — the gestures, restless games with the hat. "I'm playing big city reggae! Big — New York, Chicago, London — city reggae! I'm just movin' a little faster, drawin' on a little more. I have all the jungle in me too. But I live on the edge. We're reggae in the fast lane! We represent the real zip in life! The fast lane!"

AN ILLUSION!

At 28, Bowie's had the time and practice to assimilate everything he needs. The groups looking towards those same roots for inspiration mostly don't have that background, although the substitution of a pop footing makes for a hybrid that could ultimately be as interesting. Bowie's germ of adventure seems to be exactly the cocktail of braggadocio and brawn, matched to a genuine musical intelligence, that inspires positive change. If it goes on making Defunkt work without institutionalising the attack we may yet hear a turnaround in black music of formidable and far-reaching effect.

QUEEN
in concert

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HEART
Special Guests
JOAN JETT
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LEEDS UNITED, ELLAND RD., LEEDS
SATURDAY 29th MAY 4.30 pm

Tickets £9.30 from Barkers and Cavendish Travel Leeds, Piccadilly Records Manchester, Mike Lloyd Stoke, Lotus Stafford, Kendricks Wolverhampton*, Baileys Coaches Mansfield*, Cyclops Sounds Birmingham*, Virgin Sheffield, Virgin Peterborough, St. Georges Hall Bradford, TLCA Box Office Royal Court Liverpool*. Also £9.50 from Sound Effects York, Lincoln Box Office Lincoln, Way Ahead Nottingham*.

£10.00 ON THE DAY

*tickets also available for Milton Keynes from these outlets.

NO CAMPING — NO CANS OR BOTTLES — GATES OPEN AT NOON

HOW TO GET THERE
Shuttle services from Town Centre and Station to the ground
Extra trains arranged — concert ends at 10.30 sharp.

INGLISTON, EDINBURGH
Royal Highland Agricultural Exhibition Hall
TUES. 1st and WED. 2nd JUNE 7.30pm

Tickets £6.30 from Playhouse Edinburgh, Apollo Theatre and Listen Records Glasgow, 2001 Aye, Cathy McCabe Dundee.

JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS WILL NOT BE APPEARING AT EDINBURGH

MILTON KEYNES CONCERT BOWL
SATURDAY 5th JUNE 4.30pm

Tickets £9.30 from Milton Keynes Town Hall; Virgin Milton Keynes, F.L. Moore Dunstable, Luton, Stevenage, Bletchley; M.B. Tickets Brighton, V & M Travel Tamworth, Midland Travel Banbury, Southwest Concert Club tel. 02372 79070, Treble Clef Fakenham, George Wortley Norwich, Eagle Coaches Bristol, Mays Coaches Colchester, Smiths Coaches Reading, Nick Wilson Crawley. Also priced £9.50 from London Theatre Bookings 01 439 3371, Albemarle 01 283 5944, Premier 01 240 2245, all branches of Keith Prowse 01 836 2184.

£10.00 ON THE DAY

NO CAMPING — NO CANS OR BOTTLES — GATES OPEN AT NOON

HOW TO GET THERE
Shuttle service to and from Bowl from Milton Keynes Central Station

UP THE HI

HALF PAST ONE on Portobello Road. Past the chippy, opposite the bookshop, within earshot of a man with an amplified mouth-harp honking and scything through Little Walter's greatest hits. The sun comes down hard on the cast of the street parade, on the bikes and push-chairs and the stalls, a crowded pavement where money changes hands, time is passed and everybody seems to be waiting for something different to happen.

And it does: one by one, The Clash appear. First Paul Simonon, dressed in his usual black, then Mick Jones in khaki pants, bleached denim jacket and huge Rasta cap, then Joe Strummer, greasy, stubbled and buttoned into his trench-coat.

OKAY! HERE WE GO!

JOE'S BACK AND TOPPER'S GONE

WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

That's approximately what Kosmo Vinyl had said a couple of hours earlier on the phone, so we deal with that.

This is Saturday, while the F.A. Cup Final is going on, and the previous Thursday, The Clash reunited in Amsterdam to play the last ever gig with Topper Headon. Strummer had returned after weeks of rumours — working as a navvy in Marseilles, fished up out of the river in Glasgow, what did *you* hear? Did you believe it? — from a sojourn in Paris, during which time two career politicians in dead schtuck with their punters while their countries were falling to pieces embarked on a joint military adventure to distract attention from the home front and wave a few flags around, an entire British Clash tour was cancelled and rearranged, and 'Combat Rock' had reached number two in the album charts.

Obviously, there are a few things to discuss.

First Topper. Why'd he go?

"It was his decision," Strummer replies. We're squeezed into a booth in the corner caff: Strummer hunched in the corner, Simonon and Jones opposite, Kosmo Vinyl at an adjoining table and Bernard Rhodes leaning over Strummer's shoulder anxious to answer the questions first.

"I think he felt . . . it's not too easy to be in The Clash. It's not as simple as being in a comfortable, we're-just-entertainers group, and he just wanted to do that, just play music. He's a brilliant multi-instrumentalist — what used to be called that — and it's a bit weird to be in The Clash at the moment. Well, it *was*. He has to sort of strike out in another direction, because I don't think he wants to come along with us. There are things that we all want to do . . ."

"We all feel the same," Jones chips in, "and he don't, really."

"We're going to continue as a trio," resumes Strummer.

"I'm going to play the drums," announces Simonon brightly.

"We're gonna get some guest drummers in, and they're gonna play with us whenever we want to make a record or play some shows."

OKAY. Why'd you vanish?

"Me? *(Who'd you think, Lord Lucan?—Ed)*. It's a long story."

Gonna tell it?

Strummer sighs. "Well . . . it was something I wanted to prove to myself: that I was alive. It's very much like being a robot, being in a group. You keep coming along and keep delivering and keep being an entertainer and keep showing up and keep the whole thing going. Rather than go barmy and go mad, I think it's better to do what I did, even for a month.

"I just got *up* and I went to Paris . . . without even thinking about it. I might have gone a bit barmy, you know? But anyway, I went to Paris, and I knew that there'd be a lot of people . . the fans were disappointed, the road crew had sold their motors to pay the rent fucking around with this lot. I knew a lot of people were going to be disappointed, but I had to go and I went and I'd recommend anybody else to do that if they have to.

"And once I got there . . . I only intended to stay for a few days, but the more days I stayed, the harder it was to come back because of the more aggro I was causing that I'd have to face there."

What about the agreements that you'd broken by going? Were you thinking of them?

"Yeah! We'd *never* blown out other gigs except for the time that Topper got stabbed in the hand with a pair of scissors. Even when the gear doesn't arrive and we're in a foreign city and the trucks are held up at the border, we'll still play the show by borrowing stuff off the support band or whoever we can get it from. We've got some *pride* in that direction — the show must go on blah blah — than to cut out *permanently*, you know?"

So what would have happened if you *hadn't* gone?

"I think I would have started drinking a lot on the tour, maybe. Started becoming petulant with the audience, which *isn't* the sort of thing that you should do . . . but it's very different now that Topper's left. It's back to the old trio now," he concludes with what can only be described as anticipatory glee.

So what did Simonon and Jones feel about the wandering Joe's pilgrimage?

"Well, I felt that anything he does is all right," replies Jones, staring out from under his cap. "Obviously we were disappointed that we weren't going off on tour and everything, and we were disappointed that some of our fans would be disappointed, but — I said this before while Joe was away — I felt sure that whatever he had was a good reason. And he's such an extraordinary person that it was fine: we could handle it. Hold the fort was what we did."

Were you in contact while Joey was away?

"No," volunteers Simonon. "We knew he was all right because he phoned his mum. He'd told her to keep schtum but I think Kosmo wore her down."

While you were away, did you consider not coming back at all, doing the full vanish?

"I don't think I had the . . . it's pretty hard to do that, to disappear for ever."

"Bernie was saying," says Jones, indicating in the general direction of Rhodes' manic grin and impenetrable shades, " 'Now this is like Brian Jones or Syd Barratt or something, now you're one of *these* group' so it *is* possible to vanish forever. Okay! We're The Pink Floyd now! And," he continues, warming to his theme, "Joe was Syd, Barratt."

Yeah, but he didn't vanish *physically*.

Jones considers this. "Ah no, that was Vince Taylor, wasn't it."

Was Joe thinking while he was away about what was going to have to be different when he got back?

"No, not really, I was just pleased to have an . . . escape. It's great bunking off work, really great — as you well know — and it was a bit of that. I was just enjoying being alive. *I just wanted to prove to myself that I was alive* . . . that I existed, that it wasn't over. It was okay. We're doing this firstly for ourselves . . ."

"And it helps clear the air, anyway" — Simonon — "The fact that he went just cleared the air and made you realise more of where you stood individually as well as to two other people, three other people, or whatever. I knew he was coming back."

Strummer picks up the thread again. "I was saying that we're supposed to be doing this for ourselves, and when you lose sight of that, you're in trouble, because you start to think, 'Those people out there don't really *care*' — that's the people who come and see you and buy your records. It's been a bit of a desert for us lately, but we're Number Two this week with the album — which is a real shock, I can tell you . . ."

OBVIOUSLY! While the sheer fact of a record's presence in the charts is not necessarily a relevant signifier, 'Combat Rock' is the most extreme and direct Clash album since the first, and its ready acceptance and acknowledgement by the purchasing public indicates that there's far more support than is often supposed both for The Clash themselves and for the militancy that they once again represent.

See, The Clash had become first accepted, then absorbed, then declared quaint, obsolete, null and void. As soon as it became 'safe' to like them and they started touring the States, it then became 'safer' not to. It was a short step from American pundits hailing them as the new greatest rock band in the world — the new Stones! The new Who! — to British True Punks and post-rock hipsters alike to regard them as just another Anglo-American success story, like Costello before he withdrew, or The Pretenders. Not hard enough for the Oi Polloi, too rockist for the dancetariat.

And I mean they really show their roots: there's good old Greasy Joe with his rockabilly fetish, and Ranking Paul skanking with the system, and Mick's *such* a poser, I always playing too loud . . .

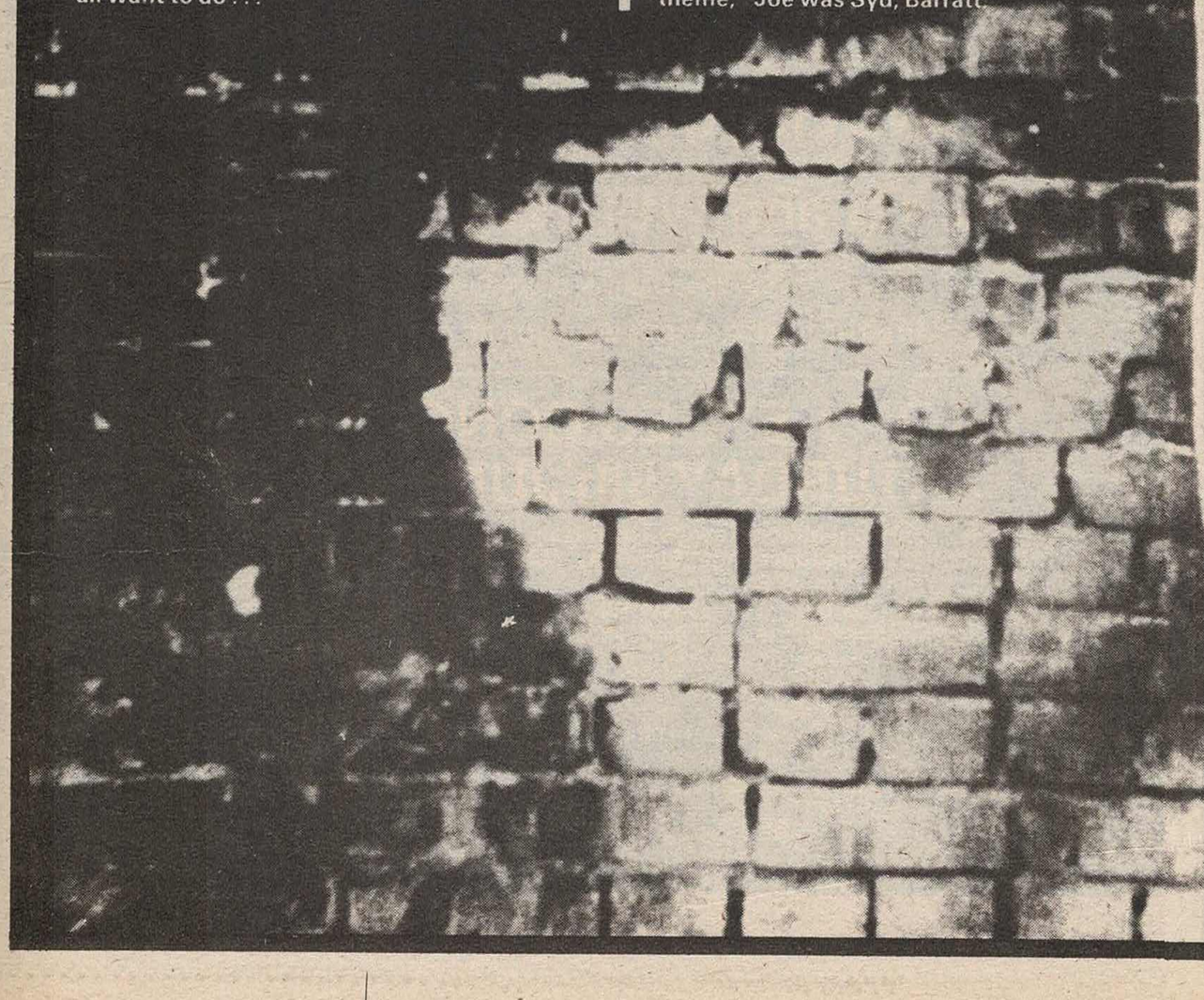
Plus all this romantic rebel guerilla chic, all the ethnic snippets . . . hopeless, boys. *Hopeless*.

The trouble is that — in the wake of 'Combat Rock' — none of that washes any more. X. Moore did the album all due honour a couple of weeks ago, so it only remains to state that it's a very *clear* album: the work of people who know exactly what they want to say and exactly how they want to sound. There is virtually no 'hard rock': none of the bull-dozing rabble-rousing power-chord anthems left over from 'Give 'Em Enough Rope', none of the easy warmth of parts of 'London Calling', none of the musical tourism and lucky-dip oddments of 'Sandinista'. They haven't united their sound and their vision more perfectly since their first LP, though both have broadened almost beyond recognition in the intervening period.

Listen to the way Strummer sings 'Straight To Hell' or 'Ghetto Defendant'. What you're hearing is not a presumptuous or impertinent attempt to associate with the alleged

"Here Paul, is that who I think it is?"

"Nah, couldn't be."



LL BACKWARDS

Joe's back, Topper's gone.

Bloody-minded but unbowed, The Clash tell Charles Shaar Murray why they still do it the hard way.

Off the wall photography: Anton Corbijn.

glamour of revolutionary war or urban repression, but genuine compassion for the victims of organised human stupidity and greed; an expression of a desire to draw attention to intolerable circumstances and to mobilise public opinion towards eradicating them. I don't know about you, but I respect that compassion.

'Combat Rock' says that playtime is over. Strummer says that it's very hard being in The Clash, and if they are taking what they're doing as seriously as the album would suggest, then it sounds like he's right. It's also very hard being *around* them: not in the sense that they're unpleasant or antagonistic, but they carry an atmosphere of tension with them, just as they did when they were starting out. A very strong sense of *purpose*.

'Combat Rock' was — as is obvious to anyone with any knowledge of the logistics of record-making — written, recorded and designed and packaged long before the Falkland Islands represented anything to anybody who didn't have relatives there, but synchronicity is *not* a myth and this album isn't just selling because it's good product from a popular band. I think it's selling because a large and significant number of people want to hear what it says. There's an *edge* on the album and there's an edge on The Clash again.

Once again, they are a profoundly *unreasonable* band. There is a lot of excellent entertainment about, and it is by no means all reactionary, but it *is* reasonable. The Clash aren't.

"AND we're going to go over to New Jersey and start a four-and-a-half week American tour, and then we're going to come back here and do the British tour that we should have done before — that's if we can find a drummer. After that we don't have any plans."

Mick Jones: "After that, we *all* disappear."

So what do The Clash *want* to do?

"We want to consolidate something — like *us*," replies Jones. "Coming together and then exploding out. Out of captivity, the captivity of people's expectations of us . . . and of being contained by the music industry, that situation of not being able to get out."

So how do you get what you want out of them without them getting what they want out of you?

"Simple!" snorts Strummer. "Make sure that you're in a position to be able to *say* what you want, make sure that you're ahead. But as soon as you're not in a position to do that, if you're not independent enough to do that, if we couldn't keep this thing going to the right pitch, then we'd be . . . CBS were coming around to us saying, 'Right, we've got these suits here and we've got a nice little number written by Andrew Lloyd Webber . . .'"

"And a nice idea for a new haircut," interrupts Jones.

". . . and that would become what we were putting out. It wouldn't be anything to do with us. You have to be independent enough to remember what you were there to do in the first place, or you're fucked. They've all got their lawyers and their legal scene well worked out before we were even born. It's very hard to go in there and not go under. I mean, the whole game is to get you so that you owe them so much money so that you can't say, 'No, I don't wanna do that' without them saying, 'So how are you gonna pay this?'"

Bernard Rhodes at this point launches a high-velocity dissertation on the subject of Control In The Media and the fact that The Clash don't seem to reap the benefits of the airplay shop-window. (This is, after all, only right and proper. I, for one, don't want a load of depressing rubbish about knowing your rights and not heeding the call-up on *my* shiny yellow airwaves).

". . . in fact," Jones sums up. "We've written a song about it. It's called 'Complete Control' and we hope to have it out for the summer."

Well, you can by-pass the radio if people will buy your singles whether they get airplay or not.

"We can do that because we've always put singles out whether they got played or not. People have said that we should just do albums, but we like singles too! But since 'Capital Radio' we haven't been played on Capital Radio." Mick doesn't sound too surprised about that, as it happens.

"I never thought we'd be Number Two in Britain. I really didn't," Strummer muses. Rhodes quietly tips a slug of brandy into Joe's cup of black coffee. "There really seems to be something against us here . . . over the last few years, since we started going round the world."

"People don't *understand*," Simonon interposes fiercely, "what 'Bored With The USA' was about. They haven't got a fucking *clue*. If people say 'Oh, The Clash did 'Bored With The USA' and they're always going over there' . . . they don't understand the bloody song in the first place!"

"I think that Britain is really insular" — Strummer — "They don't realise that there is a world out there. People who spend any amount of time in London can't believe that anything outside *London* exists. I like to travel . . ."

This would appear to be the case.

Another new factor in the existence of The Clash is the removal of one of the all-time great millstones: their financial debt to CBS Records. This liberation is due to the much-abused and admittedly unwieldy 'Sandanista!', which has quietly and unsensationally contrived to be purchased by approximately 197,000 people in this country alone. They are now out of hock for the first time, a state of affairs which they find highly satisfactory. It is, after all, at least as valuable in terms of independence as cash.

Kosmo Vinyl recounts that nearly every American college the band had visited last time round had featured a bulletin-board offer to tape anybody's choice of an hour's worth of 'Sandanista!' for around $3. American release of 'Combat Rock' has been delayed so that the sleeve can be reprinted without the 'Home Taping Is Killing Music' health warning. "We don't care *how* many people tape our records," he declares proudly.

What The Clash are in the process of becoming is — in spite of CBS Records — a genuinely Underground band (I am choosing, thoroughly arbitrarily, to define an 'underground band' as one which is denied access to radio and TV exposure for reasons other than unpopularity). This means that their music actually has to be *sought out*. To see The Clash you have to go to their gigs (whenever they happen to be), and to hear The Clash you have to buy their record (or tape it off someone else who's bought it). Embarking on this course means an awful lot of hard work: it means that the band have to stay in touch with their audiences and keep their interest — and in the case of The Clash, that also means retaining their trust — in order to make sure that their work continues to be sought out. Especially in the current climate, one is unlikely to hear 'Know Your Rights' or any of the vital album tracks on daytime radio or down the pub.

Current pop wisdom sayeth as follows: in order to create a popular success, something shiny must be dangled in front of people's eyes via electronic media. The only other way is via discos and the club scene, and The Clash are no more welcome there (apart from isolated breakouts like 'Magnificent Seven' and *maybe* 'Overpowered By Funk' from 'Combat') than they'd be on a Capital playlist.

Doing it The Clash's way on a worldwide basis therefore demands an insane amount of gigging, and as a famous '60s smart-ass who got very little airplay himself once remarked "Touring can make you crazy". The danger of thereby developing intermittent strangeness of the mental process would seem to be substantially increased by this policy, which would also deliver them right back into the got-to-tour-to-sell-the-records / got-to-sell-the-records-to-finance-the-tour noose that they've just got themselves *out* of.

The Clash are almost messianic in their intensity when it comes to 'providing an alternative' on the US live circuit. "Maybe they'll just think we're Van Halen with short hair," Strummer will surmise grimly. "Maybe they'll just be grunging out on the bass and drums and guitar."

"Maybe we could put on false beards and stovepipe hats and stick pillows up our T-shirts," suggest Mick Jones helpfully, "and put out a nice country and western song to get on the radio there . . . then we could do some dance stuff for the hipper areas . . ."

Three the hard way. I mean, up the hill backwards isn't half of it. In terms of conventional careerism, The Clash are nuts. They are a gang of loonies. They are out of their fucking minds.

They have created an objective which — virtually by definition — debars them from utilising crucial means necessary to achieve it. If they doubt their ability to get successful without getting sucked in, then they'll set it up so that they won't succeed. In other words, not getting sucked in is more important than succeeding on any but the most stringently proscribed terms.

To reiterate: The Clash are totally unreasonable. They work on the principal that the distinction between method and objective is artificial and spurious, and that therefore compromise must be kept to a minimum (noises off: rising murmur of 'CBS! CBS! Train In Vain!' etc). The thing is that the amount of compromise necessary to get a single as hard as 'Ghost Town' or 'Going Underground' on the air does not appear to have been crippling.

However, I admire The Clash's intransigence, and the best of 'Combat Rock' is as powerful as anything anybody's done for a while. Long may they continue to piss everybody off.

"It's very much like being a robot, being in a group ... Rather than go barmy I think it's better to do what I did ... I just got up and went to Paris."

JUST NOW there was almost a minute of uninterrupted gunfire on the radio, and the sound was almost too neatly set off by a police siren outside. Right now everybody's supposed to be jacked up to the back teeth with war fever, but just the same there's that dippy song about peace from the Eurovision Song Contest as Number One single last week and 'Combat Rock' mashing up the album chart.

There was a song I wanted to hear just then, but it wasn't on the radio. It went:

"It could be anywhere
Any frontier
Any hemisphere
No man's land
There ain't no asylum here
Go straight to hell, boys . . ."

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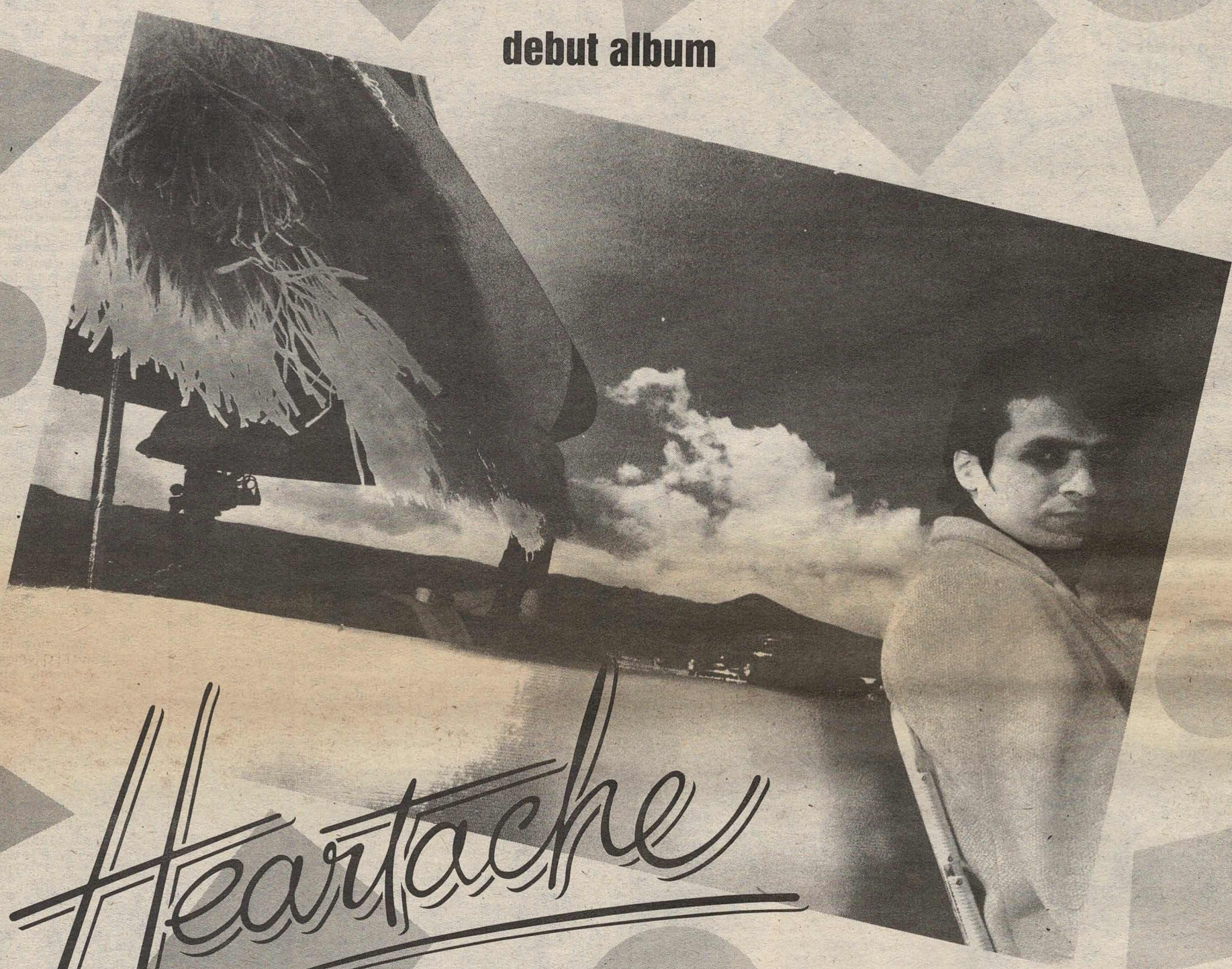

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CHRONICLES, CHRONICLES, CHRONICLES

Sue Coe — painting to subvert.

SUE COE
Art Never Sleeps

***NME* READERS will have some idea about the kind of visionary landscapes and suspended morality plays artist Sue Coe constructs, from her painting 'Street Rap' which appeared with Lloyd Bradley's March 13 piece on Gil Scott-Heron. But it was interesting to discover during the past week — prior to her first London exhibit in a year — what respect her work commands among the so-called cognoscenti of rock circles. At the reception which launched Chris Stein's portfolio of Blondie pics, Coe's name was on many tongues, always linked with words like 'respect, 'strong', and 'important'.**

Undoubtedly Coe — a Royal College of Art graduate who relocated in Manhattan almost ten years ago — is one of the most influential cultural producers of the past decade. But much of her effect has been through subversion: she's done every kind of work, from one-column 'spots' to visuals for glossies like *Esquire*, Canada's *Weekend*, *New Scientist*, *Graphis*, *Print*, Germany's *Pardon*, and Manhattan's *Village Voice* and *New York Times*. Recently, she has also illustrated Greil Marcus' 'Real Life Rock' column in *California* magazine.

Coe wants a mass market for the emotional messages she seeks to disseminate; but she doesn't tolerate alterations of the politics which inform them. When the *New York Times* recently removed portraits of Reagan from pieces of her art work they had commissioned, Coe and a close friend fought the change as an "art crime" — and won.

Sue Coe says she tries to avoid most contact with the "artistic community". "My friends who have regular jobs are the best critics of my work." Her current exhibition, 'Drums in the Night', is shared with Steven Murray, "a night cab driver in Manhattan who choses to depict the people he sees living out on the street . . . because he shows reality without sentiment, he receives no commission as an artist and he drives a cab to make a living." Coe says she and Murray "collaborate, discussing content and form — and we also work on each others' drawings".

Faces familiar from Manhattan's music scene float through many of Coe's scenarios (she uses friends, street people and photographs for the features of her figures), in which strong moods are established as much by strong principle as by the tools the artist choses — pencil, mixed media, cut-outs, handwriting and graffiti. The feeling is one of collusion — not just explicit, as when the subject involved is heroin, El Salvador, morality or Bobby Sands . . . There is also an emotional conspiracy, for Coe's work portrays humankind as implicitly united and their hardships, however heartbreaking or all-encompassing, as *common* ones.

Though Brecht and the Dadaists have obviously had an ideological impact (there are handwritten references to Brecht on various paintings, and one uses The Threepenny Opera as a metaphor), Sue Coe's real inspiration is day-to-day living and the type of truths obtained from interchanges with friends and strangers, with movies, music, theatre, street scenes, news photography and political event. Just after her arrival in the UK, she journeyed up to the women's peace protest at Greenham Common to see how it was going and to lend support. See her 'Drums in the Night' if you possibly can — they're beating for you, too.

Cynthia Rose

'Drums in the Night' will be at the Moira Kelly Gallery, 97 Essex Rd, London N1 2SJ (01-359 6429), from now until June 19. It can be viewed to the music of Suicide and the Last Poets during the hours of 11-6pm, Tues-Sat and 11-8pm on Thursdays. The exhibition is part of the 1982 Almeida Festival in Islington, which will also play host to 'Cage at 70' (a compendium of events celebrating the avant-garde composer's birthday, which includes discussions with him) and video works by Brian Eno and Robert Wilson. For full details of the Festival, write the Almeida Theatre, 1a/1b Almeida St, London N1 1TA, or phone 01-359 4404.

VOO DO IT!
Cult Figure's Occult Exhibition

Animalympics: Stalin's festishes from the farm.

JOHN STALIN is the working name of the artist whose 1979 'Secret Messages' exhibition of very pointed postcards at London's ICA sent shockwaves of pleasure through the capital's subcultures. But from June 4, Stalin will be one of four contributors to a new ICA exhibition — 'ZOOS'. And in this, his fans can see the artist operating from a new viewpoint. Stalin considers his postcards "a form of poetry".

"I'm capable of responding to things in a number of ways. . .emotionally, theoretically, aesthetically, pseudo-patriotically, or politically. Because I was taken to be so overtly political after 'Secret Messages', I very much questioned my own motives. . .even though they were absolutely pure when I began."

Stalin is aware of the power inherent in language and image. He was brought up abroad, speaking a different language(*not* Russian), "so I've had my own struggles with language." Then there are the very English questions of accent and slang "which matter to everybody somehow in their childhood, because kids are such bullies at school". Slang, he says, was a "forbidden thing" during his childhood, when his family wanted to safeguard a standard of 'manners': "so, as with all forbidden things, it gained a fascination".

Forbidden things are the subject of 'VOO DOO ZOO', his ICA contribution. 'VOO DOO ZOO' is comprised of 89 photos taken to investigate the occult manifestations animals have always held for human civilisations, via Stalin's "selection, treatment and juxtapositions". None of the original objects are "invested with any mystery of their own. . .no one made them for aesthetic purposes. The only skill I've brought to them was choosing how to view them. What visitors can bring is their speculation."

"You know the old situationist tenet," he says, "that the way to emasculate art politically is to give the new artist or artist/activist a lot of publicity — make him a 'name' and thus neutralise him? Well, that works in England. . .but it's also true that there's a huge network of actual restraints in this country which mean that nothing truly radical can actually *be* legally published; D-notices, the Official Secrets Act, libel laws, criminal libel, slander."

Stalin sees his own future in a more classic mold, however: "as an artist supporting myself off commercial publishing projects, the money from which can subsidise non-commercial work." He's anticipating his first trip to New York (where NYU is holding his first American exhibition), and is at work on no less than 16 'books' simultaneously. So far, neutralised he is not.

'ZOOS' (whose other contributors are French painter Gilles Aillaud, multi-media worker Duncan Smith, and Kerry Trengrove (installation-with-video), runs at London's ICA, Nash House, The Mall, London SW1 (01-930 3947) from June 4 — July 11. John Stalin's postcards are available in the ICA bookshop, or info about Stalin publications can be obtained by sending an sae to Artists Rifles, BCM SMERSH, London WC1.

Cynthia Rose

QUEENS of I AM

WHAT DO America's two punk priestesses (Lydia Lunch, left, and X's Exene Cervenka) have to discuss? Possibly the latest cassette controversy to rock California — in which rock groups of the sort they front (sporadically, in Lunch's case) are alledgedly employing a "subliminal seduction technique" known as "backward masking". The California Assembly, who have initiated proceedings to investigate this, contend that "on certain records there is a second track recording backwards that is capable of manipulating people and which constitutes a warrantless, unconsented and outrageous invasion of the subconscious mind". (Something clearly *other than* what rock has been up to for years, eh?). Besides the obvious hardcore offenders about to be hauled before the

Lydia and Exene — subliminal seduction.

Assembly Consumer Protection and Toxic Materials Committee are surprise contenders Styx (whose 'Snowblind' is supposed to say "Oh Satan, move in our voices") and ELO (whose 'El Dorado' apparently gabbles "Christ, you're the nasty one").

Now actual legislation is forthcoming, numbered AB 3741, but not until autumn. That leaves all of the spring and summer Stowaway season for Ms Lunch to corrupt people's cortexes through her Reach Out International A101 tape (Eight-Eyed Spy live with Lunch). ROIR, former booking agents Neil Cooper's cassette-only company which doles out live performances on tape, is celebrating a year's anniversary in June.

Their latest release is the first 'professional' live gig by the now-notorious Germs, featuring an intro by Go-Go Belinda Carlisle and 'personality' Rodney Bingenheimer of KROQ, followed of course by the howls'n'yowls of the late

Bobby Pyn (Darby Crash). These are the same ten songs originally issued on the now-deleted Scalp platter, and they were recorded at the Whisky in 1977 (days of the Dils, Skulls and Weirdos) by none other than Kim Fowley.

ROIR will commemorate their anniversary with the special issue-in-conjunction of four new tapes later in June: 'Coffee Break' by the Human Switchboard, 'Load and Go' by the Scientific Americans, 'Pure Power Funk' by Alfonia Tims and his Flying Tigers, plus a selection of Manhattan Hardcore presently being co-compiled by the manager of NYC's black hardcore band the Bad Brains (its tentative title is 'New York Thrash). ROIR cassettes are available mail order for $8.00 each plus $1.25 postage from ROIR, Suite 214, 611 Broadway, New York City, NY 10012 USA.

Cynthia Rose

FINE PRINT, Cafeteria-Style

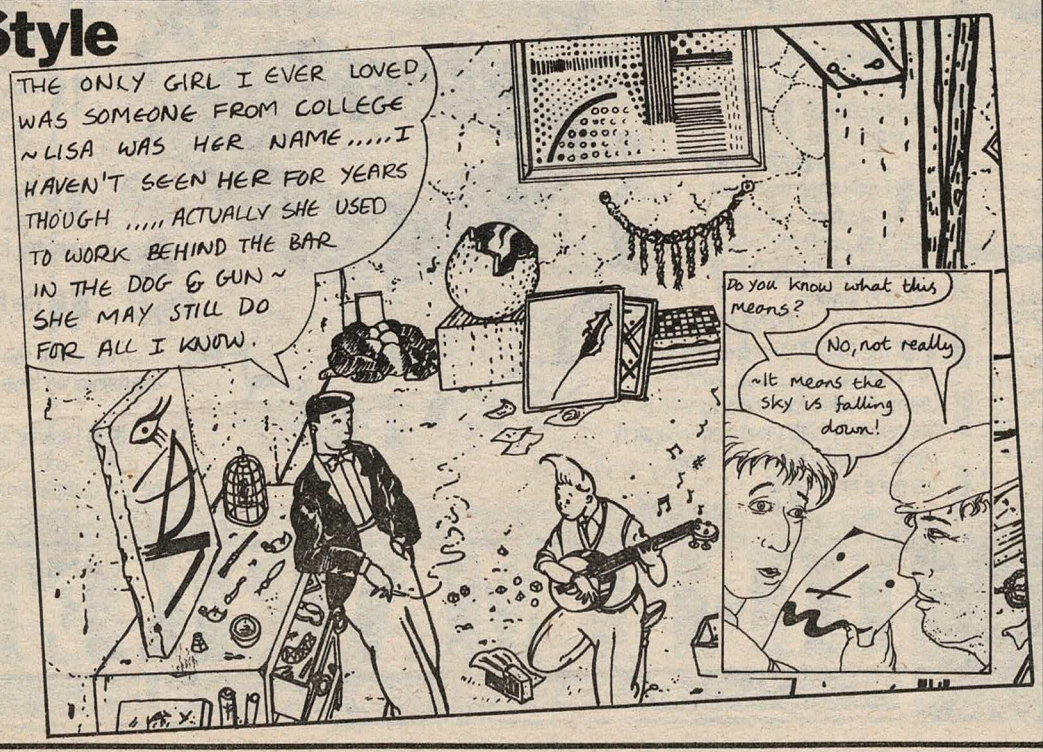
A7 are a mini-stripzine company 'using the comic format to produce alternatives and say something a bit different'. Homegrown they may be, but their little artefacts are available on a reliably regular basis. They're also regularly amusing, to judge by two examples: *Gimbley's Believe It Or Not* and *The Sky's Falling In*, the former an updated romance comic and the latter a neat visual poem. *A7* is run by Phil Elliott who also runs Fast Fiction, an organisation started under a year ago as an umbrella producer/distributor for alternative graphics and comic-format work.

Launched on slim financial resources, *FF* uses the London Comic Markets as their distribution base — there they invest in a table but invite any other editors or artists to leave any sort of creation on it.

"The response to the past four marts has been amazing," says Elliott — who's considering the hire of a second table. The *FF* stall has become a meeting place for amateur artists, writers and editors of all sorts and the *FF* team are eager to hear from more folks of the same ilk. Their next public appearance will be at the June 5 Comic Mart in Westminster Central Hall, London, where those who visit them can peruse a whole line of goodies including 'Trash', 'The Alternative Headmaster's Bulletin', 'God Crazy' and 'The Madness' as well as their own *FF* products. Anyone who is interested can contact Fast Fiction with details of a new project, via: Ian Wieczorek, 141 Brecknock Rd, Tufnell Park, London N19;

A7 comics can be ordered for 10p + postage from Flat 3, 215 Bexley Rd, Maidstone, Kent.

Cynthia Rose


THE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVED, WAS SOMEONE FROM COLLEGE ~LISA WAS HER NAME.....I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR YEARS THOUGH ..... ACTUALLY SHE USED TO WORK BEHIND THE BAR IN THE DOG & GUN ~ SHE MAY STILL DO FOR ALL I KNOW.
Do you know what this means?
No, not really
~It means the sky is falling down!

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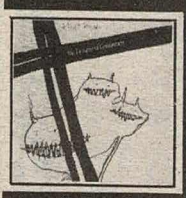

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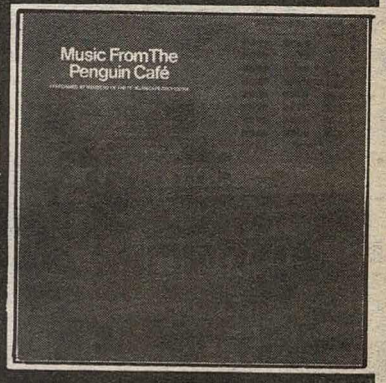

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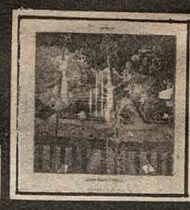

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LPs

POISE WITHOUT THE POSE

ROXY MUSIC

Avalon (Polydor)

AVALON . . . ANCIENT name for that sacred site, once a swamp-isolated island, now called Glastonbury, mystical focus for that nexus of myths and legends enshrouding Britain's distant past. Most of all, Avalon was the Celtic other-world where the dying King Arthur, hope and saviour of his people, was carried by spectral ferry (Ferry? Did someone say . . .), not to rot but to rest, and await a future age.

In arcane British mythology, then, Avalon represents immense sadness, a sense of loss — or maybe something not so final as that, more a yearning sense of separation. Roxy Music's title-track 'Avalon', on the other hand, makes no reference to history or legend at all. Which could mean either (a) that the start of this review is a total waste of your time, or (b) that Avalon's bearing on this music works in a vaguer way, such as the inspiration of a certain mood. (Ferry's album-writing often starts with just a title.) Certainly the cover-art — classy as ever — plays the Arthurian card quite literally. And the feel of the music inside, well, that too inclines me to conclusion (b).

'Avalon' feels like a very unified album, in a way which is satisfying rather than monotonous. Overall, its approach is soft, a little mournful, consistently mellow without blandness. There are no hard-edged numbers; its predecessor LP 'Flesh And Blood', by comparison, sounds almost abrasive. And it could make 'Manifesto' sound like the first Clash album. I don't care that 'Avalon' isn't gutsy, or loud, or especially political, or any of the things I might value in other bands; the fact is Roxy have made a record which conveys emotion, intelligently, and it's nice to listen to. And where

The Bounty Hunters

'Avalon' works best, it works beautifully well.

Matters commence with the recent 45, 'More Than This'; not one of your trancendant singles, but an enticing invitation into an album. The style never varies too much after that. Still, there's a kaleidoscopic cast of backing musicians (guitarist Neil Hubbard, drummer Andy Newmark and bassist Alan Spencer being the most regular). And then there's the crucial Three: Phil Manzanera lacing all with guitar-patterns as delicate as spider-webs, Andy Mackay's sax, more subdued and integrated, and of course Our Bryan, emoting bravely with nervous grace (and probably, in your mind's eye, nearly-dancing with endearing awkwardness, facial features ever-straining after a settled expression they'll never achieve). The lyrics are few and sparse, but they carry an admirable precision and genuine elegance (in the un-camp, uncheapened sense of that word).

'Avalon', the track itself, highlights side one, one of Ferry's most affecting compositions to date, smoothly followed (for there are no jolts on this record) by an instrumental, 'India'. The other *great* Roxy song on this album occurs mid-way on side two, namely, To Turn You On', which first emerged as B-side to last year's 'Jealous Guy' single. The key-note, here, is something like pathos, but it's no hollow pose — sure, the *poise* may be calculated, worked on, but that doesn't deny the feeling underneath.

What else? The next track 'True To Life' perks up proceedings, being rhythmically brisker, and yet it conjures up only the *dream* of nightlife dancing, instead of re-creating the pulsating reality — a technique in keeping with 'Avalon's' distanced, reflective character. And finally, a very brief instrumental called 'Tara'. Tara, long-lost home of the Irish kings, re-refers to the album's Celtic motif. Or Maybe — Ta-ra — it's just Bryan's way of saying goodbye. (After all, it's a pun I swear he's pulled once before: check the ending of 'For Your Pleasure'.)

The record *does* sign off with a wave — the crashing, watery variety, that is. In Celtic lore, encroaching water symbolised the gulf between man and his dream of completeness. What does it all mean? I haven't the faintest fucking idea.

Paul Du Noyer

CAPTURED BY THE GAME

BLONDIE

The Hunter (Chrysalis)

PUT ANOTHER dime in the juke-box, baby! Blondie still love graunchy old rock 'n' roll! Don't be deceived when they occasionally modify their perfectly-rounded rifferama with a modicum of Moroder or when Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Debbie permits herself the odd nod in the direction of the rap masters. Blondie love rock 'n' roll in all its worst excesses. In fact they have been doting over the bloated beast for the past five years.

This is the sixth Blondie album, their worst to date. At a time when the best new British pop is pushing forward at an invigorating post-punk pace, Blondie could hardly sound any safer, saner, stodgier or more senile. Put them in the thriving, vital and alive context of the current UK Top Fifty, for all its foppish flaws, and Blondie are just a bunch of loveless old lags; pale, middle-aged hipsters politely fading into the wallpaper at a house-party for bright young things.

Blondie may have had some spectacular single moments — 'Heart Of Glass' and 'Rapture' were both immense records, simply beyond reproach — but, apart from that breathless, brittle debut LP, they have never been able to produce an attractive album. This is their first for well over a year, excluding Deborah Harry's 'Kookoo' catastrophe of last summer, and you really wonder why they bother: there is nothing remotely new or exciting about 'The Hunter', from its tacky mock-tribal sleeve to the formularised frigidity of the songwriting; from the patent limitations of the Harry voice to those routine rock riffs that *da boize in da band* return to with such raunchy regularity.

'The Hunter' is ten Blondie originals and one cover, Smokey Robinson's elegant, delicate 'The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game', first recorded by The Marvellettes and quite the strongest song on the album, though still a surprising choice when you consider that Grace Jones recently gave the song a far more radical re-interpretation courtesy of the Sly and Robbie rhythm section at Compass Point.

None of the originals — largely collaborations between Harry and partner Chris Stein with a couple of tracks apiece from bassist Nigel Harrison and keyboard player Jimmy Destri — are in the same class. Had they been sent as demos to a record label, they would have been rejected outright by any quality-conscious A&R man, yet here they are on hard, black vinyl, obscene and

Debs **Pic: Ebet Roberts**

embarrassing to the point of grotesque self-parody.

'War Child' retreads the territory of 'Atomic', knee-deep in sexual symbolism, while the current 'Island Of Lost Souls' single is not more than a lame attempt to re-write the 'Tide Is High' hit. Even worse are the two 'epics', the sombre 'Orchid Club' and the preposterous 'Dragonfly', an incredibly indulgent tale of interstellar whacky races which takes the 'Rapture' spaceman rap to ludicrous extremes

Only on the more straightforward pop stuff — 'For Your Eyes Only', 'Danceway' and 'Find The Right Words' — does Debbie write and sing with feeling and effect, her songs for the most part hitting the depths of desperate mediocrity.

Despite the spectacular flop of 'Kookoo' last year, this album will doubtlessly sell and sell. Sadly, there are still a lot of people around who will buy a Blondie record on *face* value. On musical merit, however, 'The Hunter' deserves to be the final nail in their coffers.

Adrian Thrills

JUNIOR: GROWING UP TOO FAST?

JUNIOR GISCOMBE

Ji (Mercury)

ANYONE WHO is counting on 'Ji' being our very own home-grown 'Off The Wall' had better prepare for an anti-climax. That Junior (ne Giscombe) can sing is not in doubt; that he's a STAR with the future of British soul music in his hands should be. Because he's actually pretty dumb. The most prodigious thing exhibited on this record is his innocence.

Of course: 'Mama Used To Say', you say. Of course: vastly superior to anything Linx have ever done. And of course: it's now taken on the dimensions of an anthem — like 'Brand New Pigbag' it's been hanging around for months and you *still* can't get away from it. So: 'Mama' isn't the dawning of a new age, but it's as good as Linx hypothetically doing The Gap Band's 'Burn Rubber'.

Indeed, Junior is already as purposefully poised at the crossroads of funk and soul as those premier funk diluters the Gaps. His success in the States will be a lesson to the Britfunk scene in general. But is this kid hard or is he soft?

He's about half-way. If, as some have suggested, he is a true presentiment of the domain of Wonder, if he's really playing a young Stevie to Dave Grant's possible Smokey, then like SW he too can sound mellifluous and fleshless and unlonging. It's a voice that hasn't SEEN enough.

So that's romance? Has the True Brit soul scene ever approached torment in its articulation of the usual themes? How much more pat can you get than Linx? The cry of a soul voice should be the purest tracing of the heart's path towards loss, not simply a barometer of dance steps. Instead of cruising like a ghost through this muted, listless terrain which is at once neither dance not heartache, Soul must return to itself.

Smokey's mom told him he better shop around, Junior's says he musn't rush to get old. But two-thirds of the record is content to rush precisely that way. Contrary to previous indications, Junior has no great hold on the shape, the propulsion, the innate energy of a song, but more important, Linx producer Bob Carter is definitely no Quincy Jones. Effectively he's responsible for coating 'Ji' in a patina of muso varnish that does ill credit to its few stirring chunes. Having to compensate for the gaping absence of a houseband kernel, he is continually sticking on synthesizers and mellotrons like masking tape and smudging rhythm into the background.

Alongside the fuming shove and arse-grind of records like the Strikers' 'Body Music' or The Peech Boys' 'Don't Make Me Wait', Junior's engine-room runs on a pretty innocuous generator. 'Mama' alone has got what it takes — dance threat, strutting youth, physical stamina. Otherwise Carter never aims very far beyond the most pedestrian competence.

'Love Dies' is a fair take on the Jacksons and features Junior's best singing on the album, but 'Let Me Know' is 1969-period Wonder with a gloved-fist disco bomp and totally stylised vocals. Worst of all is the tedious hackwork of 'Down Down' and 'I Can't Help It', two cosy and characterless dance ballads that come a dime-a-dozen in Record Plant L.A. As the only other number apart from 'Mama' remixed by Tee Scott, 'Too Late' is an improvement, but the interesting verses lose out to the flaccid chorus. At least on 'Darling You' Junior sounds like Chaka Khan.

Talking of which, drop everything and listen to Arif Mardin's production of Chaka Khan on 'I Know You, I Live You', the utter brilliance of which I cannot begin to speak. Or go back to 'Off The Wall' itself and hear MJ being tossed and turned on a hundred waves of beat — a thousand spasms of love!

Bob Carter is obviously one of those producers who gets unsettled by the appearance and possibility of silence as a part of rhythm, and therefore cannot help but turn 'Ji' into background listening, the purpose of which is to paper over peeling souls. When was the last time you heard a soul voice *break down, fall apart* in the shell of your ear? Inside this clotted production, where every instrument sounds like a rock instrument, Junior's voice is as physically impotent as a fly in amber.

Its breath never reaches you.

Because Junior is a new Brit, and because 'Mama' is really not a half-bad first effort, we pay 'Ji' the courtesy of patient investigation. When, however we hold it up to countless American soul albums overlooked every week it disappears into the grey ocean of soul muzak without so much as a struggle.

Barney Hoskyns

The Art Ensemble *Illustration: Ian Wright*

BURNING BUSHMEN

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

Urban Bushmen (ECM)

THERE ARE over 90 minutes of music on 'Urban Bushmen', a 1980 German concert recording. There are conch shells, piccolos, bass saxophones, pan drums and elephant horns; a parade ground march or two; an 'Ancestral Meditation' that explores the lowest frequencies with such understated nobility it is literally spellbinding.

There are glockenspiels, Bb flutes and bike horns; there is an entire suite of 'Urban Magic', Chicagoan blues on a warm night, a raffish promenade, a serious-minded soliloquy on the RM express; there is Joseph Jarman's unyielding pride and lacerating wit.

There is 'New York Is Full Of Lonely People', an extension of the blues that is sorrowful without surrendering itself to easy sentimentality; there's Roscoe Mitchell's humility in transmitting the endless resource of Afro-American music; there are drum passages that shape a universe of rhythm so removed from jazz and rock time as to sound almost unearthly.

There is . . . we should avoid this messianic trait. There may be something of the superman about each of the members of this group — and there is no group like this one — but it is a human music, as subject to temper and tiredness and fleshy failing as any other. The Art Ensemble do bad gigs — and in assimilating an entire music as they do they can take wrong turnings or overplay certain hands.

Manfred Eicher was fortunate in recording (in pristine detail — no AEC concert has ever been captured so clearly as this) an exceptional performance here.

Eleven compositions are listed but they flow together as if it were a single idea, a collective breath. An AEC show can be an uncomfortable ride to go on: this is not mere entertainment, the Western dilution of a music which at its root is maintained by a different set of social functions. The Art Ensemble never let you forget that, and in a piece like Jarman's extended 'Theme For Sco' our involvement is as limited as it is in Fela Kuti's 'Original Sufferhead'.

Yet they are *urban* bushmen. While Jarman, Malachi Favors and Don Moye are painted in full tribal regalia, Lester Bowie has his lab technician's coat. They are a Chicago group and their derivations are influenced by two continents.

And there is a universality in this Great Black Music that cannot leave you cold. This group is the touchstone for the new instrumentalism: its skills represent the articulacy of an unparalleled inspiration. All I have to say — you should have this record.

Richard Cook

WAR STORIES

TOM VERLAINE

Words From the Front (Virgin)

TOM VERLAINE is one of the last great rock musicians to come out of America; and the neglect he's suffered, after two brilliant records, is symptomatic of the exclusive disdain accorded to current American music. If you apply that prejudice to 'Words From The Front' then the conceit is yours.

Verlaine's complete re-think of traditional rock structure — a concern made awesomely apparent as far back as the first song on 'Marquee Moon', 'See No Evil' — reached a vertiginous peak in last year's 'Dreamtime', a record (almost universally ignored) which delivered a crescendo of deeply disquieting songs of a guitar-based definition that slobbish megachord hacks could never visualise.

If it was flawed by anything, though, 'Dreamtime' finally emerged as *too* overwrought, as if Verlaine was excessively determined to exorcise his cold fish image. 'Words From The Front' is paler, less stacked with the charnelhouse frenzy of its predecessor. It plays like a continuous cold sweat; and it harnesses his sometimes miscalculated sense of the epic to a sequence of ideas of hurtful poignancy.

Because Verlaine is as ensnared as any of our own contemporary romantics in love's sorrowful web. 'True Story', the centrepiece of the first side, is the most lucidly affecting love song he's conceived since 'Days'; and if the others are more abstract in content they turn on points of lyrical detail that suspend images like glimpsed spectres — *"It comes on the dark:These ridiculous dreams"* or *"I opened it up/ Light upon light upon light"*.

Only 'Words From The Front', a chilling progression from 'Foxhole', has a particular terrain. *"John died last night/He had no chance/Beneath the surgeon's drunken hands . . . One word I hear all the time/This word I hear/BLIND. BLIND."* Verlaine's quavering thrush of a voice trembles over ravines of breakdown at many key moments — my brain bell jangles, but I'm in sympathy.

What cannot be dismissed is the way intellect, yearning, melody and a rhythmic memorybank combine to suffuse all seven songs with a multi-directional embrace. The opening 'Present Arrived' unreels the sort of guitar lick that most would be glad to base a whole record on; Verlaine plays flashlite improvisations off it, has the drums alternate between a genuine pulse and mere semaphore and stokes a checked conflagration by the close — it's astounding, though the following changes of 'Postcard From Waterloo', bedecked in grave tremolo elegance, are made to seem a slight interlude before the ensuing 'True Story'.

The way Verlaine sets his guitars recalls the electric bells of The Byrds, and his own stylistic nuances of crabbed pace and obsessive single note twanging have elicited fairly simplistic comparisions with Neil Young. But though this rock primer always informs his outlook, Verlaine's alien application of such iconographic elements speaks of an entirely different idea. 'True Story' is a classical rock

Vic Godard *Pic: Peter Anderson*

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

Tom Verlaine *Pic: Peter Anderson*

love song that is *inward-looking* — it ignores the totemic grandstanding of (fill in your favourite here) and concentrates on its interior corridors. Guitars are gradually and unexpectedly criss-crossed until the frame has grown complete. The result is the creation of an intimacy almost unique in this music.

'Clear It Away' considers it from another perspective. Here the instruments are clipped and pared in a dub-like atmosphere until only a rhythmic skeleton remains. And in the final 'Days On The Mountain' Verlaine locates his masterpiece. Seeing a nine-minute track induces thoughts of a mistimed epic — instead we're gifted a reverberant watercolour. The singer haunts a lonely, wind-torn landscape; a metronomic beat pads imperviously as a carillon of guitars translates his feelings. The closing moments provide the most beautiful music Verlaine has yet made.

'Words From The Front' is a re-evaluation of rock that strikes with a stunning clarity. It is also the unanswerable reply to 'Heaven Up Here'. Still waiting for that moment of gold? Here it is.

Richard Cook.

HEAVEN UP HERE

SUN RA

Strange Celestial Road (Y)

LOUDER! GENIUS at work!

Sun Ra, the world's foremost exponent of wild and studied joyful noise, releases on average some three to six LPs a year, slipping things out on his own El Saturn label as they reach a certain level of development, and getting on with the next project. It's a conscientious ad hoc "schedule" which allows him to roam ever odder paths and saves him getting stale. He's probably released more LPs than anyone alive, though no one's sure exactly how many; a conservative estimate would figure in three figures, all the same.

Besides the Saturn stuff, there's sessions and reissues dotted here and there on tiny jazz labels, some of which are gems: the lazy, cool 'Lanquidity' on Philly Jazz, the brassy tribal pomp of 'Nubians Of Plutonia' (Impulse), and, above all else, the 'Strange Celestial Road' which first appeared on stateside folkie outlet Rounder Records some two years ago, here snatched up and snorted out excitedly by Disc O'Dell's inquisitive and healthy Y Records. What a catch! I mean, it's only the single greatest record ever made . . .

. . . or, to be a little more precise, contains the single greatest piece of music ever made. 'I'll Wait For You' lasts 15 minutes, all of side two, and it's the most *exhilarating* thing I've ever encountered, surpassing both early Ubu and the Chrome of 'Half Machine Lip Moves' by riding closer to the edge for longer, and doing acrobatics out there too.

'I'll Wait For You' is a river of chaos, with all the instruments going in the same direction, following the flow but babbling over rock and rapids, splashing sprays of notes around and seeking deeper undercurrents, eddies and the like: just when you think it's going to burst its banks and flood aimlessly over the landscape, the bass or keyboard pulls it all together and sends it gushing round the next bend.

Unlike most modern jazz, hidebound by pointless technical dexterity, individual performances don't really matter with Ra's Arkestra (it's far too difficult and TOTALLY BESIDE THE POINT to separate the various component strains, like judging a car by the magnificence of its handbrake): a snatch of horns, or reeds, or vibes, and on, all sublimated wildly in the Arkestra's tightly-disciplined anarchy.

Ra does, however, place great stress on muscular rhythm sections, especially the bass, here handled with deft extravagance and funky touch by two young chaps with the unlikely names of Richard Williams and Steve Clarke: whenever there's a hint of things falling *too* apart, one of these gents (or both?) will swoop right in and set things back on course. There are 27 musicians involved here, probably all at once, with 27 different ideas and interpretations of the single piece: a wild, ecstatic communal search . . . for what?

I'm buggered if I know, but I'll tag along for the time being.

'Celestial Road' itself's a more mundane, urbane affair, a space-travel singalong in honourable Arkestra tradition, but 'Say' fares better, throwing great wedges of interlocking brass along a descending chord sequence, with plenty room for Ra, right-hand tenor man John Gilmore and others to give a more extensive solo account of themselves.

Ra's synth solo, a delight of white noise and whine, verges on the comical — and why not? Humour is no sin, especially when its blade is sharp and double-edged as Ra's. Why *shouldn't* sublime musics bear the titles 'Dance Of The Cosmo-Aliens' and 'The Utter Nots', and their maker garb himself in lurid robes and vestments? By adhering to the most outrageous systems of belief, Sun Ra challenges us to show him any better "serious" values from "our" world, then mocks them with a perfect piece of organised chaos like 'I'll Wait For You'.

Ra *is* didactic, and his message is simply that *there is more in heaven and earth than you already know about;* and that finding out can be a lot of fun. And . . .

. . . a lot of other stuff besides.

Andy Gill

Sun Ra *Pic: Jacques Bisceglia*

WHISKY A NO-NO?

VIC GODARD

Songs For Sale (London)

The players: Vic Godard and his remodelled Subway Sect. The scene: a weekly residency at the steamy Whisky A Go Go. Surrounded by the bright lights and sleaze of Soho, sharp suits and Tony Curtis haircuts, Vic and his feather-brushing cohorts were launched last summer as lynch pins for an - oh - golly - isn't - it - all - so - exciting new swing and jazz era.

Then and now, like many new romances, the idea of the fatigued '80s looking to a mythical wonderland of the '30s and '40s to revitalise itself is OK on paper but sounds terrible in practice. As the weaknesses become more and more pronounced — lame arrangements, dull singing, no sense of timing or magic — the conceit becomes more irksome.

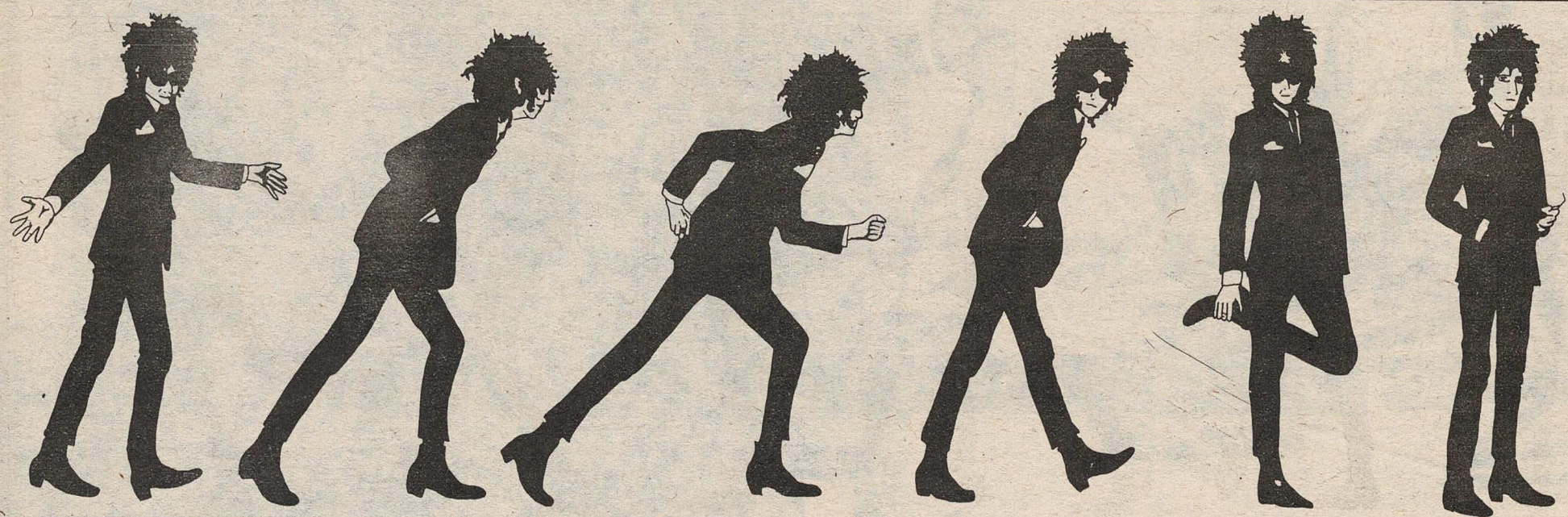
Because, despite his unprepossessing manner and bland presentation, there is an underlying conceit behind the songs Mr Godard is presently hawking. The imagery and the mnemonics, both musical and lyrical, are sculpted directly from those bygone days in a way that asks you to believe that these compositions exist in a vacuum, coming straight to you from the past — untainted and unblemished by what has happened since. You have to have a genuine talent to carry such a stroke off or else it seems like a jaded, insular London music scene let's - think - of - something - quick idea — and Vic painfully doesn't have that special something.

After the snappy happy 'Hey Now I'm In Love', the problems start. The biggest of these is Vic's voice, which has all the consistency and appeal of cold semolina. Lurking around every corner are arrangements which reek like a giant vat of ancient Danish blue, while the group shamelessly dollop out sashays of rinky dinky advertising jingles and Vic slides alongside oozing tuneless smarm.

The fact is he can't even carry it off *respectably* (which wouldn't be so bad even if respectability is only a code word for mediocrity). 'Songs For Sale' is a superficial and contrived approximation of the things it would like to be (stylish, soulful, sussed) and is much too tacky to be considered a reverent or endearing pastiche. Far be it from me to use words like opportunist, but y'know . . .

Vic used to be known as a 'maverick' talent; maverick is a strange word because more often than not rock critics use it to describe supposed 'talents' that they're all too afraid to say amount to much more than a pile of horseshit. From where I stand (I could move but it suits me fine at the moment) it looks like Vic has grown tired of being a cult and is going for the bigtime with a suit of new clothes and a style he hopes will keep enough people entertained so they won't worry about the content. Dig a little deeper and all you find is limp love letters straight from the clothes horse's hollow heart.

Gavin Martin



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T-Bone Walker: the split was amicable

BLUE MOVERS

T-BONE WALKER
Plain Ole Blues (Charly)

JOE LUTCHER'S JUMP BAND
Joe Joe Jump (Charly)

JULIA LEE
Tonight's The Night (Charly)

JOHNNY OTIS SHOW
Rock'N'Roll Revue (Charly)

THE FIVE KEYS
It's A Groove (Charly)

GIMME ANOTHER shot of that juice! Charly Records' latest set of excavations from Our Rhythmic Heritage cover the '40s and '50s — chronowise — and stylistically cover the ground from jump blues to doowop with plenty of stops in between, even leaving some scope for Johnny Otis and *his* crazed assortment of pop-blues novelties.

There's nothing wrong with any of it whatsoever, but the ones that have connected most solidly and subjectively with this writer are the T-Bone Walker and Julia Lee items. Walker first: T-Bone was the first blues guitarist to apply lessons learned from the VERY GREAT Charlie Christian (electricity and a jazzman's dexterity and harmonic sophistication) to his own field, and the results were wonderful: Walker can be directly credited with inspiring B.B.King and everybody who came after *him*. Walker's style was warm, deft, soulful, light and witty: he was based on the West Coast and his music was — literally! — miles away from the heavy, raucous electric blues just starting up in Chicago. This music uses piano, horns (including some *fierce* trumpet and tenor stuff) and swing tempos behind T-Bone himself; *this* is the summertime blues that there ain't no cure for, and — as such — cannot be recommended too highly.

The Julia Lee album collects material from assorted sessions which took place between 1944 and 1952 in Kansas City and Los Angeles, and it's warm, expansive, poignant and sensual. Julia Lee herself was never exactly a household name, but she certainly did no dishonour to the tradition in which she worked: that established by Ma Rainey, Ida Cox, Bessie Smith and Billie Holliday. 'Tonight's The Night' contains 16 examples of the way that the multiple-entendre blues-ballad can be humorously erotic without ever becoming tasteless, no mean achievement when you're dealing with songs bearing titles like 'My Man Stands Out', 'All This Beef And Big Ripe Tomatoes' and 'Don't Come Too Soon.'

Joe Lutcher, meantime, comes to you from the year 1947, and he does his West Coast jump blues absolutely straight. Occupying that territory and making forays into swing, bop, horrible ballads and the like, Lutcher sings in a rather too unassuming voice, but makes up for it with a distinct and tasty line in alto saxophone eruptions.

This leaves us with Johnny Otis and his cast of thousands (Marie Adams and The Three Tons Of Joy, Marci Lee, Mel Williams) taking on a succession of enthusiastic and stylish R&B novelties including the originals of 'Willie And The Hand Jive' and 'Crazy Country Hop', ballads, jive and the unspeakably dictionist 'Mumblin' Mosie'; and The Five Keys, who spent the front half of the '50s developing their craft and laying down a succession of influential but obscure vocal group set-pieces in a variety of styles and tempos ranging from the kind of performances that would influence Leiber & Stoller's work with The Coasters through to the hilariously solemn and syrupy.

Sometimes it seems that every single record ever made is going to be reissued — except for the ones I want to get, like Ray Charles' original Atlantic sides, Otis Spann's 'Bottom Of The Blues' and stuff like that — so it's good to know that it isn't all scattershot and that if we've got to put up with ancient cack like The Tornados coming back, that we've also got the likes of Julia Lee and T-Bone Walker to (re)discover. What goes around comes around . . . and this is the *last* call for alcohol.

Charles Shaar Murray

ALIENS COME DOWN TO EARTH

CHROME
Third From The Sun (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)

'THIRD FROM The Sun' is Chrome's eleventh album since their debut in 1977, but it seems they now believe they can escape the Cult Status and clean up in the market-place.

Chrome '82 can be compared to Killing Joke (now fallen flat), but easily surpass them. That said, they made records in the past which surpassed just about everybody . . .

The Chrome soundscape was scarifyingly alien. Mercilessly violent riffs and seething washes of Neu-style noise overwhelmed. Distant, distorted voices would sneer and conspire; a dream-like collage of overheard urban detritus — TV, traffic, machinery — insinuated, unsettled and threatened. An unstoppable force of pitiless, inhuman rhythm carried all before it. Yet themes, rhythms and textures would dissolve, reconstruct and ricochet round your cranial vault — the already hostile ground kept shifting under your feet.

The total experience was truly nightmarish, but wildly exciting, leaving you drained, almost exorcised.

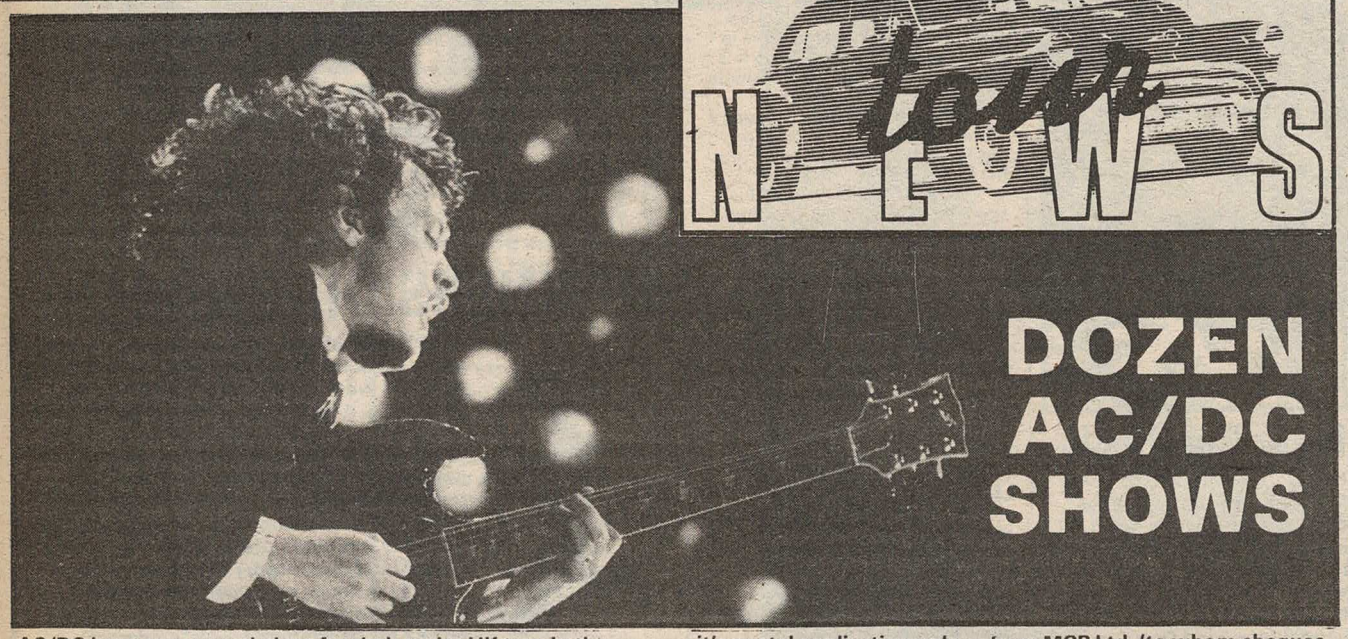
The Chrome classics 'Half Machine Lip Moves' and 'Red Exposure' would be the perfect soundtrack to Philip K. Dick's *A Scanner Darkly*. Relentless automobile rhythms, incandescent Californian landscapes, temporal dislocation, narcotic paranoia in the future-apocalyptic tense. Chrome's Damon Edge and Helios Creed were San Francisco counterparts to Suicide's Alan Vega and Martin Rev. The formers' freeway agoraphobia mirrored the latters' New York bathroom claustrophobia. But so much for the past.

'Third From The Sun' continues the direction begun in last year's patchily excellent 'Blood On The Moon'. The vision has been narrowed, divested of the extremism and dynamism which made Chrome rock's ultimate millennialists. The malevolent playfulness of their studio technique, black magic to Rundgren's white wizardry, has been tamed to a thunderous hard rock, though still the most brutal sound around. The riffs and rhythms and structures have been diluted into rock orthodoxy. Voices, once disembodied and ominous, are now intelligible, substantial and banally self-parodying. The lurid storm-clouds have been coralled. Even Damon Edge's sleeve-painting is sub-H.R. Giger.

In other words, this is an obvious bid for your Sci-Fi Doom Hard-Rock Freak (come on out, Chrome know you're there). I don't really care that, within the limitation of the sub-genre, this is a magisterial record — just give me that old-time religion.

You'll never hear surf music again . . .

Mat Snow



tour NEWS

DOZEN AC/DC SHOWS

AC/DC have announced plans for their major UK tour in the early autumn, taking in a dozen concerts at six leading venues. They play Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (September 29 and 30), Manchester Apollo (October 3), Newcastle City Hall (4, 5 and 6), Glasgow Apollo (8 and 9), Edinburgh Playhouse (10 and 11) and London Wembley Arena (18 and 19). It's their first extensive British outing since 1980, and their first appearance in this country since Castle Donington last summer.

Ticket prices are £6.30 and £5.30 (including booking fee) for Birmingham and Wembley; £6 and £5 for Manchester, Newcastle and Edinburgh; and £6, £5 and £4 for Glasgow. They are available at all venue box-offices, except Wembley, where it's postal application only — from MCP Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH, and enclose SAE. Birmingham tickets are also available by post from NEC Box-Office, Birmingham B40 1NT — cheques to "N.E.C (AC/DC) Ltd.", and enclose SAE. And additional personal outlets for Birmingham tickets are Barry Ancill Ticket Agency (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Music (Stoke) and Cyclops (Birmingham).

AC/DC will have a new single issued later next month, the title track from their album 'For Those About To Rock', coupled with a live version of 'Let There Be Rock' recorded on their recent American tour.

New bands debut on the road

BERNIE TORME

BERNIE TORME, the former Gillan guitarist, hits the road next month with his new band Electric Gypsies. The outing coincides with the June 18 release of their debut single and album on Kamaflage Records — the single is 'America'/'Chelsea Girl', and the LP is 'Turn Out The Lights', the latter available in white vinyl. With more dates still to be finalised, those confirmed so far are Retford Porterhouse (June 19), Basildon Raquels (20), Thatcham Silks (21), Swindon Brunel Rooms (22), Margate Winter Gardens (23), London Marquee (24), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (26), Sheffield Limit Club (July 8), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (9) and Southport Dixieland Leisure Centre (10).

GARY MOORE

GARY MOORE has signed a long-term recording deal with Virgin, and is currently rehearsing with his new band — comprising Charlie Huhn (lead vocals), Neil Murray (bass), ex-Deep Purple drummer Ian Paice and Tommy Eyre (keyboards), with Moore himself on guitar and vocals. They're playing a series of dates before going into the studio to start work on their first Virgin album, and the first confirmed are at Newcastle Mayfair (June 25), Huddersfield Polytechnic (26), St Albans City Hall (28), Chippenham Goldiggers (29) and London Marquee (July 1 and 2). Prior to getting together with the band, Moore was working on Greg Lake's upcoming solo album.

BERNIE TORME

CLAIRE HAMILL

CLAIRE HAMILL

CLAIRE HAMILL has formed a new Transporter band, with Mark Birmingham and Barry Francis, recently with The Saints. She's not been on the road since last year, when she toured with Wishbone Ash, and since then she's been busy songwriting for other groups — including Morrissey Mullen's album 'Live On The Wire'. Now she's back in live action with Transporter at five London venues — Twickenham Black Dog (June 5), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (7), Camden Dingwalls with Frankie Miller (10), Fulham Greyhound (15) and the Marquee Club (17).

Shakatak trek on

SHAKATAK have extended their current UK tour, their second this year, through to the end of June due to their continuing chart success. The extra dates also serve to promote their newly released Polydor album 'Night Birds', as well as their upcoming single 'Streetwalkin' (due out June 11). Their newly confirmed schedule comprises Manchester Unity Club (June 3), Burton Allied Breweries Club (4), Braintree Essex Barn (5), Gloucester Leisure Centre (10), Hatfield Forum (11), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (12), Cambridge Emmanuel College (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (17), London Roehampton Digby Stuart College (19), Ilford Palais (20), Mansfield Leisure Centre (23), Sunderland Fusion (24), Durham St. Mary's College (25), Margate Winter Gardens (27), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (28) and Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (29).

Hambi dance halls

HAMBI & THE DANCE have now confirmed initial dates for their UK tour next month, which aids promotion of their new Virgin album 'Heartache', released this weekend. The outing also serves to introduce their latest recruit, drummer Dave Ruffy formerly of The Ruts. Their schedule comprises Edinburgh Nite Club (June 4), Aberdeen The Venue (5), Glasgow Maestro's (6), Manchester Polytechnic (9), Leeds Warehouse (10), Birmingham Polytechnic (11), Coventry General Wolfe (12), London Marquee (14), Swindon Brunel Rooms (15), Liverpool Pickwicks (16), Sheffield Limit Club (17), Dudley J.B.'s (19) and London Barracuda Club (21).

PANIC STATIONS

RIP RIG & PANIC stir themselves into live action again, now that they've completed work on their second album — titled 'I Am Cold', it again comprises two 45rpm 12-inch discs, and it's issued by Virgin on June 18. It's preceded on June 4 by the single 'You're My Kind Of Climate', which has the oddly-titled B-side 'She Gets So Hungry At Night She Eats Her Jewelry' featuring pianist Mark Springer. Dates so far confirmed are at Sheffield City Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Bristol Locarno (June 1), Portsmouth Gaiety Bar (3) and London ZigZag Club (4), but there's plenty more still to come. And Mark Springer has a solo date as special guest of 23 Skidoo at London Victoria The Venue on June 16.

FESTIVALS UP-DATE

First eight at Reading

— ANOTHER NME EXCLUSIVE

NME understands that Iron Maiden and the Michael Schenker Group will be the two principal headliners at this year's Reading Rock Festival — which, as usual, takes place at its regular Thames-side site over August Bank Holiday weekend. Two other American bands lined up for the event are Blackfoot and The Rods. And adding to the international flavour, Cheetah are coming in from Australia, Trust from France and Baron Rojo (Red Baron) from Spain, with Budgie representing Wales.

These, of course, are only the first eight names — all still officially unconfirmed — with many more still being lined up, and it's expected that the NJF/Marquee will be announcing the full bill in two or three weeks. Meanwhile, organiser Jack Barrie wouldn't comment this week, except to ask the source of *NME's* information. He added: "All I can say is that the dates and venue are correct. And I expect the weekend ticket price to be increased this year well within the inflation rate" — which, according to *NME's* calculations, would put the weekend ticket at around £15.50 to £16, bearing very favourable comparison with the high price of many one-day events.

Iron Maiden left recently for a six-month US tour, and it's learned that they'll be flying back specially to play the Reading event, bringing their full American production with them. For the Michael Schenker Group, it will be their first major appearance with their new drummer, whoever he might be, as replacement for the recently-departed Cozy Powell — and their first with singer Graham Bonnet.

Glastonbury nets Randy California

RANDY CALIFORNIA, Funkapolitan and Sad Cafe are the latest additions to the three-day Glastonbury CND Festival (June 18-20) — and Jackson Browne, who was provisionally booked for the event, is now officially confirmed. Among names previously announced are Van Morrison, Richie Havens, Aswad, Steel Pulse, A Certain Ratio, Judie Tzuke, John Cooper Clarke, Climax Blues Band, The Thompson Twins and The Blues Band.

But U2 will definitely not be appearing, according to a terse statement issued by Island Records, decrying *NME* and other music papers for "claiming" that the band were taking part. As it happens, it wasn't a question of claiming — U2's participation was announced officially by the Glastonbury organisers, who also included the band in their advertising. It now seems, however, that they won't be there after all — but there's a chance of them playing one UK show this summer.

JCC, Chas & Dave head for Cornwall

JOHN COOPER CLARKE will be the special guest of Siouxsie & The Banshees in their previously reported concert at the Elephant Fayre in Cornwall on July 31. The show takes place in a 4000-seater Big Top, and other newly-announced concerts there feature Chas & Dave and Diz & The Doormen (July 29) and The Albion Band and The Arizona Smoke Revue (30). Daytime on-site entertainment includes music by The Precautions, Medicine Bow, Legal Eagles Blues Band, The Outlaws and Mike Maran, among others. The site is at St. Germans, ten miles from Plymouth.

● **John Cooper Clarke** is already set for the Glastonbury CND Festival on June 18, and prior to this he'll be playing a series of one-nighters to tie in with the release of his new album 'Zip Style Method'. He visits Liverpool Warehouse (June 4), Manchester Hacienda (8), Glasgow Night Moves (10), Edinburgh Nite Club (11), Brighton Jenkinsons (13), St. Albans City Hall (14) and London Victoria The Venue (17).

Jethro outdoors in Yorkshire gala

JETHRO TULL are to headline the first open-air Theakston Music Festival at Nostell Priory, near Wakefield in West Yorkshire, on August 27 and 28 — their first outdoor show for nine years. They appear on the Saturday (28), which runs from 2 to 11pm, also featuring Lindisfarne, The Blues Band and Huang Chung. The Friday evening bill (7.30-11pm) features Dave Swarbrick and Simon Nicol and Richard and Linda Thompson, among others. Tickets are £12.50 (weekend) and £10 (Saturday only) from The Brewery, Masham, North Yorkshire, HG4 4DX — cheques and POs to 'Theakston Music Festival', and enclose SAE.

Kid Creole Lyceum extra . . . Altered Images benefit . . . More Mink DeVille . . . Roxy tour?

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS — who played a sell-out concert at London Dominion last week, and have already sold out their June 8 show at London Lyceum Ballroom — have added a second show at the Lyceum on Wednesday, June 9. All tickets are £4.50, and they go on sale at the box-office at 10am today (Thursday) — also available from London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box-Office and Keith Prowse.

ALTERED IMAGES, Level 42 and Mari Wilson & The Wilsations appear at London Victoria The Venue on Tuesday, June 15, in the second gala in aid of the Stuart Henry Multiple Sclerosis Reasearch Appeal. Last year's concert starring Adam & The Ants raised over £12,000, but the 1982 total should be even higher, as the event is being filmed for a benefit video cassette to be released later in the year.

BAUHAUS are to headline two London concerts at the Adelphi Theatre in The Strand on Friday and Saturday, June 11 and 12 — they're promoted by Derek Block, and all tickets are £3.50. And the Adelphi is now coming into its own as a new concert venue, with Laurie Anderson already set to appear there on June 15 and 16.

HERE & NOW headline a free open-air concert this Saturday afternoon, May 29, in London's Meanwhile Gardens (near Westbourne Park tube station). It runs from noon to 6pm, and other acts appearing include 012, Blue Midnight, Null And Void and Comatose.

MEAT LOAF returns to Europe next month to headline the Dublin Festival — at the Dalymount Football Stadium on Sunday, June 13 (noon-6pm). The event is presented annually under the banner of "An Afternoon In The Park", and in previous years it's been headlined by Status Quo and Bob Marley.

MINK DEVILLE are to play two more London shows, in addition to their previously announced concert at the Dominion Theatre this Saturday (29). They are at Victoria The Venue on June 21 and 22.

SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE headline the opening night of the Radio Hallam Jazz Festival at Sheffield Crucible Theatre on June 2, supported by Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co. June 3 is a salsa and funk night with the Machito Orchestra and Cayenne — and other bookings are Larry Coryell and Level 42 (4); and Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and the Stan Tracey Octet (5). Tickets are £4.25 daily.

GANG OF FOUR have added three more dates to their previously reported UK tour — at Liverpool Warehouse (June 6), Basildon Raquels (8) and Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (18) . . and THE RAINCOATS have added two more gigs to those listed last week — at Brighton Pavilion (this Sunday) and Bournemouth Midnight Express (June 4).

ROXY MUSIC are gearing themselves for a return to the concert platform, following the release this weekend of 'Avalon', their first new studio album for two years. It's understood that they will initially be visiting Europe, prior to playing dates in this country, and details can be expected shortly.

GIRLSCHOOL have, at short notice, added another date to their current UK tour. It's at Preston Guildhall this Saturday (29). All tickets are £3.50, and Raven are supporting.

BLUE ORCHIDS have slotted in five more dates, coinciding with the release of their new Rough Trade album 'The Greatest Hit' — at Aberdeen The Venue (tomorrow, Friday), London ZigZag Club with The Passage (June 3), Bristol Trinity Hall (4), Canterbury Kent University (6) and Liverpool Warehouse (11).

THE BELLE STARS return to live action tomorrow (Friday), with a late booking at London Victoria The Venue — too late, in fact, for the *Gig Guide* — to tie in with the release of their new Stiff single 'Iko Iko'. Lead singer Jennie McKeown has just finished work on a film called *Too Drunk To Remember*, in which she portrays the wife of a character played by Tenpole Tudor's Bob Kingston.

BILLIE JO SPEARS headlines both nights of Lincoln's first C&W Festival, to be staged at the city's 20,000-capacity football stadium on Friday and Saturday, June 18-19. Special guests are Skeeter Davis (Friday) and Don Everly (Saturday), and many top British country artists are also appearing. Ticket prices are £8 (Friday), £10 (Saturday) and £14 (weekend) from The Box Office, Steep Hill, Lincoln — cheques and POs to "A.W. Associates", and enclose SAE.

QUEEN have now confirmed the support acts for their two indoor concerts in Edinburgh next week, at Ingliston Royal Highland Hall — they are The Teardrop Explodes (June 1) and Heart (2) . . and HEART headline their own London concert at the Dominion Theatre on June 6 (tickets £3.50).

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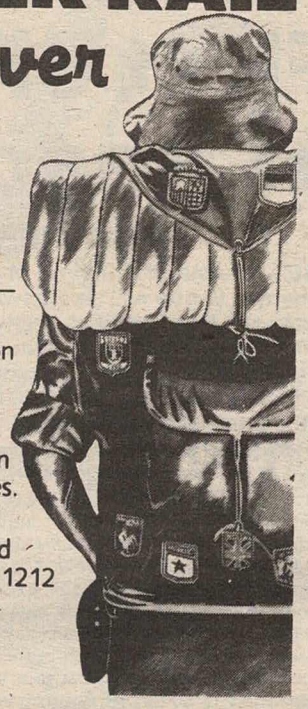

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MONSTERS OF ROCK

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TICKET & TRAVEL DETAILS

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New Randy LP

RANDY CRAWFORD follows her platinum album 'Secret Combination' with a new LP issued by WEA on June 4, titled 'Windsong'. The 11 tracks include compositions by Stevie Wonder & Syreeta, Leon Russell and Don Covay. The set also features her upcoming single 'One Hello', written by Marvin Hamlisch and Carole Bayer Sager, and performed by Randy in the Neil Simon movie *I Ought To Be In Pictures*. The album is to be the subject of an intensive advertising campaign.

● Hard rock band **Rage** release their second album for Carrere Records on June 4, a ten-track set titled 'Nice'n'Dirty', marking the debut of their new rhythm guitarist Terry Steers.

● The first French "black rap" record is released by Polydor on June 11 — 'Chacun Fait' by **Chagrin D'Amour**. The single has already sold over 1½ million in France, and is a smash hit elsewhere in Europe.

● Do It Records release a new single from three-piece Swiss group **Yello** this week, 'Pinball Cha Cha'/'Smile On You', and their album is due in late summer when they'll also be playing UK dates. From the same source comes a new album from top Jamaican artist **Mikey Dread** titled 'S.W.A.L.K.', which appears on his own Dread At The Controls logo.

● Following his four-night stint at Hammershith Odeon last weekend, **Bobby Bland** has a 'Best Of...' compilation issued by MCA, with a recommended retail price of £2.99.

● Faulty Products are launching a new label called Total Noise, a name which speaks for itself! First release on June 4 is an EP, featuring four tracks by four different bands — **The Business, Blitz, The Gonads** and **Dead Generation**.

● 'Mumbo-Jumbo' is the new single from **Woodhead Monroe**, the East London synthesiser group. First released by Oval Records last year, it's now been completely remixed and appears this weekend on the Ovalstiff label. And the B-side? Well, that's called 'B-side'. *(Ask a silly question...).*

● **Mike Oldfield** has a new Virgin single titled 'Family Man' issued this weekend, recorded with his current band, featuring Maggie Reilly on vocals. It's taken from his chart album 'Five Miles Out'.

● The British branch of America's Bomp Records this week releases a single by Los Angeles band **The Plimsouls**, titled 'A Million Miles Away'. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● **Honey Bane** — who's been working on a film called *Scrubbers*, in which she plays the part of a teenage girl in a closed Borstal institution — will be paroled in time to release a new single in early June. Titled 'I Wish I Could Be Me' (7" and 12"), it's on EMI's Zonophone label.

● **Brotherhood Of Man**, currently guesting on David Soul's UK tour, have signed a worldwide deal with EMI Records. First release under the agreement is the single 'Lightning Flash', out this week.

ADRIAN LEE was formerly keyboards player with Toyah and, in fact, co-wrote her 'Thunder In The Mountains' hit. And this weekend marks his solo debut on DJM Records with the single 'Blondes Aren't Fair'. It's the prelude to his first solo album, due for release in the autumn.

● **Pia Zadora**, the screen's latest sex symbol, has her single 'I'm In Love Again' issued by Elektra this week. Taken from her debut album 'Pia', it was written for her by Village People producer Jacques Morali. B-side is 'It's Wrong For Me To Love You', the theme from her film *Butterfly*.

● Sheffield band **Clock DVA** have signed to Polydor, and have their first single for that label out this week, called 'Passions Still Aflame' — which is the overall title of the record, and not the title of the A-side song. In fact, the lead track is 'Sons Of Sons', and the reason for giving the disc a banner title is that it develops into an EP on the 12-inch version, which has four tracks. The band are planning live dates in the near future.

● **Chris & Cosey** (ex-Throbbing Gristle), **Eyeless In Gaza** and **The Legendary Pink Dots** are among nine acts featured on an electronic compilation called 'Flowmotion', shortly to be distributed through Rough Trade and Red Rhino. Meanwhile, it's available by post at £4 (including p&p) from Gordon Hope, Flat One, 40 Ash Grove, Leeds LS6 1AY.

● This weekend, Charley Records release a 16-track compilation titled 'Boogie Woogie Fever', featuring several of the top country artists from the '40s and '50s — including **Tennessee Ernie Ford, Cliffie Stone** and **Merle Travis**. The company also issues another ten Affinity jazz albums, including 'Lulu's Back In Town' by **Mel Torme & The Marty Paich Dek-Tette** — plus sets by **Charles Mingus, Zoot Sims** and **Duke Ellington**.

● The long-delayed album 'Mzui' by ex-Wire members **B.C. Gilbert and Graham Lewis**, originally planned for February but held up by production problems, is finally released by Cherry Red this weekend. It's a live set, and is unique in that all the instruments are unconventional, some having been specially built for the recording.

● Already a disco chart hit on the strength of imports, 'Let's Funk Tonight' by six-piece Dutch group **Blue Feather** is released in the UK next week by Mercury, in both 7" and 12" formats.

record NEWS

MADNESS DIAGNOSED

MADNESS release their previously reported video cassette 'Complete Madness' through Stiff this week in both VHS and Betamax formats — it runs 42 minutes and sells at the low price of £19.50. It features all their promotional videos for their hit singles, including the current 'House Of Fun', plus their first appearance on *Top Of The Pops* in 1979 — and, as a bonus, three Japanese TV ads! The tracks are prefaced by specially filmed introductions by the group. If you want to order by post, write to Stifffilms, 9-11 Woodfield Road, London W.9 — and add £2 for packing and registered post.

● The Rash Cassette is not so much a fanzine, more a "new concept in audio entertainment" say the producers. Subjects featured range from **Mick Jones** to the Falkland Islands, and from **Funkapolitan** to Ronald Reagan. Available at £2.95 from all Rough Trade and Virgin outlets, plus many stores in West London — or by post at £2.99 from Rash, Rash & Rash Inc, 147 Oxford Street, London W.1.

● American punk band **Channel 3**, who are seeking to emulate the success of The Dead Kennedys, have their first UK single 'I've Got A Gun' issued by No Future Records this week — and they are threatening to tour here later in the year.

● The 17-track hour-long compilation 'Perspectives And Distortions', originally released last summer, is reissued by Cherry Red this week. Among acts featured are **Robert Fripp, Eyeless In Gaza, Five Or Six, Kevin Coyne, Matt Johnson, Ben Watt** and **Thomas Leer**.

ELTON JOHN has the follow-up to his 'Blue Eyes' hit released by Rocket this weekend, and it's his John Lennon tribute 'Empty Garden', taken from his 'Jump Up' album. The B-side is a new song not on the LP, titled 'Take Me Down To The Ocean', penned by Gary Osbourne.

THE ROOM have a new single out this weekend on Red Flame Records, rejoicing in the title of 'Things Have Learnt To Walk That Ought To Crawl', and it will be followed on June 11 by their debut album 'Indoor Fireworks'. June tour dates will be announced next week.

MIDGE URE releases his first solo single on Chrysalis on June 8. It's his self-produced version of the Walker Brothers hit 'No Regrets', on which he plays all the instruments. Meanwhile, ULTRAVOX start work shortly on a new album, planned for September release.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES release their first 1982 single on June 11 on the Mercury label — titled 'Tiny Children', it's taken from their second album 'Wilder', and the B-side is 'Rachel Built A Steamboat'. Besides the standard seven-inch, there's a limited edition in a gatefold sleeve — plus a 12-inch version, which has a bonus eight-minute live version of 'Sleeping Gas' recorded at the Club Zoo in Liverpool.

Jackson action

JOE JACKSON releases his fifth A&M album on June 25, recorded in New York and titled 'Night And Day' — it comprises all original songs, and it's the first to feature Jackson extensively on keyboards and sax, as well as vocals. A single from the LP 'Real Men' precedes it on June 4. As reported, Jackson debuts his new band in concert at London Dominion on June 29 — then, after a European tour, further UK dates will follow in August.

● London club Le Beat Route, which has been responsible for discovering and lauching many new acts, is starting its own record label. Up-and-coming artists are invited to send tapes to the club at 2 Princes Street, London W.1.

● Former Sore Throat front men **Matt & Dan Flowers** have got together with vocalist **Phil Shaw**, plus ex-members of the Joe Jackson Band and Q-Tips, to record the single 'The Mystery Of A Woman'. It's the first release on West London label Basic Records, whose avowed policy is to get back to the basics of soul.

● **Bikini Atoll** release their third single 'Tribal Radio'/'Splinter' next week on Ready, Go! Records, through Pinnacle and Rough Trade, and are lining up a string of dates to promote it.

● Cardiff band **Virginia Wolf** have their latest single out this weekend on Creole Records, coupling 'Walki Talkie Boy' and 'One Nigh Stand', both penned by band members.

TOUR NEWS EXTRA

☐ **VIC GODARD & Subway Sect**, who complete their support dates with Altered Images at London Hammersmith Odeon this Sunday, play Manchester's new Hacienda Club on June 1 in their own right. And they'll be back at Club Left, now located at London Ronnie Scott's Club, when it re-opens on June 6 on a fortnightly basis.

☐ **THE SOUND** are playing a major London date to tie in with this weekend's release of their new single 'Hot-House' on Korova Records — it's at the ZigZag Club on June 11.

☐ **MOVING HEARTS**, the top Irish band who were forced to cancel a previously announced date at London Venue, have compensated by setting up five new London dates — at the Shaw Theatre in Euston (June 14 and 15, tickets £3.50) and Putney Half Moon (18, 19 and 20, £3.50). They also play Farnham Maltings on June 17 (tickets £3.50 and £3).

☐ **MORRISSEY MULLEN** extend their non-stop tour through to the end of June, with further dates at London Kensington Sunset Club (June 6), London Stoke Newington Pegasus (10), London Fulham Greyhound (11), London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (12), London Putney Half Moon (15, 22 and 29), Ilford Kings (16), Nottingham University (17), Basildon Raquels (24), Braintree Essex Barn (26)and Leeds University (30).

☐ **THE TOY DOLLS** play an open-air show at Newcastle Exhibition Park on June 5, during Radio 1's weekend in the North-East. Other dates are at Ferryhill 101 Club (tonight, Thursday), Stanley The Smugglers (Friday), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (June 4) and South Shields Crown Hotel (9). To follow their EMI debut with 'Everybody Jitterbug', their new single 'She Goes To Fino's' will be issued shortly.

☐ **THE SADISTA SISTERS** are presenting their rock'n'roll cabaret *Red Door Without A Bolt* all this week until Saturday (9.15pm nightly) at London's Theatrespace, William IV Street, W.C. 2. Admission is £2, plus 25p membership.

☐ **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS** — who complete their May gig schedule at Coventry General Wolfe (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Warehouse (Saturday) and Oxford Scamps (next Monday) — have augmented to eight-piece status. They've taken on second drummer Chris Lucas (ex-Kilburn & The High Roads) and rhythm guitarist Mark Nevin. Co-leader John Dummer, formerly the band's principal drummer, has now switched to vocals.

☐ **THE FEELERS**, the seven-piece London band who've just completed their first single 'Over By The River' for Martin Rushent's Genetic Studios, are playing a number of dates in and around the capital — at The Kensington Hotel (June 2), Kingston Grey Horse (8), Cricklewood Production Village (18), Covent Garden Rock Garden (19), Fulham Greyhound (22) and Hammersmith Clarendon (July 1). The Amazing Rhythm Burglars are supporting on most gigs.

☐ **LIQUID GOLD** have added further dates to their current tour at Whitehaven The Disco (June 4), Morecambe Superdome (5), Wakefield Casanova Club (7-9), March Arthur's Farm (11) and Leeds Queens Hall (21). They then set out on a tour of the Middle East.

RUDI WILLIAMS (see below)

☐ **DANCE ON A TELEPHONE**, the synthesiser and guitar five-piece, have now re-scheduled five of their London dates which were postponed due to illness and incapacity — Rudi Williams (pneumonia), Don Vandross (appendicitis) and Louis Wellstead (foot operation). They are Eltham Avery Hill College (June 18), Clapham Two Brewers (19), Covent Garden Rock Garden (29), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (July 5) and Clapham 101 Club (6). More are being set.

☐ **KNEBWORTH** stages an "alternative festival" this Sunday (30), as an extra attraction for Bank Holiday weekend. Bands featured are The Moscovite 5, Bona Dish, Anzak Chant, The Vicious Hamsters, Onslaught, The Tender Assassins and Shatter. It runs from 11am to 6pm and, apart from the regular park admission fee of £1.60, it's free.

☐ **THE NIGHTINGALES** continue promoting their Cherry Red singles 'Paraffin Brain' and 'Use Your Loaf' with extra dates at Shifnal Star Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Fighting Cocks (Friday), Cambridge Art College (Saturday), Hull New York Hotel (June 3) and Hull Good Fellowship (4).

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 27th

Aberdeen Jay Jays: **Sid Ozalid & His Legendary Allstars**
Ashington Civic Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
Bath Neroes: **Cardiac Caress**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Cellar Bar: **Lead Glance/Ha! Yeeaah**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Fashion**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Art Farmer**
Blackpool Jenks: **The Cheaters** (for five days)
Bletchley Compass Club: **Flux Of Pink Indians / The System / F Authority**
Borough Green King Studios: **Screen Technique / Shades Of Grey**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton The Belle: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
Brighton New Regent: **23 Skidoo**
Bristol Yate New Entertainment Centre: **Vice Squad / Abrasive Wheels / Partisans**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Gents / Dick Coombes**
Chatham Central Hall: **Jets**
Cheltenham The Copperfield: **Mask**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chorleywood The Sportsman: **Lights Out / The Alligators**
Coventry General Wolfe: **True Life Confessions**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Caribbean Carnival**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Derby Assembley Rooms: **Anti-Nowhere League / Chelsea / Chron-Gen / The Defects**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **UK Players**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Pzazz**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Permanents**
Farnham The Maltings: **English Country Blues Band**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R&B Allstars**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Harlech Theatre Ardudwy: **Fred Wedlock**
Hastings Downtown: **China Crisis**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Killer / Bleak House / Freebird**
Hull The Oriental: **Whammer Jammer**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Red Ellis**
Jersey Corbiere Pavilion: **Turquoise Days**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Proper Little Madams**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Passage**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Altered Images / Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Letchworth Back Door Club: **Made In England**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Electric Morning**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Wild Weekend / High Tease / Secluded Places**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Cayenne**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Francis Campbell**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Animal Magic / Visions**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allen Eager / John Burch Trio**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pencils**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs / Erazerhead**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (The Broadway): **The Sinatras / The Walking Floors**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Upstairs): **The Birthday Party / James King & The Lone Wolves**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Cast Iron Fairies / The Rackets**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Alarm**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Sole Sister / Rosalie Stiletto De Boot / A Popular History Of Signs**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **SFX**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Johnny Thunders / Only After Dark (for three days)**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Paz**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Feelers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Unity**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **The Breakfast Band / Stone Alliance (until Saturday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Carr & Guests**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Raincoats / The Three Courgettes / The Go-Betweens**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lot 49 / Four People I Have Known**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The Jiving Ants Of Tokyo**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Princess St) Le Beat Route: **The White Bros.**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Talk Talk / Passion Puppets**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rory Gallagher Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kenny Shaw Band**
Manchester Jilly's: **Spider**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Victim**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **21 Strangers**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **R&B Spitfires**
Newquay Cabaret Club: **Shakatak**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **B.B. King**
Oldham (Royton) Railway Hotel: **Night Train**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blues Session**
Sheffield City Hall: **Camel**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Process**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Past Seven Days / Vendino Pact**
Southend Westcliff Pavilion: **Level 42**
Stamford Danish Invader: **Dawn Trader**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Wokingham Angie's: **Amity**
Wycombe The Wycombe Club: **Dave Berry**

Tales of a few cities. . .Squeeze on tour *Pic: Peter Anderson*

THE 1982 season of major open-air events gets under way on Saturday, and it's QUEEN who kick off — appropriately, at Leeds United's famous Elland Road football ground. Their mercurial show receives strong support from current chart sensations JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS, HEART, and, in rather stark contrast, THE TEARDROP EXPLODES. Queen then play a couple of indoor concerts in Edinburgh on Tuesday and Wednesday, before linking up with the same Leeds bill for another outdoor frolic in Milton Keynes the following Saturday.

SQUEEZE are off on their travels again, opening at Derby (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday). It's a relatively short tour, but particularly welcome, as it's some time since they were last in action. . .and HAIRCUT 100, who delayed the start of their spring outing by a fortnight, finally get cracking in Manchester on Wednesday. More about that tour next week.

DIANA ROSS plays the first of her highly-priced, but nevertheless sell-out, concerts on Wednesday at Wembley Arena — where a special stage is being erected in the very centre of the hall, to give spectators a better all-round view of the great lady. . .Also newly on the road this week are SAD CAFE and THE BLUES BAND, while ALTERED IMAGES climax their tour with two nights at Hammersmith (Odeon on Sunday, Palais on Tuesday), so giving RY COODER a brief respite from his seemingly interminable stint at the Odeon. Two London one-offs of special note are the first-ever joint appearance in the UK of BILLY PRESTON & SYREETA (Brixton Fair Deal, Friday) and the return of MINK DEVILLE (Dominion, Saturday).

friday 28th

Aldershot West End Centre: **De Danann/Contortions**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Nightingales**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Fast Relief/Tarzan Five**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Todd Rundgren**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham The Crown: **Dexter Gordon**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Funkapolitan**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Or Was He Pushed?/The Colours Are Screeching**
Brighton Cinderella's: **China Crisis**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Jets**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **23 Skidoo/Play Dead**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Albion Band**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **David Soul**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Talk Talk**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Level 42**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Park Avenue/The Operators**
Chelmsford YMCA: **Distant Drums/The Glass Actors**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Dawn Trader**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **The Blues Band/Wipeout**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chevy**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry The Red House: **The Bright Red Band/The Large Deaf Children**
Croydon The Star: **Red Beans & Rice**
Dartford Flicks: **Morrissey Mullen**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Edinburgh The Buccaneer: **Kashmir**
Exeter St. George's Hall: **The Vice Squad**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Too Many Crooks**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Rory Gallagher Band**
Glasgow Night Moves: **James King & The Lone Wolves/Fay Ray**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Border Boogie Band**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Reversed Labels**
Hitchin The Regal: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Invergordon Golf Club: **Red Ellis**
Leeds The Peel: **Night Gallery**
Liverpool Vaughan's 149 Club: **Tulsa Band**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Kenny Shaw Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Au Pairs/The Raincoats**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Billy Preston & Syreeta/The Skank Orchestra**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Fallout Marching Band/Spare Tyre/Little Brother/Mr. Clean**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Cover Versions**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Larry Wallis & The Death Commandos Of Love/Spys**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Southside Blues Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **A Bigger Splash**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Papers/Vendetta**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Screen 3/Masque**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allen Eager/Bill Le Sage Trio**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dream Cycle 7**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Calling Hearts**
London E.1 The Highway Club: **Tour De Force/Jam Today**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Stan Webb**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Meteors/Fear**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Johnny G Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Tronics/My Silent War**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Gymslips/Zet Etik/Decadent Wrecks**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Killer Wales/Hoi Polloi**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Lightning Raiders**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Elaine Delmar**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **UT/ Scissors**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Jimmy Pagne/Johnny Young Four/Hickory Lake**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies/Casual Sex**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Nightwatchman/Blue Midnight**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey/Mike Carr Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **This Heat/Mouth**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **UK Players**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **London Secret**

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living**
London University College: **The Living Legends**
London Victoria The Venue: **Matchbox**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mood Elevators**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Tank/Rock Goddess**
London W.C.2 Cheshire Cheese: **China Pig**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **New Lease**
Manchester UMIST: **Tears For Fears/Verba Verba**
Manchester 666 Club: **The Decorators**
Morecambe The Dome: **Natural Scientist**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
New Brighton Empress Hotel: **Warrior**
Newbury Corn Exchange: **Hank Wangford Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Camel**
Newtown Theatre Hafren: **Fred Wedlock**
Northampton Black Lion: **Skating For Cover/Harmless Objects/Cellar 16**
Norwich Whites: **Ruby Joe**
Nottingham Polytechnic: **Zurcher Post/In The Nursery**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Ward 10**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tony McPhee Blue Band**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Adrian, Ed, Sue & Friends**
Portsmouth Gaiety Bar: **23 Skidoo**
Queensferry Deeside Leisure: **Dave Berry**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
Reading Target Club: **The Alarm**
Retford Porterhouse: **Limelight**
Sale Embassy Rooms: **Beau Leisure**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **Crossfire**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield City Hall: **Girlschool**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Spoon Jah Jah Spoon/The Quartet**
Skipton Black Horse Hotel: **The Stacks**
Southport Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Sutton-in-Ashfield Leisure Centre: **Sad Cafe/Rockin Horse**
Tenbury Wells Swan Hotel: **Reversed Labels**
Tunbridge Wells Royal Victoria Hall: **Here & Now**
West Kirby Black Horse: **French Lessons**
Weymouth Rock Hotel: **Dirt/The Mob/Dead Pop Stars**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Exciters**

saturday 29th

Mink De Ville: London

Alston Blue Moon Festival: **Natural Scientist**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Blues Band/Wipeout**
Biggleswade Sports Centre: **Shakatak**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Xpertz/Sceptre**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Park: **Lady Killer**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Tindal Community Rooms: **Strument/T.N.T.**
Blackwood (Gwent) Glan-yr-Avon Park: **Tony McPhee Blues Band/Racing Cars/Trimmer & Jenkins/Street Urchin**
Bournemouth Paradise Club: **Mood Elevators**
Bradford University: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Broughton Moor Social Club: **Johnny & The Roccos**
Bulith Wells Wyeside Art Centre: **Fred Wedlock**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **David Soul**
Cambridge College of Art and Technology: **The Passage/The Nightingales**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **King Trigger**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rye & The Quarterboys/Roman Holiday**
Chesterfield Civic Theatre: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Psy-kicks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **br . . . mm Zoom**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Dancing Did**
Eastbourne King's Club: **Chas & Dave**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Camel**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Tears For Fears**
Folkestone Marine Pavilion: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Guildford Surrey University: **After The Fire/Richard Jobson/Bernie Torme/The Ivory Coasters (free festival)**
Hastings Downtown: **Talk Talk**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Night Train**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Isle of Sheppey (Leysdown) Stage 3: **UK Players**
Kidderminster Bay Horse: **Reversed Labels**
Kingston The Swan: **Burst Out Laughing/Red Skin Sal**
Leeds Turners: **Fault**
Leeds United Football Ground: **Queen/Joan Jett & The Blackhearts/Heart/The Teardrop Explodes**
Liverpool Vaughan's 149 Club: **Tulsa Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **True Life Confessions**
London Barbican Centre: **The Nolans**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Borough Community Centre: **Tour De Force/Clerical Error**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Gail Deal**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wipeout/R&B Spitfires**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hogman Bradford Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thomson & The Islands**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Main Squeeze: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Alarm**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Killer Wales/Civilization**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allen Eager/Bill Le Sage Trio**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Deke Leonard/Indoor Games**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Guest Stars**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/King Kurt**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **I.U.D.'s/Chantage**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Sinatros**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Babylon Rebels**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Oxy & The Morons/The Living Legends**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kentish Town Interaction Centre: **Eye Witness**
London N.15 The Fox: **The West City 5/The Skydivers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Motivators/Loose Talk**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis/Wet Paint Theatre Co/His Create He**
London Putney White Lion: **Drama**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey/Mike Carr Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Mink DeVille**
London Victoria The Venue: **Second Image**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Apocalypse**
London Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens (noon–6pm, free): **Here & Now/012/Blue Midnight/Null And Void/Comatose**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Miles Over Matter**
London Wimbledon Southlands College: **The M.G.'s**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Discharge/Anti-Sect**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Todd Rundgren**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Warrior**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Fuze**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs/The Raincoats**
Mansfield Town Hall: **Johnny Storm & Memphis**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Ghost Train**
Nottingham Rowing Club: **The Vice Squad**
Oxford Exeter College: **Sad Cafe/Rockin Horse**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blue Fox**
Poole Arts Centre: **Jets**
Portrush Kelly's Disco: **The Perfect Crime**
Preston Guildhall: **Girlschool/Raven**
Retford Porterhouse: **China Crisis/Moscow Philharmonix**
Shanklin I.o.W The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Requiem**
Southport Fleet Club: **Dave Berry**
Stafford Gateway Theatre: **De Danann**
Stirling University: **Neil Innes**
Stoke Waggon & Horses: **Spider**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Kabuki**
Surbiton Assembly Rooms: **Private Patients/The Alphabet**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Funkapolitan**
Torquay 400 Club: **Level 42**
Walsall British Legion: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **Beau Leisure**
Wick Rosebank Hotel: **Red Ellis**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Travelling Shoes**

sunday 30th

Sad Cafe: Swindon

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Red Circus/No Human Eye**
Altrincham Unicorn Hotel: **Beau Leisure**
Basildon Towngate Theate: **Neil Innes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **The Passage**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Raincoats**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Choice Treats For Children**
Bristol Locarno: **Rory Gallagher Band**
Bromlet The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bank Hall Club (lunchtime): **Night Train**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift (for a week)**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Tour De Force**
Fleet Country Club: **Red Lipstique**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Smokey Joe**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Funkapolitan**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Tears For Fears**
Glasgow Star Rock Club: **Duff Party**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Spider**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
High Wycombe Osborne Arms: **Howard Jones**
Irvine Amanda's: **The Dolphins**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester The Black Swan: **Instrument Delicat**
Liverpool Merseyside Club: **Dave Berry**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Internationals (lunchtime)/Ricky Cool & The New Cool (evening)**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Trilogy**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Kissing Sharks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Troops For Tomorrow/Floating Bears/Tunnel Vision**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Greatest Show On Legs/The Box Brothers**
London Fulham King's Head: **Big Jay & The Jaywalkers**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **John Bennet Big Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Dream Cycle 7/The Ghosts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Altered Images/Vic Godard & Subway Sect/The Members**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Level 42**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Basking Sharks**
London Marquee Club: **Dirty Strangers**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Fan Club**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Malc Murphy & His Storyville Stompers**
London Royal Festival Hall: **David Soul/Brotherhood Of Man**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Jets**
London Wembley Arena: **Andrae Crouch Gospel Show**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Reflex**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Ron Russell Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The E-Types**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Poynton Fold Club: **Harvey Andrews/John Hobson & Howard Lees**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Partizan Rio/Catch 22**
Shepperton The Goat: **The Rattlers**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **The Drifters**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Tremeloes**
Stevenage Knebworth House: **Moscovite 5/Bona Dish/Onslaught / Anzak Chant / Shatter / The Viscious Hamsters / Tender Assassins**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Sad Cafe/Rockin Horse**
Torquay Princess Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Prelude**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

monday 31st

Altered Images: Reading

Bannockburn Tandhu: **Scheme**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Tears For Fears**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bristol Locarno: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Croydon The Star: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Girlschool**
Doncaster Coach & Horses: **Time In Motion**
Doncaster Rockware Club: **Whammer Jammer**
Dunstable Tiffany's: **Morrissey Mullen**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **David Soul/Brotherhood Of Man**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion: **Chas & Dave**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Stu Burns Band**
Golspie Youth Centre: **Red Ellis**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Fun House: **The Cherry Boys/The Group/Rhythm 21**
Leeds Up-Zone: **M.R.A.**
Leicester Horsefair: **The Swinging Laurels**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco: **Wear Out/Smartis**
Liverpool St. Brendan's: **Tulsa Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Recruits/The Pals/Alan Henry**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Illinois Jacquet Quartet with Slam Stewart (until June 19)**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/The Lightning Raiders/Heroes/Nova Express**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Snorkels**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park (2-5pm): **Lydia Dustebyn Swing Orchestra/The Hip Scats**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Howard Jones/Mouse & The Underdog**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Primary/Thought Column**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations/F.A.B.**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Mr Clean**
London Marquee Club: **The Charge/Play Dead**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Ova**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Screamers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Short Stories**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Frenchies**
London Walthamstow Saxon Club: **Chariot**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ritual/Malice**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **The Berlin Blondes**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton Chapel Street: **UK Decay**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Dislocation Dance**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **'Splash' Wilson**
Oxford Scamps: **True Life Confessions**
Preston Guildhall: **Camel**
Reading Top Rank: **Altered Images/Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Runcorn The Cherry Tree: **Wild Weekend**
Southport Floral Hall: **The Blues Band/Wipeout**
Warrington Fiesta Leisure Centre: **Beau Leisure**
Warrington Spectrum: **The Three Degrees**
Watford Bailey's: **The Drifters (for a week)**
Winchester Recreation Centre: **Sad Cafe/Rockin Horse**

tuesday 1st

Queen: Edinburgh

Birmingham Abassador Club: **Kabuki / All Station**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Partizans**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Girlschool**
Bury The Derby Hall: **100% Proof / Spirit Born**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Squeeze**
Edinburgh (Ingliston) Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Queen**
Gateshead Finnegans: **The Balloons**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **The Outboys**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Drivers / The Jandals**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lone Wolf**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Matt Andan / The Staggering Monkeys / Brave Face**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle / Canyons & Matches**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Altered Images / China Crisis / The Sinatras / The Members**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Parisienne Swing**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alan Vega**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Fred Wedlock**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Blues Band / Wipeout**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Anti-Nowhere League / Chelsea / Chron-Gen / The Defects**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Living Legends**
Scarborough Taboo: **Hullabaloo**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Saracen**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Rory Gallagher Band**
Stafford The Pheasant: **The Quartet**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Passage**
Trowbridge Peewee's: **Skinners Rats**
Watford Gema Caprice: **The E-Types**

wednesday 2nd

Diana Ross: Wembley

Aberdeen Valhallas Rock Club: **The Delmontes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Borough Green King Studios: **No Angry Man/Burlin**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Passage**
Brighton New Regent: **No Comment/Jump In Your Datsun/Dresden**
Brighton Top Rank: **Funkapolitan**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Butchers Brock Blues Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Hi-Tension**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Barbara Dickson**
Edinburgh (Ingliston) Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Queen**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Squeeze**
Glasgow Whitecraigs School: **H20**
Harlow Square One Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Camel**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Barbican Centre: **Hoyt Axton**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Pencils**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Michael Prophet**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dolly Mixture/G.B. Rockers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **True Life Confessions**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rozz/Naughty Thoughts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **The Sheiks**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Clues Rockers**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Midas**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Yesterday And Today**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Loose Talk**
London Wembley Arena: **Diana Ross**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Dr. & The Medics/Think**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Feelers/The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Haircut 100**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Moston Lightbown Hotel: **Beau Leisure**
Newcastle City Hall: **Girlschool**
Newcastle Soul Kitchen: **23 Skidoo**
Newcastle The Lonsdale: **R&B Spitfires**
New Romney Seahorse: **J.C.B. & The Excavators**
Nottingham Black Boy: **Stan Tracy Octet**
Perth St Ninian's Hall: **Red Ellis**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Three Degrees**
Royston Mardian Youth Centre: **Made In England**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Incognito**
Stirling The Avant-Garde: **Random Rhythms**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **The Headless Horsemen**

Billy Preston: London (Friday)

Send gig information to Derek Johnson, Gig Guide, NME, 5—7 Carnaby St, London W1; to reach no later than Wednesday a week before publication.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

Thur 27th May (Adm £2.50)
Special May Residency!
GIRL
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Fri 28th May (Adm £1.50)
THE FIXX
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sat 29th May (Adm £1.50
VIRGINIA WOLF
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sun 30th May (Adm £1.50)
DIRTY STRANGERS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Mon 31st May (Adm £1.50)
THE CHARGE
Plus support & Martin Ball

Tue 1st June (Adm £2.00)
CUDDLY TOYS
Mad Shadow & Jerry Floyd

Wed 2nd June (Adm £2.00)
Special from America
Y & T
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thur 3rd June (Adm £2.50)
JOHNNY THUNDERS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY
Saturday 29th May 7.30pm
THE
BLUES BAND
+ WIPE OUT
+ THE FLYING PICKETS

Tickets 350p Available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, STRINGS 'N' THINGS, AMERSHAM, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Dunstable, Luton & Bletchley, D J Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford, By post (with SAE) from Earth Records 72a Friars Square Aylesbury or 350p At Door On Night. Life membership 25p. RESERVATIONS. Phone Aylesbury 84568 or 88948. Mojo's in Good Working Order Welcome.

Le Beat Route

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM
17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1 · TELEPHONE: 437 5782 Night 499 2645 day

MONDAY
LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS
NEW YEAR'S EVE
EVERY MONDAY
with Nicky McKenzie and Alan Coulthard
Cabaret – Prizes – Balloons
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight
Admission £2.50

TUESDAY
60's Soul Night
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's
JAMES HAMILTON
plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY 27th MAY
LIVE MUSIC
from
THE WHITE BROTHERS
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
OWEN WASHINGTON
INVITES YOU TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH HIM AND HIS SPECIAL GUESTS

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

The LYCEUM

STRAND, LONDON WC2
Derek Block presents
funkapolitan
PLUS THE LANGUAGE LAB & THE GO-BETWEENS
THURSDAY 3rd JUNE 7·30pm
ALL TICKETS £3
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715 KEITH PROWSE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS ; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; & ALL USUAL AGENTS

CLUB LEFT Presents

Vic Godard & The Subway Sect
DOWNSTAIRS AT
ronnie scott's
Sunday 6th June
7-11pm
Tickets-£3 on Door
47 Frith Street London W1

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

May — Thurs 27th
SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE
with Styve Hornick on drums
Support with 'Ruthless Blues — £4.50

May — Fri 28th
LARRY WALLIS
& The Death Commandos of Love
Supported by Spys
£3.30

May — Sat 29
WIPEOUT
Supported by The R & B's
SPITFIRE

May — Mon 31st CLOSED

June — Tues 1st
LONE WOLF
(Ex Iron Maiden) + Support

June — Weds 2nd
From Jamaica — First ever British appearance
MICHAEL PROPHET
with guests 'Amazula £3.25

June — Thurs 3rd
THE SEARCHERS
+ Support £2.75

Coming soon — JUNE 9th
BO DIDDLEY

OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM.

THE TRAMSHED

51-53 WOOLWICH NEW RD, SE18
WEDNESDAY JUNE 2nd
HANK WANGFORD
+ THE ESCORTS
THURSDAY JUNE 10th
JOHNNY MARS SEVENTH SUN
+ THE ESCORTS

Fairdeal

211 Stockwell Rd
London SW9
01-274 5242

BILLY PRESTON and SYREETA
with guests Skank Orchestra
Friday May 28th, 7.30. Tickets £3.50

Bluesy Moods with
SONNY TERRY and BROWNIE McGHEE
with Styve Hornick on drums with guests
JOHNNY MARS
& ROOT JACKSON AND THE GB BLUES CO.
Saturday June 5th, 7.30. Tickets £2.50

AD LIB CLUB

JOHNNY THUNDERS
THURSDAY 27th MAY + ONLY AFTER DARK
FRIDAY 28th MAY + ONLY AFTER DARK
SATURDAY 29th MAY + THE LONDON COWBOYS
7.30 11.00pm £2.00
THE KENSINGTON, RUSSELL GDNS. W14
TICKETS AVAIALBLE AT B.O.
1pm — 3pm :: 8pm — 10.30pm
Last Gigs in the UK

ALTERNATIVE MUSIQUE

Presents
RED LIPSTIQUE
LIVE
Plus Alternative Disco by
GILL, FRANCES, MANDY & GUEST, DJ JERRY
On Sunday May 30th :: 5.00 – 12.00 pm
at FLEET COUNTRY CLUB, OLD COVE ROAD, FLEET, HANTS.
(02514) 5500
Tickets £2 from:— Fleet Country Club, Kareba Nightclub, Conduit St, Mayfair. Jacksons Nightclub, Staines.

Barry Dickins and Rod MacSween for ITB present

ZAPPA
in concert
ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Tel: 01-748 4081
EXTRA SHOW Sat 19th June at 6.15pm
SOLD OUT Friday 18th & Saturday 19th June at 9.15pm
Tickets: £6.50, £5.50 & £4.50 from the Box Office & and usual agents (+booking fee)

IT'S ON!

GLASTONBURY
CND FESTIVAL 1982
18th. 19th. & 20th. of June. Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset.
VAN MORRISON
JACKSON BROWNE
THE BLUES BAND — THE CHIEFTAINS
JUDY TZUKE — ASWAD — SAD CAFE
RICHIE HAVENS — FUNKAPOLITAN
A CERTAIN RATIO — STEVE WALLY
TALISMAN — JEAN-PHILLIPE RYKIEL
CLIMAX BLUES BAND — EKOME
JOHN COOPER CLARKE

TICKETS: Ticket prices on the gate are as follows:- Friday, Saturday and Sunday - £9. Saturday and Sunday - £8. Sunday only - £7. Children under 14 admitted FREE. A limited number of Three-Day advance tickets at £8 each are still available to personal callers only, from C.N.D. 227 Seven Sisters Road, London, N.4. (opp. Finsbury Park Tube), and also from branches of London Theatre Bookings and Premiere Theatre Bookings. For full information of the three days events, an eight page programme can be found in the current edition of SANITY.

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

ANIMAL MAGIC
THUR. MAY 27. "First of the jazz punkateers". Sounds "A bit Pigbag but without being over-the-top arty". Melody Maker

SCREEN III
FRI. MAY 28. Placed somewhere between ABC and The Famous Flames, they're harder than the former's pop chic and less repetitive than the latter's disco soul. From Norwich, but we won't hold that against them.

KILLER WALES
SAT. MAY 29. Mesmeric performance by front person which ranges from high camp to 'thirties' Berlin Cabaret' while the band show admirable restraint. RECOMMENDED.

SUN. MAY 30. TROOPS for TOMORROW + FLOATING BEARS + TUNNEL VISION

MON. MAY 31. The Recruits + The Pals + Alan Henry

TUE. JUN 1. MATT ANDAN + THE STAGGERING MONKEYS + BRAVE FACE

DOLLY MIXTURE
WED. JUN 2. "Clean, calm, shiny pop. Neat, sweet melodies". NME, plus some nice reworkings of Tamala classics.

THUR. JUN 3. **SYL SYLVAIN**

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929 TIMES FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

WEST READING FESTIVAL

READING FREE FESTIVAL
Sunday 30th May 12-8pm with
SHRINKING MEN ACCESS
+ Six Other Bands
at the Reading Festival Site
Richfield Avenue
Live Music/Record Fair/Free Market/Licensed Bar
Sponsored by POP RECORDS
(2nd Hand Records) 172 KING'S ROAD, READING

CLUB 100

100 OXFORD STREET, LONDON WEST ONE
TUESDAY 1st JUNE
THE ADDICTS
+ ACTION PACT
+ GUEST STARS
7.30-11.00
ADMISSION ONLY £2.00

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 27th May £2.00
Flicknife Records present a Punk party with:
URBAN DOGS featuring 2 original members of UK SUBS
+ ERAZERHEAD

Friday 28th May £2.00
THE METEORS
+ Fear

Saturday 29th May £1.50
Last London Date before European Tour:
DEKE LEONARD
+ Indoor Games

Sunday 30th May £1.50
THE GREATEST SHOW ON LEGS
featuring The Box Brothers as seen on OTT & Game For A Laugh

Monday 31st May £1.50
Charity Performance by
THE DIRTY STRANGERS
with The LIGHTNING RAIDERS + NOVA EXPRESS from USA + Heroes
Tickets from Ray (01) 385 8305

Tuesday 1st June £1.25
AUNTIE & THE MEN FROM UNCLE
CANYONS & MATCHES

Wednesday 2nd June £1.25
ROZZ
+ Naughty Thoughts

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 27th May £2.50
THE RAINCOATS
+ The Three Corgettes
+ The Go-Betweens

Friday 28th May £3.00
BELLE STARS
+ FLying Pickets

Saturday 29th May £3.00
SECOND IMAGE

Monday 31st May
Closed for Bank Holiday

Tuesday 1st June £3.00
ALAN VEGA

Wednesday 2nd June £2.50
THE FIXX
+ The Sinatra's

Thursday 3rd June £3.00
HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS

COMING SOON

Friday 4th June £3.00 — MOOD SIX
Saturday 5th June £3.50 — LINDISFARNE
Monday 7th June £3.00 — NICO
Tuesday 8th June £3.00 — CABARET VOLTAIRE
Wednesday 9th June £4.00 — TOM VERLAINE
Thursday 10th June £4.00 — Midnight Show TOM VERLAINE
Friday 11th June £3.00 — INMATES
Saturday 12th June £3.00 — SECRET AFFAIR

CHAPTER - Cardiff

Saturday 29th May 8pm — **KODAK TAKE/FLESH** + film shows — Tickets £1.50

Saturday 5th June 8.30pm — **ZG MAGAZINE PARTY NIGHT** — Tickets £1.50

Years membership £1.50

Chapter, Market Rd, Canton, Cardiff Tel 0222-396061

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

GANG OF FOUR
KING TRIGGER
PLUS GUESTS .....
TUESDAY 22nd JUNE 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748 2812) KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS.

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 27th, Friday 28th
Divine in **FEMALE TROUBLE**
1.10, 4.20, 7.30
+ **BEST OF THREE STOOGES**
2.50, 6.00, 9.10
Saturday 29th
WILD WOMEN OF WONGO
3.53, 6.35, 9.30
+ **BUCKET OF BLOOD**
2.00, 5.00, 8.00
11.30 All night
DIVINE, JOHN WATERS & CO
Sunday 30th
PETER GREENAWAY
1.30 (Sep perf)
ANDY WARHOL'S BAD
5.20, 8.20
FLESH 4.10, 7.10
Monday 31st
W C FIELDS FESTIVAL
incl
MILLION DOLLAR LEGS :: THE BANK DICK
12.30, 4.30, 7.30
Tuesday 1st
Jagger in
PERFORMANCE
1.30, 4.00, 7.30
+ Cohen's **DEMON**
3.20, 5.50, 9.15
Wednesday 2nd
Ken Russell Double
THE DEVILS
1.30, 5.15, 9.00
+ **ALTERED STATES**
3.30, 7.15
Thursday 3rd
Oshima's
IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES
1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00

Tears For Fears

28th May U.M.I.S.T. Manchester
29th May Valentinos Edinburgh
30th May Maestros Glasgow
31st May Holy City Zoo Birmingham

DEREK BLOCK presents

altered images
VIC GODDARD & SUBWAY SECT
SUNDAY 30th MAY 7.30pm
TICKETS 3.50 3.25 3.00
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

altered images
CHINA CRISIS The Sinatras
TUESDAY 1st JUNE 7.30pm
TICKETS 3.25
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

OUTLAW PRESENTS

LEVEL 42
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
INCOGNITO
PLUS D.J. MICK BROWN
SUNDAY 30th MAY 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.75
EXTRA SHOW Monday 31st May 7.30pm
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, STARGREEN; CENTRE TICKETS; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 27th May £1.25 — THE SINATRAS + The Walking Floors
Friday 28th May £1.50 — THE TRONICS + My Silent War
Saturday 29th May £1.50 — RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS + King Kurt
Sunday 30th May £1.50 — DREAM CYCLE 7 + The Ghost
Monday 31st May £1.25 — HOWARD JONES + Mouse & The Underdog
Tuesday 1st June 50p — THE IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real ale served 7.30-11pm

101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill SW1
223 8309

Thursday 27th May £1.00 — STIFF ALL STARS
Friday 28th May £1.50 — THE PAPERS
Saturday 29th May £1.50 — BRAVE FACE
Sunday 30th May £1.00 — CAYMEN
Monday 31st May £1.00 — THIS ISSUE
Tuesday 1st June £1.00 — STREET WALKER
Wednesday 2nd June £1.00 — MANRAY

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 26th May £1.25 — **WIPEOUT**
Thursday 27th May £1.25 — **THE ALARM**
Friday 28th May £1.50 — **DEKE LEONARD**
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18, 19, 20 Glastonbury Festival
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LPs EXTRA!

Tux'moon's Brown and Blaine *Pic: Bryn Jones*

A GRETA LOVE . . .

TUXEDOMOON

Divine (Operation Twilight)

MUSIC FOR a ballet by Maurice Bejart in tribute to Greta Garbo, played on violins, electric keyboards and saxes: this must be an apotheosis of camp. Even more so, as the seven excerpts are each named after one of Garbo's '30s pictures for Metro, when the breathtaking sensuality of her silent films was displaced by a distant, untouchable beauty.

'Divine', though, is by Tuxedomoon, not a group to idle in the realms of rapture. The music they create (and it's difficult to visualise how, say, the plangent dischords of 'Anna Christie' are related to any choreography) is virtually bereft of heartstrings plaintiveness. Glassy banks of keyboards ration prettiness in 'Camille' and 'Queen Christina' as if each were entrapped in a climate of famine, the gauche eradicated by a refusal to admit emotional garlands.

Tuxedomoon's contradictory make-up — an American fascination with European sentiment, strengthened by a penetration to the very quick of melancholy; the clash between sounds inside the group, organic sinew of strings versus the unbending blocks of electricity, explodes the purity of their sour, difficult playing. This is chamber music of Bartokian intensity but it's also painfully littered with abstraction. 'Ninotchka' is ostensibly a compilation of Gallic innuendo and Russian peasant dance, yet the flow is jammed by splinters that trick time, a confusion of voices throngs the rhythm and a desultory ugliness hovers on the perimeter.

They simultaneously enshrine Garbo as icon and twist her horribly out of shape, like a memory disfigured by age. Her soundtrack voice intrudes in places: at the beginning of 'Conquest' she imperiously rasps "What do I care for your orders — they can't frighten me" and it echoes over and over, finally walled up behind a black fog of noise. Then she speaks again, and Blaine Reininger adjusts his violins to spiral through a trance of kind remembrance, the one moment of untainted beauty on the record.

On 'Grand Hotel' the voice babbles as if through a vocoder — she is as distant from the music 'Moon have drawn round her as she was from her idolatrous moviegoers. In this unlovely and committed recital they hold this expressionless madonna in a frozen esteem that rings acutely true.

Richard Cook

ONCE IS ENOUGH

ERIC CLAPTON

Timepieces (RSO)

IN A sense, it doesn't really matter whether one thinks of Eric Clapton as the man whose pioneering plagiarism helped black artists ranging from B.B. King to Bob Marley to take their earliest steps towards the lucrative white rock audience, or as the drunken shithead whose disgusting onstage outburst at a Birmingham gig several years ago provided the impetus that ended up creating Rock Against Racism.

As far as this anthology is concerned, Clapton appears in his '70s guise: that of a mild-mannered crooner whose work draws on the most easily assimilable aspects of reggae, country music and downhome r&b. Apart from 'Layla' — admittedly an epochal recording, but one which has been anthologised and reissued so endlessly that it is hard to believe that anybody who wants it hasn't already got it — the album's best moments are the covers of numbers from the repertoires of Bob Dylan, Bob Marley, J.J. Cale and Johnny Otis, and even those seem little more than adequate.

It seems unlikely that Clapton could have launched a significant career of this stuff without the considerable backlog of goodwill that he had created in the '60s during his 'guitar hero' period. After all, what is he now but J.J. Cale without the wit or Ry Cooder without the guts or the curiosity? 'Timepieces' is simple proof that, these days, a stopped clock can't even guarantee to be right twice a day.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE BIG DILEMMA!

BUCKS FIZZ

Are You Ready (RCA)

I WALKED into the *NME* with this LP under my arm: everyone was looking at me. Everyone was saying to me — do you like the Bucks Fizz LP, or do you not? I had to make the right decision. I thought of the songs, the words, the performance: so golden, so glib, so self-assured, so terribly weak, so smooth . . . but do I like it or not? I don't know! I need some advice. Should I like it? Will it injure anyone if I don't like it? Can't someone help me? Is it a new peak in expensive entertainment, or is it as lacquered and hilarious as 'Tug Of War'? There's some wonderful moments — I take off! — but there's some dumb moments — I sink!

I make up my mind. I don't really like the new Bucks Fizz LP! Everybody laughs at me . . . I'VE MADE THE WRONG DECISION. It's a camp classic! What a lie!

Paul Morley

"Oh no it's not!"

HERMINE

The World On My Plates (Crammed)

SHOW ME the way to the next cafe/bar. Hermine lives in a demi-monde; a world of sleaze and cramped vamps. This torch sets this shadow land alight though with a flame that puts Ronni, Carmel *et al* to the stake.

Oh my! What life this Femme Fatale holds. Her plates are porcelain and this one deserves to go gold.

This is a mini-album of six tracks and all six are wonders (so don't take five). HERMINE. The name itself exudes quality and an almost Franco-German beauty. A brilliance that sheds its contents in the musical limbo between Lenya and Piaf. A voice that coats every word in fondly rolled broken English.

HERMINE DEMORIANE. Ah! She glosses these tracks with a post-war veneer of cabaret singing. Exhuming the corpse of Vichy cafes and Berlin bierkellers, she steals the show with a gift granted to so few flames: the ability to arouse that pathos of decadence that flowed in the so-called 'age of reason'. Reason? Hermine throws it to the dogs and revels in the tactility of voice.

Six covers from Nick Lowe, Kane, Wallis and Orbison and more. 'The Thrill Is Gone' . . . deadpan piano delivery — muted sax, high soaring notes from this *jeune fille* and the thrill does go — your emotions drained.

The tracks are simply wrapped with piano and cello, the most worthy spouses for the young bride. They're splendidly coupled on tracks like 'Waiting', where the sadness of the lyrics is ethereally bemoaned by this distressed dove; hovering on the receding high notes, falling to a maculate, masculine tone on the low keys.

Old standards like 'Too Many Men In My Life' are knocked out with a smattering of lines like *"eet ze sac"* that brings the French farce of the singer into line with the ribald American humour of the lyricist.

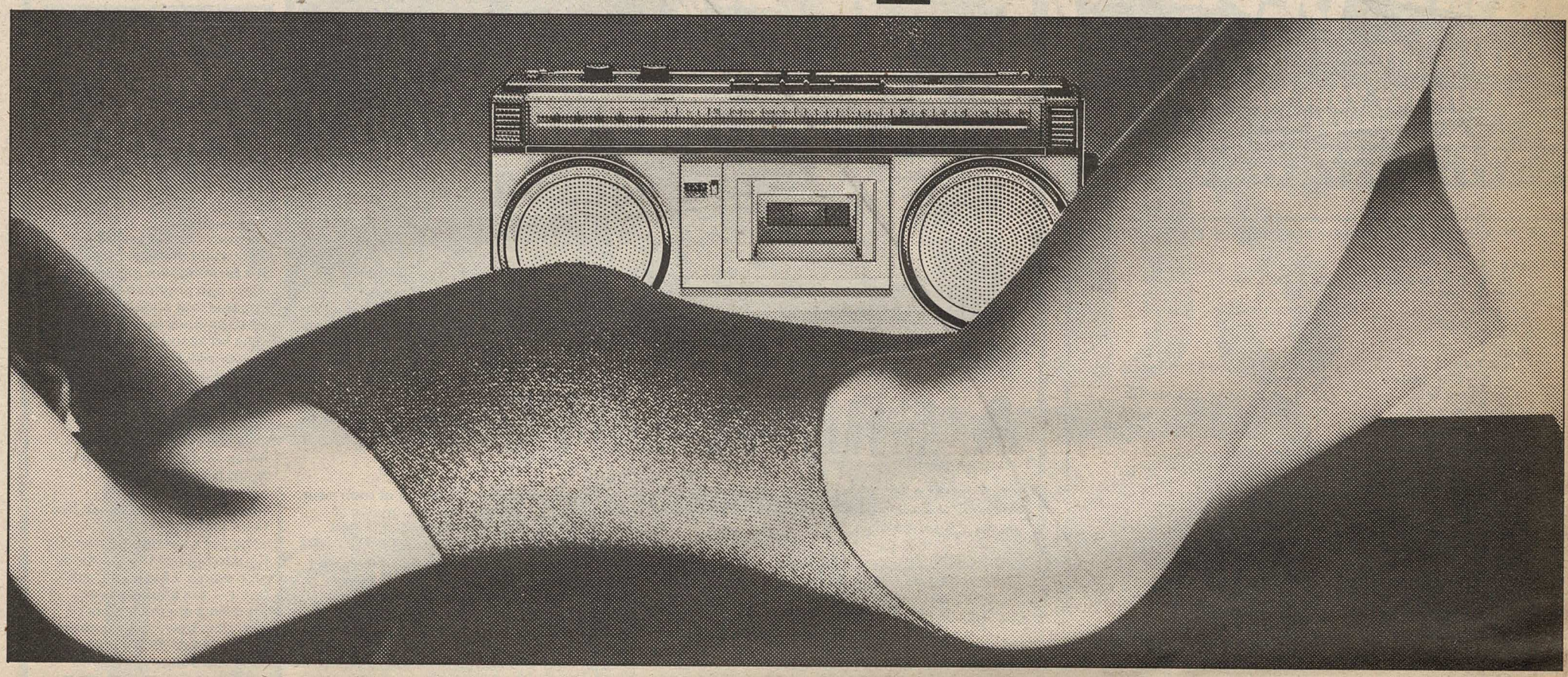
Hermine Demoriane: roll it on your tongue. Curl up this enormous mini album and form an entente cordiale.

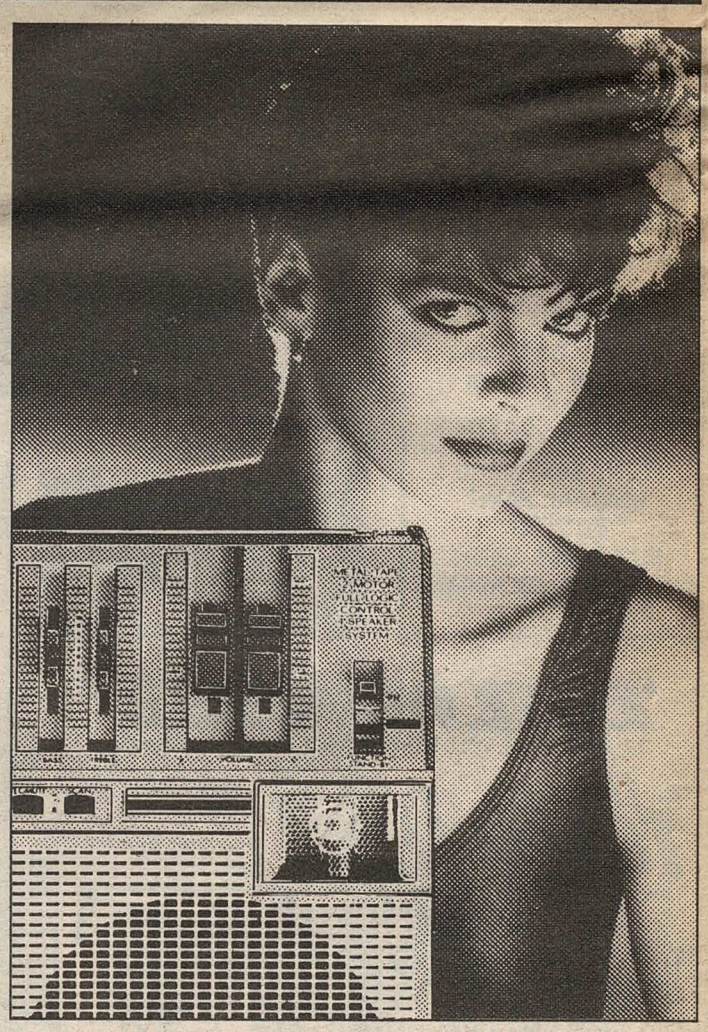
David Dorrell

La Divine Hermine *Pic: Rick Rayner-Canham*

A TORCH TO LIGHT THE SHADOW LAND

Portable power!





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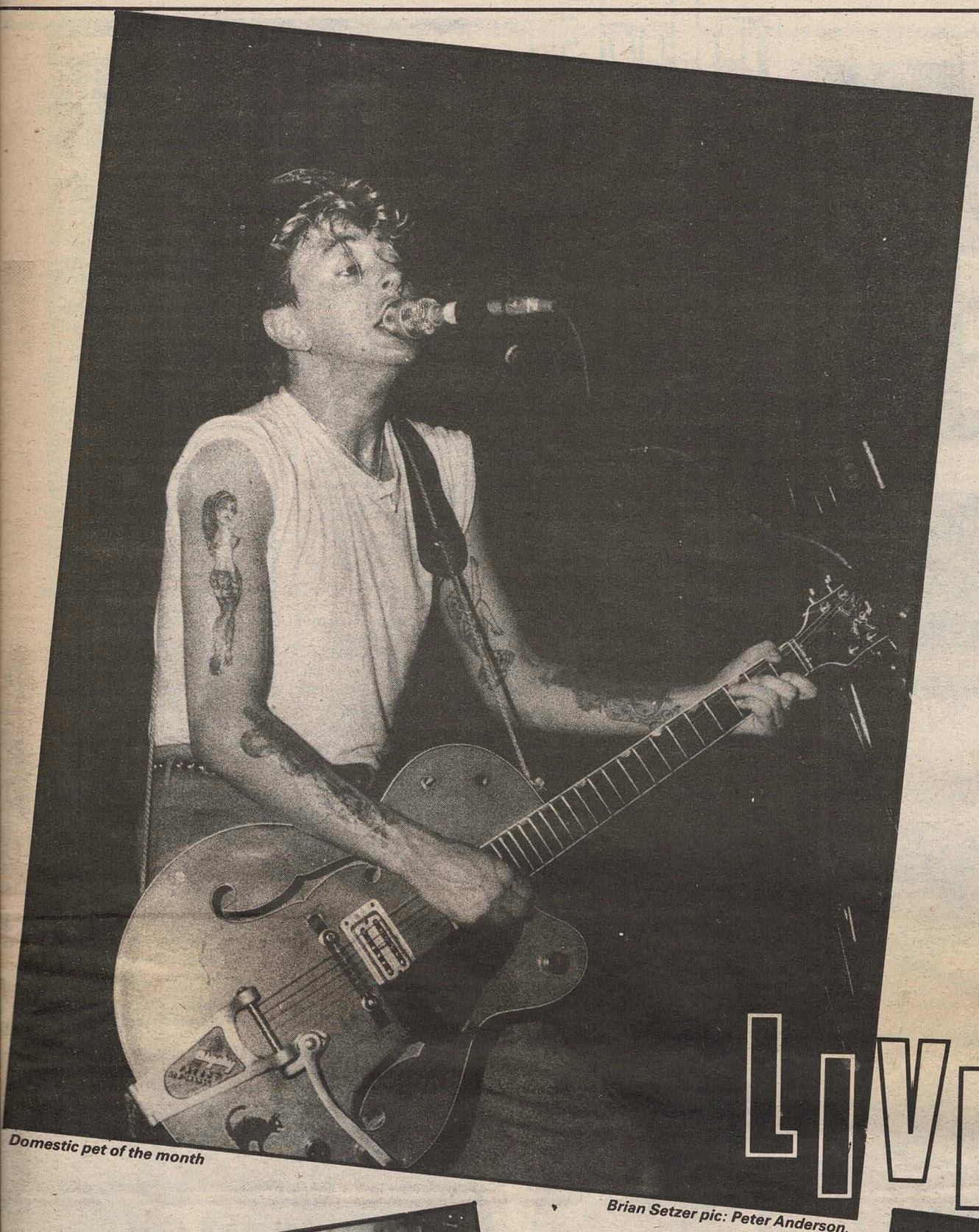

Domestic pet of the month

Brian Setzer pic: Peter Anderson.

ROCKING THE CAT'S CRADLE

STRAY CATS

Marquee

STRUCK THIS way . . . Stray Cats say "We're gonna rock this town" — more like pose and sweat I say.

They're all sweating today, swell cats, hip cats, stray punks . . . sizzling on time. We're late 'cause Joolz has been shopping for offers, or summat, and Setzer's already soliciting onstage, quizzing it up, flashing tattoos and American teeth.

You feel the heat hanging in the air and the bass tugging at your spine as soon as you slouch in — 'been a long time since I squeezed into a gig this hot, a long break from this close-hugging, mugging humidity. Sweat, wacker, sweat. We're over in the corner with a load of continental, prontinental, types, stuck in the French quarter, and it's that hot, you sweat fast standing still.

The Stray Cats? They're sweating swell as well and everybody with two legs is dancing. The Cats strip off and the girls go hopping mad; the bassist leans back against the speakers and the French boys go wild . . .

Setzer, hisself, prowls and wears a peaked cap, queening it up, James-Deaning it up, and throat-growls songs like 'Punk Girls Wear Fishnet Stockings', to turn the boys on. The guitarist is preening over the top behind the mike — now Setzer looks like a queen, now Setzer looks like a dolt — and the bassist just slips coolly into 'Stray Cats Strut'. The guitar sings great but . . . the bass slaps great but . . . the Cats Strut's great but it's all been strut before. The problem with revivalists, Citizens, is no matter how good they are, they always remind you that the originals were better. 'Kinnel, Cochran never bothered with videos!

The Stray Cats stars take Presley to heart and make up like tattooed teddybears. Some like it, some don't (depends on whether you're still into soft toys).

Justin, from Bradford band New Model Army, says "fuckin' great!"

SWells, from Bradford poet Seething Wells, says "Grand band".

Joolz, from Spite, says "Comforting music, madam".

X says, the Stray Cats look good but Fury wore his eyeliner much more discreetly. The Stray Cats are safe (less rebel rockers, more domestic pets), but while they are sweating in a club, TOTP'd in a front room, at least there's an argument on the line.

The kittens swat and drank and loved it but are not convinced yet. Sway, Cats, Sway? Hey? (Aw, c'mon . . .).

X. Moore

LIVE!

SLAP STICK SWING

THE SWINGING LAURELS

Hope And Anchor

THE HEAT was tropical and the talk was topical in this hot house that calls itself a pub. The steam was rising from an overgrown audience, a lush growth of heads surmounted by a backdrop that would do *State Arts* proud; keyboards, blue-notes, pink notes and silk screened saxes. This gives you an idea of the foreground and the background, time now for the middle ground — the no-mans land that the Laurels are growing in.

The buzz is that the Swinging Laurels are pure slap-stick, Leicester's answer to the men from Madness. That's fine; what worries me is their musical ability. Can they mix the sound with the insanity? They look fairly normal bar Gary Birtles (no relation) who has a manic glint in his eyes and an unnerving smile. This is the reason for the bands repute for revelry. An MC (mad cap) that the audience warm to in the same way as they do Chas Smash or some such mega-comedian.

They didn't have to try too hard for laughs — the props pushed most of the audience over a cliff of hysterics in a game of musical mistakes that must have taken the edge off the Laurels' leaves. The arty backdrop dropped, the drum machine decided that it would move feet to its own beat at least three times, and a series of false starts were the order of the evening. Yet the band played on with a resilience that would put Dunlop to shame.

When the Laurels stop running around and changing from sax to keyboard to trumpet they sometimes get down to the grit and make music. Music that varies from the flatly flatulent, to tracks like 'Swing The Cat' and 'Rodeo' that combine all the fun and fury the band can muster into a Coco-the-clown-sings-Pigbag patter. Birtles being something of a case for Rampton he finds it difficult to convey the moodier, more poignant tracks like 'Sensurround' and 'Lovesongs' with conviction.

The audience were sad to see 'em go, so like all weil nurtured plants they clapped for an encore and got more than they deserved; flexi-discs and a brilliant dub version of 'Swing The Cat' — including a truly RANKING toast from Birtles.

In many ways the Laurels implicity stress simplicity — the saxes taking the weight of the melody with impish but infrequent trumpet solos from Dean Sargent. But without some heavier tracks the Swinging Laurels may never become the hardy perennials they deserve to be and I for one don't want to see them on the trail of the lonesome pine.

David Dorrell

Gary Birtles scores for The Laurels.

Pics: David Corio.

THE FACE

Photo: Davies/Starr

THIS MONTH'S SELECTION

From the House of Quality, on the street of the same name

MARI WILSON: She's the Wonder of Woolies!
HAIRCUT 100 and the Cult of the CLEANCUT
Culture SHOCK! A Pick'n'Mix of Ethnic Style
MICK KARN and The Artist's Will To Pop
BRYAN FERRY: ROXY AND THE BUSINESS OF STYLE
TEENAGE: Why this TV programme must be seen!
Jon Savage on EDWARDIANS, the original TEDS
The Musicbiz Inside & Out: A mercenary's story
HOW SCRITTI POLITTI LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING
Ice cream, Doris Day, and THE BLUEBELLS
DUGGIE FIELDS: THE MAN IN THE DRIP-DRY SUIT
Albums Singles Films INTRO Lowry Burchill

JUNE 1982 ISSUE
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LIVE!

FAC51 THE HACIENDA

Manchester

"FOR ANY REAL form of substantive youth culture to thrive in a city, there has to be a place to go, somewhere to meet. That place in turn becomes representative of the city culture and gains respect and reputation for that city. Manchester was way ahead of everyone else during the first days of punk. Why? We had a marvellous meeting place called the Electric Circus.

"Since the Circus closed its doors there's been Rafters and after that The Factory to keep Manchester going. But for the last two years there's been absolutely nothing of any interest here . . . The Hacienda HAD to be built." (Tony Wilson, Factory director).

Tangled through a steel girder ocean of Northern subtopia and arrived face to red brick and black sheen mirrors without billboard or open door. A solitary six inch plaque inset instructs:

FAC51 THE HACIENDA

Painters and decorators and drill machines clutter up the interior in a frantic attempt to ensure The Hacienda opens its doors tonight. Considering the alleged effect this evening will have on the progression of provincial youth culture, someone somewhere is guilty of severe procrastination. The drinks licence arrived yesterday, the paint comes off on your shoes.

Inside (it looks just like outside) steel yellow and signal red girders prop up the factory ceiling. Rows of rock hard grey seats and ultra violet lights illuminate the industrial interior. If *Mad Max 3* needs a disco location . . . The Hacienda's outlandish futurism would province a serious contender. An expansive dance arena is annexed off from the seating parlour by a colonnade of authentic looking cats' eyes. Approach: Industrial Fantasy. Intention: To restore a sense of place.

Move on up, 50 feet up to the twin skylights, spanning the entire factory roof, feeding in glimpses of a grey drizzly day in Manchester to the grey downcast Hacienda walls annointed with council leftover paint. The roof space is littered with banks of multi-chromatic lights projecting criss-crossing beams across the wide stage area, accentuating the bluey hue atmosphere.

Down escalator, where the number of bodies rushing around back and forth, back to back, increases to a comical frenzy until, instantaneously, they're no longer dashing . . . but walking, strolling, strutting and VERY dashing. The clientele have arrived.

The awkward stripey decor gradually relaxes with striped pedal pushers and smart grey suits, friendly faces and ACR coiffures take the steel out of Factory. I ask a couple of people for first impressions:

Harry S.: "It's so typically Factory isn't it? All the industrial colours and stark, harsh atmosphere. I suppose

ESG

Club comedy

At home on the Hacienda

DIAMANDA GALAS

Barracuda

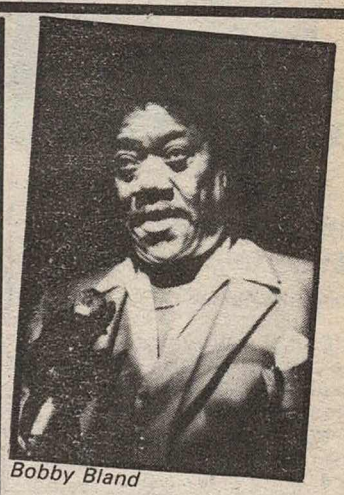
DIAMANDA GALAS is no sensationalist, and though anything could look sensational at the Barracuda Club, Galas performed her two principal works, 'The Litanies Of Satan' and 'Wild Women With Steak Knives', with remarkable dignity and economy.

If one could measure the effect of her vocal odysseys by the number of feverish chills they send scurrying through one's muscle tissue, Galas would knock up a pretty high score. Such base calculations would, however, be inappropriate. What is slightly bemusing about her performance, as opposed to her record, is that she has at one and the same time to act as a disembodied voice and to sing as an actress.

Thus, while she writhes through *"the emeraldine perversity of the life struggle in hell"*, her shapely physique contorting within the black sparkle of her nightclub dress, she is having to incorporate the five or six microphones between which, according to where she wishes to place each emission, she alternates, as a part of her theatre. This nonetheless gives her a strange autonomy, a liberation from contrivances of mime balanced against "sound effects" which would otherwise lull her audience into a state of complicity.

Galas is frightening because she is outside the conventions of outrage. She is a woman whose beauty is possessed by her voice, a polyphonous vessel that leads her limbs through the staggered steps of evil and madness. Within the arena of novelty she can be accommodated. Were she to play in more satisfactory surroundings, e.g. vacant lots, disused factories, hers would be a genuine theatre of cruelty. Her voice and performance are impregnated with all the agony and beauty of Goya.

Barney Hoskyns


Bobby Bland

B.B. King

Factory outing pics: Kevin Cummins

Fry and friend

it'll end up as just another ego trip for Tony Wilson and his cronies."

Jake H.: "It's the first club I've been to where there's a total lack of aggression. The general feel of the club is really relaxed and comfortable . . . which may or may not have something to do with the five guineas for membership . . . The Hacienda is a place for rich people to slum in."

Paul Morley: "Love IS like a butterfly."

Right . . .er . . .thanks Paul. The dance floor activity increases noticeably as the native hipsters recover from initial discussions of decor, drink and the weather. I recover from the continental style complications of getting a drink and leave the homely Hacienda floor to get a verdict from the club authorities.

Tony Wilson staggers about in a sharp black number and flowing scarf, leaving Howard Jones (general manager) to do the worrying and running around. So why choose 11-13 Whitworth St. West as the next Factory battlefield?

Tony: "We looked at a load of different places . . . this was just the first one we fell in love with. Everything's ideal, the surroundings, size and atmosphere were just what we wanted. Obviously it didn't look anything like this when we first started over 18 months ago . . . but Ben Kelly (designer) deserves a good deal of the credit in making The Hacienda."

Howard: "We've created a comfortable much needed club with a very ambient feel and the choice of site was an obvious accessory to what we wanted to do."

Don't you think that the decor is a little bit too predictable . . . too much like Factory?

Tony: "You've obviously got very fixed precconceptions about Factory. But the thing is, we could have put in plush velvet seating and carpeting and gaudy plastic decorations . . . something like The Camden Palace in London . . . but it would have felt so out of place in Manchester. This is an industrial northern town and we haven't forgotten that."

O.K. So why have a members only club in an industrial northern town?

Tony: "That was something totally out of our control. When we first detailed plans for The Hacienda, the entire existing clubland opposed the opening. The only way we could get round the opposition and get a drinks licence was to introduce membership."

Howard: "Five guineas isn't a lot to pay for something like this. The drinks prices are below local pub level, there's three bars, a restaurant and a disco six nights a week. And we're planning to open lunchtimes as well."

Is The Hacienda going to be used to launch or promote Factory bands?

Tony: "No. There may be the occasional Factory group playing here but that is as far as the relationship goes. The prime function of The Hacienda is to promote Manchester youth culture and provide good music."

Back upstairs the defects in The Hacienda system are stamping a little misery into the revelry, The disco sound is suffering through first night hitches and reverberation havoc from the high roof. Plans to lag the ceiling haven't materialised as yet, chiefly due to economic pressure, and there's an urgent need for The Hacienda to be something more than a comfortable club with shoddy sound. The Videotek department (two screens on either side of the stage) lacks any kind of collaboration with the lighting administration. As it stands the disco lights detract from video clarity: *Rock'n'Roll Swindle* fades to grey.

Too many hours pass in idle chat, waiting for something to happen, watching the Manchester pop scene plus guests sidle along: Pete Shelley and Mark Smith, ACR and Martin Fry (mmm . . . that reminds me of a song). Tony Wilson eventually wanders on stage to slur through an introduction but thanks to echo and whatever he's been drinking all I hear is a garbled "thanks for coming" and "Bernard Manning". What a joker, eh?

"I've played some shitholes in my time but this is really something." The towering lump of lard waddles across stage. It IS Bernard Manning! All that waiting . . for THIS. Fifteen minutes of heckle and sick jokes later the fat trembles off acompanied by suitable gestures of appreciation.

ESG, an imported showcase for The Hacienda celebration, struggle through the sound. It's sad . . . they deserved a review at least. The heavy walking bass and bong skank squad set the guitar prayer book on fire. Rhythms instead of chords and feel preferred to noise. The Hacienda will get better and ESG must be heard.

Amrik Rai

SINGIN' THE BLAND BLUES

B.B. KING
BOBBY 'BLUE' BLAND
JOHN LEE HOOKER

Hammersmith Odeon

BEING IN ROW Q at the Hammersmith Odeon is, to the point, a waste of any body's time and mind. If there is any action it has to be of a particular and dramatic kind, bright and decisive, or there may as well not be any action at all. It's a bit like talking to someone on the phone; it doesn't preclude intimacy and subtlety, but if it persists you might well feel the need to see someone's face. I'd have liked to have seen John Lee Hooker's face. I'd have felt more in context.

For Bobby Bland, I'm not so sure. Bobby Bland is possessed of, or to be more precise, is possessed *by*, one of *those voices* — a voice that can send shivers up and down a spine to a groin; on a recording like 'There Ain't Nothing You Can Do' for instance, sometimes Bland is Beautiful, it's the only way. But when prone, laid out, to self-parody, his deepthroat vocal cliches can slur to the point where I'm thinking, *"surely shome mishtake here?"* After a damning sensitive interpretation of 'I'll Take Care Of You' he got really (sh)lushy and I lost interest.

I'd arrived somewhere in the middle of John Lee Hooker's set, and in spite of some fair lacklustre boogie from the band (no chillun) and bombastic organ, I was stroked by *him*. A touch of evil in a shining blue-grey mohair suit of amour, he was singing *"You don't give me no satisfaction'*, and he struck me as being a man of the very highest standards.

After him and an interval Bobby Bland's Orchestra worked through a lazy interpretation of Coltrane's 'Blue Train', which was arch-typical of the rest of the evening's fan fare. But the star of the show, ladies and gentlemen, B.B. King, sings better than ever, and if I'm going to hear guitars outside a textural or rhythmic context, then I'll take him and Lucille home with me anytime. Unfortunately, tonight I was eating out and, to be frank, the service left a lot to be desired.

'The Thrill Is Gone' on record is something akin to Camus's 'The Myth Of Sisyphus' in five and a half minutes, and the tune is so strong it can move from a whisper to a scream with unfailing economy of effort. The performance he gave was pretty immaculate, but this apart, the supple funky stuff of some of his recent recordings was dispensed with in favour of more crass crowd-pulling tactics, which though lively at times, hit a desperately low common-denominator in the end.

I think it's only partly his fault. He's faced with a slack soft monster of an audience (that's right, dinosaurs) which comes only to pay its respects to what it clearly perceives to be a MONUMENT to its absent youth. The James Brown Revue earlier in the year was more of the same — the atmosphere of passive reverence and sycophantic chuminess is so much dead weight, and so stifling as to kill off any living feelings which were still breathing to begin with.

So in the place of mean business or generous pleasure, there's a roll-call of everyone present from Ben E. King and The Drifters, to Alexis 'History of Rock' Korner and the referee for the Harlem Globetrotters. I know it was a *festival*, but I'm sorry, bluesbreakers, I just couldn't move for all the kitsch-in-sync. It was one of those duff parties one attends sometimes on the strength of two or three fine old gentlemen who are certain to be there. And you can't get to them through the crush.

Mark Cordery

John Lee Hooker

LIVE!

NEW ROSE IN TOWN

The limousine smooth sound of showbiz

Rose Royce pic: Bryn Jones

ROSE ROYCE

Sheffield

ROSE ROYCE are eight spangled gold nights and one dulcet damsel in a rest home for retired headbangers. Rose Royce don't belong in this hive of neutered dinosaurs, as the desperate colonades of absent spectators would willingly testify. Rose Royce want to party but you can't party without people.

Parading a stunning riot of colour they temper splendour and pomposity with the vintage cream of syncopated beat sensation. Is it love you're after . . . or just a good time? Catch the trumpet and sax stutter and sway. Watch the syndrum richochet around the rooftop, spiralling sharply in and out of focus. Feel the passion of lovers in a melting-nectar sensuous voice. Rose Royce wheel and deal with sophisticated emotion within a tacky framework of embarrassingly American lame-glam presentation.

The horn section shuffle instep across stage as the two balcony tiers empty to join in the pantomime/dance along to Rose Royce. The Yank mentality of hackneyed panderism (the "you're the best, Sheffield" type garbage) is all too evident but so patently futile. Attempting to recreate a Hollywood-Bowl-extravaganza atmosphere in a poorly attended Sheffield City Hall results only in a forced, facile pageant of ostentatious intimacy.

'Stronger than Ever', the new album, presents a notable landmark in the gold-disc-studded Rose Royce career. It marks definite departure from the stifling production and dominance of Norman Whitfield, the hit machine controller responsible for Gladys Knight and The Temptations' route to chart success. This is the first time you will hear the real Rose Royce.

Now it's Michael Nash, the keyboard player, at the controls mixing the sacharrine refrains with splashes of acidic riffing in a hard, harsher sound tormenting, teasing and tantalising dance. An orchestration of bewildering horns and chinky guitars and marauding-twang bass from the duke of Royce. There's more variation on the vocal front: Michael Moore's base guttural lust away from the saxophone forcing a trenchent contrast with Ricci Benson's familiar passionate embroidery. Nash himself weaves an alluring umbrella of dreamy dancing keyboards soldering the percussive rattle into a cleverly co-ordinated web of ritzy entertainment.

The inclusion of a greatest hits medley for the benefit of people who've handed over their fivers for a dozen versions of 'Wishing on a Star' proves to be a laddered disjunction of style and pace. 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore' creating a momentary feeling of enchanting fragile despair only for the relatively rocky instrusion of 'Car Wash' to completely disrupt and disjoint the bed of roses.

How do you get to Rose Royce? Discontort the James Chance mutant disco machine onto a less risky, more sophisticated language level, add a few punctuation marks and a touch of syndrum verve, slicker controlled compositions, a hallmark of authenticity and redefine the showy arrogance as a belligerent antiquated ethic of showbiz-circus-format until you arrive at the definitive description of Rose Royce. It wasn't love . . . but a good time it most certainly was.

Amrik Rai

EARLY EVENING JAZZ

Drill Hall

STORMY WEATHER — don't you believe it. Early Evening Jazz began with a cloudburst but it ended in a heatwave; and worried frowns over a low first-night turnout gave way to jubilation as Britain's first festival of women's jazz finished up a runaway success.

Despite the inclusion of pertinent blues like 'Trying Times' or 'Everybody's Crying Mercy', the festive spirit was paramount. Every night a party: from Kathy Stobart's spell-weaving sax dance through 'Green Dolphin Street' to Laka Daisical's debunking revision of 'Sitting And Rocking', which made it clear no rocking chair was gonna get this sister. Appreciative whoops from the audience marked widespread consent, but the main political point at the festival was made by the high quality of the music.

Fifteen bands spread over ten nights, and hardly a slack moment. Well, there were one of two: Sylvia Hallett's rarified chamber jazz wasn't to my taste, Contradictions spluttered instead of sparked, and Gail Thompson, a saxophonist with a deep, liquid tone, confined herself to a post-bebop mainstream rut as polished as it was dull. The rest, though, was fine and, for me, brought two revelations.

The first was Swiss pianist Irene Schweizer, who deployed her strongly rhythmic, at times literally percussive, style to exhilarating effect. She elbowed the keyboard, coaxed an amazing variety of percussive sound from *inside* the piano, and played with unflagging vigour. Her duo with singer Maggie Nicols was free music at its best; an exemplary display of invention, empathy and humour.

Two days later, Norma Winstone gave a devastating show of vocal power and finesse. Partnered by husband John Taylor on piano, she sang and scatted with a cool, torch intensity that dealt with the ironic dissections of 'I'll Remember April' as adeptly as the upfront heartbreak of 'Hi Lilly, Hi Lo'. Her closing version of Clifford Brown's 'Joy Spring' was an extraordinary *tour de force*, doubly daring for its peerless balance of passion and style.

If these two sets were exceptional, there are numerous other moments that stand out: Julie Tippetts and Maggie Nicols swapping jokes and vocal phrasing like a free jazz Wood and Walters, The Jan Ponsford Quintet smoking through 'Take The 'A' Train', the acappella Hipscats with a fervent gospelling 'People Get Ready' and drolly affectionate doo-wop on 'I Only Have Eyes For You'. I just don't have the space to do anyone justice, to do more than note, for example, Deidre Cartwright's precise guitary, Josefina Cupido's sensitive drumming, Julia Doyle's adroit bass; but if any one band summed up the excitement and enthusiasm of the festival, it was The Lydia D'Ustebyn Swing Orchestra.

A 15-piece Sisterhood Of Spit offshoot, they swept through a heady concoction of blues, soul and jazz with superb elan. They didn't so much play music as *celebrate* it — and affirmed their own power and pleasure in doing so. Qualities shared with and by the (largely female) audience who, in a kind of reciprocal generosity, gave them the fortnight's most rapturous response. It seemed an apt celebration for Sylvia Pankhurst's centenary.

Incredibly, there are still people who can't handle the very *idea* of the women's jazz festival. People who make an almighty fuss about not seeing the point, blithely unaware that their own prejudices provide one — like the notion that women have been excluded from jazz not by male chauvinism but by some innate facet of the music itself (see the pernicious Peter Clayton column in the latest *Jazz Express*). Early Evening Jazz stands as resounding rebuttal of such arrant nonsense, its artistic strength and political trenchancy acknowledged in its popular support.

The festival was part of Women Live, which ends later in May; but there are women playing live jazz every week of the year, even if you don't read about it in music press. As Jan Ponsford sang one night, *"There are so many things that we can do."* You better believe it.

Graham Lock

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LIVE!

BIG SELF

Belfast

WHILE SO MANY other outfits occupy themselves polishing pebbles, dimming diamonds and generally solidifying into defeat after the great rock 'n' roll post mortem, it's fortifying to be able to attend a commemoration of the fundamental vivifying forces of music such as those practised by Big Self.

Their reggae rigour has often been remarked upon but what's important to stress about Self's peculiar JA engagement, and indeed their overall approach, is that it is essentially a token of affection rather than an affected token; a bristling crack surge that undulates and understates in an invitation to dance.

This Self same music insistently suggests itself as perfect film theme material — as these Big tunes make way you almost see the titles role and the screenplay glow.

Appropriate too, because Big Self are pure aural Orson Welles: all fast shots, skilled cutting and editing, aberrant angles, double talking, good looks, seemly themes and big scale locations.

Here then is a music of escalating, exhilarating pangs and fine bone structures, with no place for the current endemic musical privation(ists) that would have you stay put with a grouse grumble. Graphic, assuming songs like 'Kamikaze' and '4/4' spill with brain jamming brilliance and a beauty and musical stretch that's as peerless as it is fearless. If a little more care and incisiveness could be simlarly lavished on the lyric aspect and the occasional stage somnolence then the intensity of these compositions should be able to shine even more.

Though they're an abounding extra, Big Self certainly aren't about precious frippery, and someone, somewhere should be doing something about displaying this to as many as possible.

This conglomerate will thumb your eyes, throw your breath and tackle your heart.

Adrian Maddox

THE PASSAGE
THE NIGHTINGALES

The Venue

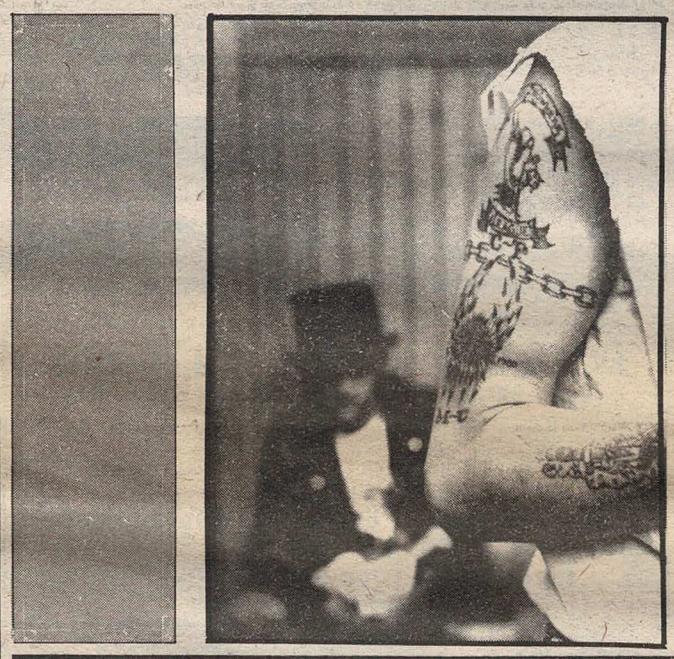
"WHEN IS a bus not a bus?/When it turns into a street," declares poet phenomenon, Nightingale vocalist and possible gas meter inspector, Robert Lloyd. This thrilling couplet, though perhaps unrepresentative, was just one in a series of peaks in a magnificent performance by the best clearly punk-derived group I've seen in years. The Nightingales, very simply, *get your insides moving;* this is a healthy sign.

Utterly unglamorous, partially bald, and by all the norms of contemporary judgement, hopelessly outdated, they exude a gloriously dry, droll and deftly disruptive air. Lloyd delivers a torrent of vernacular verbal associations and deadpan gags with a wonderfully straight face, over a rumbling, rumbustuous beat and a pair of barbed guitars. There's nothing *trite* or *obvious* about the observant, wounding Nightingales. They don't rant at the idiot society so much as pick it neatly apart and jump methodically all over the bits. Nothing can please or appease them, except the joy of pointing this out. Lloyd's National Health vision takes baggy corduroy symbolism to exciting new lengths. We have a right to The Nightingales' benefits. Claim, claim, claim!!

In the wake of such lucidity and bounce, the lean and touchy Passage never quite reached the appropriate nerves. It was a bit too muddled and loud, and too many songs seared through the ears without quite gripping the mind. The Passage boys are short, sharp and stroppy, pugnacious intellectual guerillas stomping about amid a clutter of drums, keyboards and guitars, barraging you with political abstractions and heavy sideways glares.

I really wanted it to work; the last two Passage 45s were pretty handy stuff; but you need to adopt a meditative headstand to impose much focus on the things, so a set of dense new tunes performed on a one-off stage always stood a chance of leaving me frustrated and numb. Just for now The Passage is a smoother one at home . . . . Taxi!!

Dave Hill



ANIMALISMS

FROM PAGE 16

part in their lives and it's only since they've been in a group that they started to listen to other groups.

"We've always done thing rather than sitting back like all the other bores and thinking oh dear, my life's so boring, what am I going to do — have another pint I suppose. We just do things and if it works, it works if it don't it don't. It's better to try and fail than not to try at all.

"We've got no respect for no-one, never have, never will. If you respect someone go and do it yourself, otherwise don't respect them at all. That's my total view."

IT'S THE END of the evening in a dressing room that reeks of piss and disinfectant. Winston is trying to coax one of two 16-year-old girls, who are the only backstage visitors, to go back to the hotel or into the toilet for at least three minutes but to no avail. While a member of the roadcrew bundles curling scraps of food into bread rolls, Animal and Magoo pass the time taking the piss out of the girl's friend (but she's smart and gives as good as she gets).

For a three-year-old it might be an impressive performance, for four grown men it's pathetic.

I ask Magoo if they've changed much over the years.

"Yeah," he gurgles, "we've got more childish."

I wasn't about to argue.

NEWS EXTRA

An apartheid stitch-up

THE CHANCE to save the lives of three young opponents of apartheid is held out this week by SATIS (Southern Africa — the Imprisoned Society).

The three black youths are part of the Soweto generation; witnesses to the 1976 massacre by police of more than 1,000 black schoolchildren.

In the wake of the slaughter, Naphtali Manana, Petrus Mashigo and Ncimbithi Lubisi joined the military wing of the African National Congress, banned in S.A. since 1960. They returned, say SATIS, "as trained freedom fighters, dedicated to ridding their country once and for all of the evil system of apartheid."

In August 1980, along with six others, they were arrested and accused of high treason, membership of the ANC, murder and attempted murder. All nine were cleared of murder but the Pretoria Three were declared guilty of attempted murder arising out of a raid on a police station in the Northern Transvaal.

The Three took part in the Transvaal raid, as Mashigo explained to the court, "to show the people that the ANC sympathised with them, and to demonstrate to the police that what they were doing was wrong."

It was the police, say SATIS, who were "implementing the apartheid policy of forcibly removing people from their homes to be dumped in the 'free' bantustans."

No officer died in the raid and the Three declared that this had been their intention. The judge, nonetheless, sentenced them to death and last month the appeal court upheld the decree.

The decision produced an immediate and unanimous resolution from the United Nations Security Council calling for sentences to be commuted and urging "all governments and organisations to do all in their power to save the lives of the Pretoria Three".

SATIS report that previous campaigns have succeeded in rescuing victims of apartheid from the gallows and appeal for urgent letters of protest to be sent to: Marais Viljoen, Union Buildings, Pretoria, South Africa, or to the Foreign Secretary, Foreign Office, Downing Street, London W1.

An emergency protest march will take place 6pm Tuesday June 1, to assemble West Side Parliament Square, London SW1.

— ANDREW TYLER

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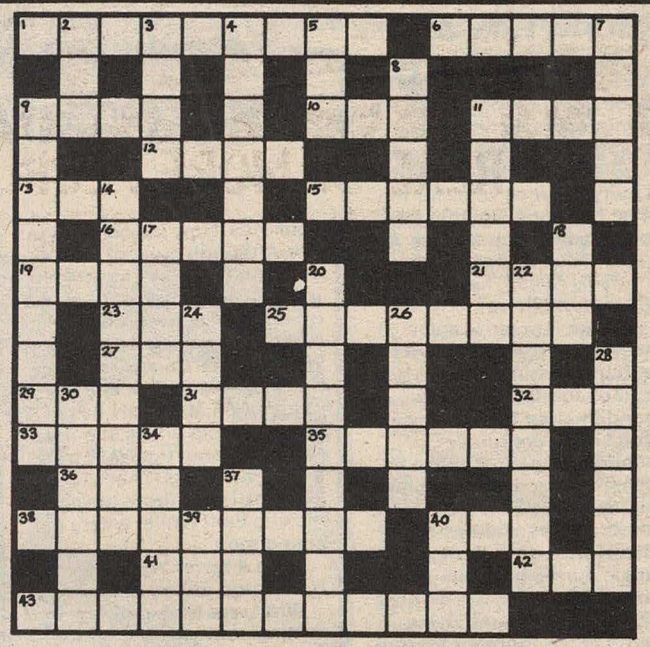
NME XPRESS WORD

ACROSS

1 Scritti Politti go dark side of the moonitti (9)
6 The true star of *My Dinner with Andre* (5)
9 The late Mr Freed who, it is said, was the first person to coin the phrase "Rock'n'Roll" (4)
10 One of the various dole codes (1, 1, 1)
11 All That Bunnymen film (4)
12 Jane whose last name is a novel idea (4)
13 Authority who in the past, among other things, closed down the Roundhouse for decibel reasons and prevented many a gig (1, 1, 1)
15 Label not altogether unto-do-with 8 Down (6)
16 He dropped a bomb and OMITD made one (5)
19 No doubt the Night Boat to Cairo sailed upon this very river (4)
21 The guy at the gates of dawn takes a leak and thus loses a P (4)
23 A boy emerges from what Joan walks under (3)
25 The Bunnymen's terrace is not that far from Heaven (8)
27 Now DJ on Capital punishment loses a letter to become a university venue . . . (1, 1, 1)
29 . . . and Harry loses a son and ends up as nothing (3)
31 Where's Captain Brandon? (4)
32 You think Foot's lot are keeping a low profile on the South Pacific, this bunch are on their backs (1, 1, 1)
33 Mr Enzyme, of cartoon fame (5)
35 A band whose short life was hardly plain sailing (6)
36 Too old to read *NME*, too young to ——— (3)
38 The Coconut man (3, 6)
40 Sextet crowd (1, 1, 1)
41 Holger Czukay's old band are able (3)
42 Edible US label (3)
43 Buzzcocks, Magazine, oblivion (6, 6)

DOWN

2 Love is what you need (3)
3 Weymouth of Heads and Tom Tom Club (4)
4 The swingers, currently with FB3 (7)
5 Sutcliffe, the fifth Beatle (3)
7 Only you know the answer (5)
8 Debbie's island for shoe repairs (5)
9 Don't cry for me HMS Herpes, catchy number (9)
11 Early Burroughs, before cut-ups got out of hand (6)
14 I'll sell you Lloyd, said girls on film (9)
17 Covent Garden Strasse (4)
18 Sillitoe book popularised by the film (3)
20 Clare sees the world through not-quite-rose-tinted glasses (5, 4)
22 Company with Solidarnosc product (8)
24 What the thin white man was (4)
26 Dining with the Birthday Party? (5)
28 I know they're mere ghosts of your memory, but I remember when the Police supported them at open air festivals (6)
30 Quincy Jones shares his last name with a famed landscape designer whose first name is not that far from Deep Purple (6)
34 Perhaps Desmond uses this label (5)
37 The Beatles will sing you a song if you do this with your ears (4)
39 Initially, rock against racism (1, 1, 1)
40 Since Patti discovered that it was an anagram of rat things were never quite the same (3)



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across:— 1 'Dr Heckle And Mr Jive', 10 Roxy Music, 11 Sam Cooke, 13 Kingsmen, 14 'Breaking', 16 Boys, 19 Dictators, 20 Womble, 21 'I Love', 22 'The Sound Of', 24 'Do Nothing', 27 O'Sullivan, 28 Moore, 29 D.A.F., 30 Wah, 33 Nirvana, 35 Osibisa, 37 Normal, 38 Syreeta, 39 'Don't Cry'.
Down:— 1 Derek And The Dominos, 2 Hex Enduction Hour, 3 'Come See About Me', 4 'Listen To Me', 5 ABC, 6 'Destroy The Youth', 7 Ram Jam, 8 'I Go', 9 Eek, 12 'Oink', 15 dB's, 17 'I'm In Love', 18 Relf, 20 Who, 22 'Tug Of War', 23 Owens, 25 'Indiana', 26 'Glass', 31 Disc, 32 Gary, 34 'Ape', 35 'Old', 36 Ian.

SCORPIO singer **Bim Sherman** sets forth on a musical odyssey for the On-U Sound set-up with his new LP 'Across The Red Sea' (On-U LP 17). Recorded and mixed at Berry Street studio in the Barbican, the album is an Adrian Sherwood production of 10 tracks duration and features reworkings of past material 'Golden Locks' and 'Dispensation' — here retitled 'Revolution' — plus a couple of self-productions laid in Jamaica to the conclusion of 'party Time' and 'Slummy Ghetto', and new songs 'Golden Morning Star', 'Awake The Slum' and the title track. It is Sherman's first solo release for a few years and succeeds his work for the On-U sound co-operative group singers & Players.

Released as well on the label is a bass and drum workout from **The Dub Syndicate** entitled 'The Pounding System' (on-U LP 18). Recorded at The Manor studio, the set dispenses titles such as 'Humourless Journalist Works To Rules' and 'Crucial Tony Tries To Rescue The Space Invaders (With Only 10p)'. Also issued are a pair of 10" slates: **Noah House Of Dread,** 'Murder' c/w 'Stand Firm' (DP 6); and on the subsidiary Well Crucial imprint new act **Undivided Roots** with 'England Cold' c/w 'Move Up' (AAP DP 1).

Up from Miami on the Jam Rock label arrives a trio of new LP titles from **Ranking Joe** with 'Rebel DJ' (JR 5034) — Produced by Tony Robinson; **Yellow Man & Fathead,** 'Hotter Reggae' (JR 535) — produced by Tinga Stewart and John Carrol; and **Earl 16** with 'Super Duper' (JR 536). The Ranking Joe title makes use of the toaster's two recent singles 'Mortima Simmonds' as 'Rebel DJ' and 'Pink Eye' as 'Straight To Yellow Man'. Also included is a morecut of D. Brown's Whip Them Jah' and Joe's 'Tribute To Bob Marley'. The other two albums feature previously unissued material.

New on 12" discomix: **Barry Issachar,** 'Turn Me On' c/w 'First Aid' (Black Music — BM 701); **Freddy Clarke,** 'Are We Gonna Make It Up' c/w **Nature Boys,** 'Mash It Up Dub Version' (Live & Love — LLDIS 205); **Errol Bellot,** 'Is That Alright Girl?' c/w **King Original,** 'Dub It In France' (S&G — SG 18); and **Hugh Brown,** 'Out Of Hand' (Taxi).

Among the new titles from Jamaica emerges a solo effort by Abyssinians vocalist Donald Manning under the nomenclature of **Donald Abbysssians** for a self-produced item entitled 'Peculiar Number' on Dahna. Meanwhile, Bernard Collins has made available a new pressing of The Abyssinians 'Declaration Of Rights' classic — recently reinterpreted by The Mighty Diamonds — and coupled it with a DJ version of the same from **Sir Harry** for 'Musical Rights' (Clinch).

Also over on pre-release is a trio of Henry Lawes productions: **Michigan & Smiley** with 'Come When Jah Call You' (Jah Guidance) and 'Lu-Be-Lu' (Volcano); and a further idiosyncratic **Eek-A-Mouse** recording, 'For Hire And Removal' (Volcano). Also new is: **Bobby & Carol,** 'Memories Of Bob' (Hit Vibes); **Leroy Smart,** 'More Than A Million' (WWS); **Ken Boothe,** 'Don't Worry' (Buck Ram); **Roland Burrell,** 'Love Taking Over' (Greedy Puppy); and dub poet **Mutabaruka,** 'Hard Time Loving' (High Times).

Penny Reel

OBSERVER STATION

1 **PECULIAR NUMBER, Donald Abbyssians** (Dahna)
2 **EDUCATION, Burning Spear** (Spear)
3 **JOHNNY DOLLAR, Roland Burrell** (Taxi)
4 **LOAD SHEDDING, Junior Mervin** (GG's Hit)
5 **EASY SQUEEZE (MAKE NO RIOT), Sugar Minott** (Black Roots-slate)
6 **LOVE TAKING OVER, Roland Burrell** (Greedy Puppy)
7 **KOJO HOY, Vin Gordon** (Hugo Music — discomix)
8 **DON'T WORRY, Ken Boothe** (Buck Ram)
9 **HARD TIMES (LOVE THEME IN DUB), High Times Players** (High Times)
10 **WHAT IT IS, The Heptones** (Art & Craft — slate)

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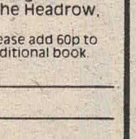

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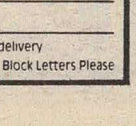

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ONE STEP FORWARD

YES, YES, YES! The great shoe debate is on! These are my guesses. Penman — pointy Joe Jackson's in well-scuffed white; CSM and Lowry — crepe soles for the 40s; Morley — anything in burgundy patent leather. Am I right? I demand to know.

Mavis Riley, The Cabin, Rosamund Street.

No, no, no! Ian is still striving to convince us of his suburban soulboy roots in a pair of Johnson's plastic sandals circa 1975, Murray and Lowry are forever scouring the thrift shops in search of second-hand blue suede, while Paul has been unable to wear shoes of any description since bruising an ankle during his cameo in the new ABC video. The biggest talking point round these parts at the moment though are Fred Dellar's pink plaited espadrilles. Awesome! — AT

TWO STEPS SIDEWAYS

Two years ago *NME* and *Sounds* gave me the guidance that I needed to know what records were worth buying. *NME* is now streets ahead of *Sounds*. Where's the gripe then? *NME* has regressed. While *Sounds* was discovering mock reellion, *NME* was discovering money and decadence.

Sounds pretends to represent the kids 'on the street' and exploits them in the process, moulding them into 'herberts' who feed on the drivel they are fed by Garry Bushell, who has done more to harm the teenage cause than either Thatcher or Tebbit.

So what has *NME's* answer been? Take *Sounds'* role, reverse it and in some cases magnify it. Sure, there is nothing wrong with having money but, for Christ's sake, it's not a virtue. However, that is the least of your worries. It's the overwhelming intellectual smugness that sticks in the throat.

I'm sitting here in a cold sweat trying to write this letter. I can't communicate what I'm trying to say. You make me so bloody angry and confused. This must mean that you are important to me. Please show that I'm important to you.

Mac, Glasgow.

Come on misery guts, what do you want from us? Blood and beerbellies? You seem to have terminal herbert Bushell and all the other *Sounds* cartoon charicatures well sussed, but to sum up the *NME* alternative as no more than money and decadence is a little wide of the mark. But you mean the world to us Mac. And we mean that *most sinseeerilly*. — AT

THREE STEPS BACK

The *NME* is obviously too close to the bone these days for the great Paul Weller. Witness the great white hero's remarks to the crowd when The Jam played Newcastle City Hall.

First he tells the crowd that "The *NME* say you are all nobodies", a very trivial remark. You have obviously made the great Paul very angry. I understand he won't even talk to you anymore. How sad.

Secondly, when a fan lept onstage and started singing, the great Paul Weller was obviously disgusted. He immediately downed his guitar in disgust as his heavies carted the young lad offstage.

Last, but by no means least, when the band returned to the stage for an encore, a few youths at the front were playing with a blown up Durex. The displeased Paul said, with not a hint of humour in his voice, "I thought that you lot up here were just wankers".

Well Paul, how you care for your fans. How concerned you are. Although most of Paul's underlings can see no wrong in him, I was very unimpressed. I begrudge paying £4.50 to be called a wanker. I can only come to one conclusion. The angry young man obviously has a great big chip on his shoulder, not least about the *NME*. The truth often hurts. That's the last time I contribute towards making Paul Weller a very rich young man.

Even Angrier Young Man, Hartington Street, Gateshead.

What was that about putting some *joy* back into this town called malice? Still, nice to see the odd skin among the mods at a Jam gig — AT

COMMERCIAL BREAK

I regret to announce that Mark Cordery's reviews will be absent from your pages over the next few weeks due to exanination pressures.

Captain Hardass, The Resident Spy.

What does it matter what you say about people? — Marlene Dietrich.

Illustration: Miss Moss.

PINKY BLUES

Isn't the new Altered Images single a load of balls? Snooker balls that is, and shouldn't it be blue then pink?

Kanga Kerr-Wilson, Knightsbridge, London.

Isn't life miserable enough without faceless donkeys like Paul Tickell pulling down pinky-blue artefacts which are made only to be enjoyed? You remember enjoyment Paul? You know, smiling and laughing . . . no, hold on, let's encourage every group to sound like UB40, then life will be an even bigger bundle of laughs, won't it Paul!

A Srawberry Blonde Battered Sausage Addict, Wakefield.

Sounds like you need a few yourself — AT

HO-KAY HANNA

Like lemmings, legions of literates have lost themselves in lengthy, lumbering language about lyrical lines labelled singles. At long last Lynn has been let in to leave the losers languishing in their locquacious lingo. Lovely!

Let's have longer letterings by Lynn. I'd like to linger with her in languid and lonely late night listening. But then she wouldn't be lonely anymore.

Lionel, London.

Lynn lonely? Leave off, luv! I'd like to have left your lacklustre alliteration to the lass herself but she has been more than lavishly laden with lyrics of late. Now liss off. — AT

MORE FAN MAIL

"Surely it's no mere coincidence that my historic championing of Black Flag and the Red Brains is so quickly followed by a New York Rocker *cover featuring both these acts, but I leave such conjecture to you."* B. Hoskyns, *NME.*

That's right Barney Boy, we were just waiting for your go-ahead. Fact is, we don't even bother to go hear these bands ourselves. If we left the office for even a minute, we might miss the next issue of *NME* and its cues of our editorial direction.

Of course, if you actually *believe* what you're implying in this statement above, please ring our real estate section next time you're in New York. We've got a charming old bridge to Brooklyn we think you might be interested in purchasing, *cheap.*

Andy Schwartz, NY Rocker, 166 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10010.

Gee, you Yanks sure know how to take a joke. — AT

PRICK OF THE WEEK

Look around at our male dominated world. The aggressive motivations of penile supremacy have landed us with violence, war, power and destruction. It is no longer justifiable. Missiles and bombs are phallic weapons and might well ruin us completely. Castrate the military.

Death to the fascist insect that preys upon the life of the people.

Mark Holloway, Anarchist Feminist Male, Gloucester.

There's a contradiction in there somewhere. — AT

THE MYTH GOES ON

One spring might just over two years ago I heard 'Atmosphere' for the first time on the John Peel show. A beautiful, surging record, it was my introduction to Joy Division. I was determined to find out more about the band but I had barely begun my search when I read reports of the suicide of Ian Curtis. I remember the distinctly stunned feeling that came over me. Why, after 'Atmosphere', can an artist discard his talents with no regard for the rest of Man?

Joy Division's entire work duly entered my record collection and shamed the rest of my catalogue. The dreary, despairing landscape of Joy Division's work was tinged with splashes of colour, of 'life rebuilding'. Life was valued, love was valued, Man was valued.

I plagued my mind for a justification of Curtis' act, but was never satisfied. Two years after his death the answer is still as intangible. But there is comfort. Our own grey life in Britain is tinged with colour, hope, belief, even with fun. But in the cold expense of the South Atlantic, I cannot beleive there is any hope. Curtis's act enters a new surrounding. Failure to cope and opting out is a more noble thing than sending youngsters to die for a country.

KPG, Liverpool 5.

Two years on.
We still remember,
Saddened eyes
Sing haunting cries.
The order now changed,
But the solitary man
In a smoke-filled room.
Depressive aura,
Confused and lonely
Dressed in grey
Will linger
Always.

John Betchemen.

Why people still talk of JD in such sombre, reverential tones simply beats me. They seem intent on forever veiling a great group in this dank, depressive shroud, staining the memory with a grim mysticism that was surely the last thing the band intended at the time. As KPQ rightly points out, there was hope as well as sadness in their music, a bright beacon amid the dark shadowplay. Joy Division made some unique music. They gave me and many others a great deal of pleasure, yes *pleasure!* Can't we just leave it at that? — AT

KULT'S KORNER

So . . . the scallies get national recognition. You don't know what you've started. These layabout prats come waltzing into Southport station every weekend looking like they fell out of Littlewoods' front window, talking in heavily put on 'scouse accents and sending the underage drinking statistics rocketing. They need no encouragement from the likes of you.

Say it strong. Say it loud. I'm a woolyback and I'm proud! Yes, I do know what it means.

Joe Mutton, Southport.

Our resident scally wag Paul du Noyer has just explained precisely what a "wool" is. He tells me they usually look like Leeds United supporters, all long wooly hair and high-waisted northern baggies, which prompts me to gloat unashamedly over one of the great moments in soccer history, United's long-overdue relegation from the First. All together now: Revie! Hunter! Bremner! Sniffer Clarke! Charlton, J! Cherry! Madeley! Your boys took a hell of a beating!

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK

I must add to *My Guy* readers' sentiments about Paul Morley. I fancy him too. So how about a double page spread in the very near future with our Paul reclining sexily on a couch in his Y-fronts? If you can't manage that, Adrian Thrills would do nicely. I'm sure it would be greatly appreciated by your female readers.

Sadie C, New Barnet.

Letter of the week — AT.

MAIDEN HEAD

I must write and take issue with the writer of the Iron Maiden article. Firstly I must congratulate him for actually taking his criticisms to the group, although I feel that some of them can only be answered by the fan.

My interest in Maiden stems from my love of music with guitar. For me, an electric güitar can say much more than words. Played properly, it can reach inside and touch the soul. The music is intense. It goes deep and is remembered for years after is conception. Life is mystical. There is far more mystery than certainty in life. Ask any 16-year-old school leaver about certainty!

Heavy rock has NO prejudices. The supreme master Jimi is a prime example, as are Girlschool, Rock Goddess, Janice Joplin, Fleetwood Mac and so on. There are a smaller number of coloured people involved because they relate to the only other music that has emotional power, reggae. I don't enjoy reggae, but I do appreciate its power and relevance.

You say the music is a gross parody of sexuality, a typical stab at the music. But it can only be a parody of sexuality if this is your idea of sexuality. I don't go to concerts for any sexual feelings. I go to listen to music that I enjoy. You seem to be the only person who sees HM as trying to prove something manly. Look at Maiden's songs. They certainly do not incorporate any theme of macho proof.

A lot of energy is expounded at concerts. This is due to the music and its contact with the 'inner being'. It is not an expression of violence, but a powerful expression of emotion. Rock on Maiden. I can feel you.

RA Byers, Kinning Park Neighbourhood Centre, Kinning Park, Glasgow.

On yer bike bub! Yer arguments just don't face the facts! Sure, all vis metal mayhem is pretty 'armless stuff, but . . . do yer really fink vat the mystic ramblings of some grossed-out guitar 'ero can be put on a par wiv the very real uncertainties facing yer teenage school leaver? Or that reggae and metal are the only musics with real emotional power? Or that there is nuffink macho abaht Maiden? Don't make me larf!

An' if you and yer bleedin' inner-being wanna make somefink of it, me an' a few farsend ovvers'll see yer outside Wembley on Fursday night. Ah yes, the Cup Final! I had to get round to that sooner or later. No excuses about Saturday, but if you listen to the song 'Tottenham, Tottenham', it does say we're going to do it "like we did last year". Nah true? This time we'll get it right! — AT.

Wax Your Tracks To Us At
NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

t-zers

NERO FIDDLED while Rome burned but while a crowd of angry young would-be arsonists threatened to burn down The Auteil Race course where **The Rolling Stones** plan to make their overpriced opening appearance in Paris, gaunt, repulsively rich **Mick Jagger** announced, "We had socialists in power in England for 13 years and it was 13 years of merde" *(Ain't exactly a bed of clover now is it? — Ed).*

But Mickey, you're in Paris, they've got a new government here now and it is, gulpo, a *socialist* government press aides hissed in desperation. "Oh, er, well, your socialists are fine. I am not hostile to them. It is a good idea to have a change," added Jagger.

Meanwhile 150 Gendarmes are patrolling the racecourse each day after numerous threats to burn down the stadium unless the tickets for the Rolling Stones concert are brought down in price. If people are foolish enough to want to go to the bloody concert, they deserve to fork out 60 francs say we at *T-Zers* especially after hearing the Stones' new single, a disastrous live rendering of **The Miracles'** 'Going To A Go Go' . . .

As if their share of the untold millions which The Stones earned on their recent stateside tour wasn't enough, **Ron Wood** and former wife **Chrissie** are collaborating on a book which claims to tell the authentic story of both **The Faces** and The World's Greatest Rock And Roll Band . . .

A new single 'Come On Eileen' and 'Hey, Where You Going With That Suitcase' due soon from **Dexys Midnight Runners** . . .

Not to be left forlorn and forgotten while press wolves and husky dogs go sniffing after their former partners in the Arctic wastes of Iceland, former **Killing Joke** members **Youth** and **Geordie** have their new group afoot and have been in the studios, uh, laying down tracks man. Provisionally called **Brilliant** (we have our doubts about this one) after the b side of an old Joke single the group may well boast a twin bass and drum line-up . . .

Ian Dury due back with a ban the bomb single, soonish . . .

A second **Paul McCartney** album, from the surplus material which wasn't included on 'Tug Of War', is due to be released before the end of the year. Meanwhile **Police** drummer **Stewart Copeland** is, uh, laying down tracks man, with fab Macca . . .

Hard times fell on Hazel O'Connor when her last two singles failed to chart and the days of best actress awards for her part in 'Breaking Glass' seemed to be a long way off. But the old foghorn is back, not you'll be pleased to hear as a singer but as a writer and TV actress. Her sci fi play 'The Messengers' (about a girl destined to die at 15) will be broadcast on Radio 1 in the autumn and a TV series which has (how's this for stretching the imagination) Hazel playing the part of an 18-year-old girl, will also be shown soon.

LATEST RELEASE from Factory is a fully functional and equipped night club called The Old Slippery Goosestep, which comes in a pop-up plastic wallet designed by **Peter Saville**. No, only joking, **Tony Wilson** and his merry men have opened a club/disco/Videotek/Venue called the Hacienda in downtown Manchester. *(full report page 51.)* Advance advertising for the club comes complete with the following touching footnote: "We will endeavour to keep our door and drink prices as low as possible. Membership will be £5.25 per annum. We believe that this is a small price to pay for a higher state of awareness" . . .

Badass superdude Meestah **Rick James** has cameo appearances from various **Temptations** and **Grace Slick** inside and *Playboy's* February Playmate sprawled on the outside of his new LP . . .

Elvis to play England, shock! The bloated rockstar, enjoying new found popularity following the success of **Albert Goldman's** biography, is due to make a comeback at the end of the month according to clairvoyant **Violet Roseberg**. The venue is as yet unknown, though it's understood Elvis has expressed an interest in playing several places in London from beyond the grave: The Wimpy Bar in Piccadilly Circus, McDonalds on Tottenham Court Rd and Wendy Burgers on Oxford Street being three under consideration . . .

Living the life of a transatlantic commuter these days (not a very successful business as **Al Haig** and **Freddie Laker** proved recently). **Joe Jackson** has recently returned from Greenwich Village where he's been ensconced writing and rehearsing for the past 6 months with a percussionist and a female keyboard player. A concert is planned, with a revamped line-up at The Dominion Theatre sometime next month . . .

A new single duet available shortly featuring the combined talents of **Yazoo** and **Blancmange** getting their choppers round an old Motown classic made famous by **Marvin Gaye** and **Tammi Terrell**. So how come everyone is suddenly cashing in on the Motor City Sand . . .

Also up and coming; the third single from **Bananarama**, 'Shy Boy', which is produced by **Steve Jolley and Tony Swain** who twiddle the knobs, aid and abet **Imagination** . . .

Sales of the *NME Jive Wire* and *Hit The Road Stax* amount to a combined total of almost 25,000 and still selling like cheesecloth in Carnaby Street. One of the rare cassettes returned as faulty was found to have a Keep Fit With Angela Rippon' soundtrack by some unholy fluke. Who says we don't look after your health? . . .

ERIK RUSSELL, one of **TV Smith's** now disbanded **Explorers** has recently spent 10 days buried 15 foot underground with his girlfriend. The ensuing fun and games were filmed by the BBC to gauge the effect isolation had on the couple and their cat. Following government instructions for survival meant an austere existence in the dark with no electricity or fuel, and a diet of stewed cold steak. (Sounds like *NME* offices on a good day.) The ordeal was filmed and goes out on TV this Wednesday (more than likely that was yesterday, so you missed it asswipes) but there's also a second part on Friday . . .

As if it wasn't enough having the *NME* littering up the house, lining the budgie cage and supplementing the Kleenex. If you turned on the TV this weekend you were more than likely to be faced with one of its dubious music 'style' journalists trying to impress you in one way or another. Friday night saw **Danny Baker** playing the professional cockney on **Michael Aspel's** London Weekend's *Friday 6 O'clock* show. "I owe it all to **Jimmy Pursey**, y'know," said the lad surrounded by a bevy of admirers after his stunning performance. Mr Baker is 32 . . .

Phil Oakey spotted buying a host of Sci Fi comics when **Human League** arrived in New York recently . . .

Blondie's Chris Stein claiming **Iggy Pop** and **The Gun Club** as signings to his new Animal Records label . . .

And finally, in reply to all the readers who constantly phone in asking for the precise line-up of **Asia**, the UK super-group currently topping the US LP charts, the precise line-up is: **Steve Howe** (guitar), **Carl Palmer** (drums), **John Wetton** (bass), **Geoff Downes** (keyboards), **Bill Bruford** (kbds), **Tony Banks** (kbds), **Pete Banks** (kbds), **Patrick Moraz** (kbds), **Carmine Appice** (kbds), **Rajah Ram** (flute, tabla), **Mick Abrahams** (kbds), **Tony Banks** (kbds), **Jimmy McCulloch** (kbds), **Jack Bruce** (kbds), **Jack Lancaster** (kbds), **Clive Bunker** (kbds), **Pamela Stephenson** (kbds, punk wig), **Kim Simmonds** (kbds, used **Chicken Shack** riffs), **Bartholomew Barriemore Barlow** (kbds, peculiar telephone calls about **Ian Anderson), Ian Anderson** (flute, codpiece, standing on one leg and singing through his nose), **Phil Oakey** (kbds, legal advice), **Tony Banks** *(Alright, alright. Sorry I asked — Ed.)* . . . Next week: The Real **Tommy Tutone** — We Reveal All About Next Week's U.S. Number One . . .

Ms. Harry gets the H.R. Giger treatment. From 'Making Tracks, The Rise Of Blondie'.

Papering Cracks: The Debbie 'n' Chris Show a Go-Go

IT TAKES TWO HANDS to handle the sort of whopper Wapping reception rock's ruling couple the Harry-Steins threw for themselves last Thursday.

The bash was a dual deal between Chrysalis and Hamish Hamilton (the former pressers of new Blondie LP 'The Hunter', the latter publishers of Stein & Harry's group auto-biog 'Making Tracks'). The corporations had laid on an extensive and highly decorative repast (including five sorts of picturesque seasonal cocktail) only to see it demolished in seconds by art-seekers who'd squirmed their way past the frisking team at the front door.

Debs 'circulated', a Kirilian aura of flashbulbs marking her progress, whilst the sharply dressed Stein stood and chatted affably to all comers. After conceding with maximum graciousness that their objective in all this was "to sell as many of our products as possible", the pair made a neat, low-key exit, leaving the floor to the wide range of celebs (from Genesis P Orridge to Richard Strange.)

Hopefully at least some of the cocktail quaffers were hot on their visuals, since the one thing this open house displayed was Stein's marked improvement as a photographer in his own right. Many of the shots were not of Blondie or Debbie, and the whole thing is good value for nostalgists/enthusiasts of the original punkoid period in all its humours.

Interesting stuff all, actually, and at an average height and width of 3'x1½' or so more fun to look at than their sized-down, flattened-out repros in the book. The text of 'Making Tracks' (by Debbie, with large doses of Victor* Interview *Bockris behind the general tone, which is mucho post-*Popism*) is more than a bit of a bland-out. So if you're going to buy it — whether for Chris' photos alone or to actually read — be sure to pick up Lester Bangs' unauthorised version, too. Or you'll miss out on the motives behind some of those pervoid expressions the Stein lens has immortalised.

— ARTIFICIAL I

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